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WHEELER'S

GRADED LITERARY READERS

WITH INTERPRETATIONS

A SEVENTH READER

CRANE AND WHEELER

· CHICAGO ·
W·H·WHEELER·&·COMPANY

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GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION

The pupils, by constant reference to this Guide to Pronunciation, should learn the sounds of the letters here given, with their phonic symbols. The teacher in addition to this should familiarize herself with the detailed explanations of the sounds as presented in "A Guide to Pronunciation" in Webster's New International Dictionary or in Webster's Secondary-School Dictionary.

In the Guide to Pronunciation here given, pronunciations of words have been indicated, as far as possible, by respelling, thus: **zephyr** (zĕf'ẽr).

LETTERS WITH THEIR SYMBOLS OR MARKS AS USED IN RESPELLING WORDS TO INDICATE THEIR PRONUNCIATION

ā as in **fāte**
ȧ as in **sen'ȧte**
â as in **câre**
ă as in **făt**
ȧ as in **ȧsk**
ä as in **färm**
ă unaccented, as in **fi'năl**
ȧ unaccented, as in **so'fȧ**

ḏṷ for **du**, as in **ver'ḏure**, and **ḏeu**, as in **gran'ḏeur**
(The teacher should examine § 250, p. lvi, Webster's New International Dictionary.)

ē as in **ēve**
ė as in **crė-ate'**
ĕ as in **mĕt**
ẽ as in **cin'dẽr**
ĕ unaccented, as in **nov'ĕl**

g unmarked (always hard), as in **go**
gz used to indicate **x**, as in **exist** (**egz-ist'**)

hw for **wh**, as in **what**

ī as in **īce**
ĭ as in **ĭll**

j as in **joke**; also for **g**, as in **engine** (**en'jin**)

k as in **keep**; also for **c**, as in **cat**; and **ch**, as in **cho'rus**
ks used to indicate **x**, as in **vex**
kw for **qu**, as in **queen**

ŋ like **ng**, as in **baŋk**; **single** (**siŋ'g'l**)

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N (small capital) representing nasal tone (as in French) of the preceding vowel, as in **Toulon** (to͞o-lôN′)

(The teacher should examine § 60, Note 2, p. xlii, Webster's New International Dictionary.)

o͝ as in **no͝te**
o͝ as in **o͝-bey′**
ô as in **lôrd**
ŏ as in **nŏt**
o̊ as in **do̊g**

(This sound is the sound between **o** in **fôr** and **o** in **nŏt**.)

ŏ unaccented, as in **cŏn-nect′**

o͞o as in **fo͞ol**
o͡o as in **fo͡ot**

ou as in **out**; **ow** as in **how**
oi as in **oil**; **oy** as in **boy**

s used for soft **c**, as in **cell**

th as in **thin**
t͟h as in **t͟hen**
t͟u͟ as in **na′t͟u͟re**

(The teacher should examine § 250, p. lvi, Webster's New International Dictionary.)

ū as in **mūte**
u̇ as in **u̇-nite′**
u̇ as in **u̇r**
ŭ as in **tŭb**
ŭ unaccented, as in **cir′*cŭs***

zh used for **z**, as in **azure** (**azh′ur**); also for **s**, as in **pleasure** (**plezh′ur**)

(′) to indicate a vowel omitted, as in **evil** (**e′v′l**)

(′) to indicate the principal accent

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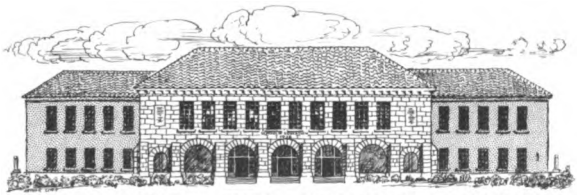

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WHEELER'S GRADED LITERARY READERS

WITH INTERPRETATIONS

A SEVENTH READER

BY

WILLIAM ILER CRANE

AND

WILLIAM HENRY WHEELER

CHICAGO

W. H. WHEELER & COMPANY

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INTRODUCTION

It is not possible to do anything rationally without first having in our possession a perfectly clear conception of the purpose for which the thing is done; for the purpose is the only thing that can show how the thing is to be done correctly. Therefore, in the preparation of a series of readers the first thing to be determined is — *The Purpose of Teaching Reading.*

The Purpose of Teaching Reading is unquestionably to enable the child to get from a printed page the *Images*, the *Thoughts*, and the *Emotions* of the author who wrote the page.

No good literature has been really *read* unless the reader has been able to attain from the printed page these three things, — the Images, the Thoughts, and the Emotions of the writer.

The teaching of reading consists in using all of those processes which will lead the child most directly and certainly to the ability to interpret correctly the printed page.

The following explanation will show this idea clearly.

A poet in writing a poem passes through the following steps:

THE POET'S PROCESS

1. The poet sees something and feels an emotion.
2. He feels in some vague way that this thing has a relation to his life.
3. His mental processes change this abstract relation into concrete forms.
4. The poet crystallizes these concrete forms into words.

The following illustration will make this clear. Take Longfellow's familiar poem, " The Rainy Day."

From inside the old Wadsworth House at Portland, Maine, the poet looked out and saw a leaden sky; he saw the rain falling, and the dead leaves loosening their hold and dropping; and he heard the sighing of the wind. This created in him an emotion. This is Step 1.

Then he thought, " Somehow this is like my life." This is Step 2.

Then he said, " This is like my life, because —

a. The wind is like my sighs;

b. The rain is like my tears;

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c. The vine clinging to the moldering wall is like my thoughts clinging to the past;

d. The leaves falling thick in the blast are like my hopes."

Thus he works out the concrete forms of the relation of the rainy day to his life. This is Step 3.

Then he changes the concrete forms into words arranged metrically, and thus he has what is called a poem. This is Step 4.

Thus it will be seen that he has gone through the four steps mentioned, — (1) an emotion, (2) a consciousness of an abstract relation to life, (3) a change of the abstract relation to the concrete forms of that relation, and (4) a crystallization of them into the words of the poem.

THE READER'S PROCESS

Now the person who reads the poem called "The Rainy Day" experiences these four steps, but in exactly the reverse order, as follows:

1. He comes first to — *the words.*

2. He reads through the words and sees the concrete forms of a relation to life, or that the wind is like the poet's sighs, the rain like his tears, the vine clinging to the wall like his thoughts clinging to the past, and the dead leaves falling thick in the blast like his hopes.

3. Then all these things begin to lose their individual identities and to blend or focalize into one impression, — *an abstract relation to life.*

4. If all of this has been done clearly and properly, the reader arrives at — *the emotion with which the poet started.*

The following tabulation will make clear what is meant here:

THE FOUR STEPS

The way the poet takes the steps			*The way the reader takes the steps*
	1. An emotion.	4.	
The poet begins at the top and goes down.	2. An abstract relation to life.	3.	The reader begins at the bottom and goes up.
	3. The concrete forms of the relation to life.	2.	
	4. The words of the poem.	1.	

The reader has not read the poem until he has taken all of these four steps.

We do not mean to say that all poems have a relation to life. But in all cases the reader, if he really reads, must draw from the printed

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words (1) Images, (2) Thoughts, and (3) Emotions. This is true in both poetry and prose.

The poets and the story-tellers live in the imagination, which is a much larger world than that found in the geographies, and into this larger region they often take us. If we wish to follow them, we must train our mental eyesight. We must see the scene, and enter into the thought and the feeling of the story or the poem which we read. The imagination is a wonderful worker if only we trust it. It is as susceptible of improvement by exercise as our judgment or our memory. If there is no imagination, there can be no sympathy. The greatest intellectual training afforded by reading is the training of the imagination. Without this power of mental vision which we call imagination, we can never read well, because we can never understand well. We may have wished for the gifts of the old fairy tale, the magic glass through which one sees distant objects and the magic rug on which one is borne to far-off scenes. But both of these gifts are ours in this wonderful power of imagination.

The Reading Process. — The problem of teaching reading consists in using that set of processes which will enable the child upon taking up a printed page to get easily and correctly the author's Images, Thoughts, and Emotions. No matter how beautifully he can vocalize the printed page, he has not *read* the page at all unless he has drawn from the printed words these three things. In reading aloud it is not possible to convey truly the author's Images, Thoughts, and Emotions to a hearer unless there be present in the reader's mind as he uses his voice, the Images, Thoughts, and Emotions of the author; for the presence of these three things in the reader's mind is the only possible cause of such vibrations of the vocal organs as will produce the tones and cadences which will make the hearer see, think, and feel.

There will be little disagreement about *The Purpose of Teaching Reading.*

The Literary Basis Necessary to Produce This Result. —

1. Suitable material.
   - *a.* The reading material chosen should be such as will afford the best training basis to lead children to develop the power and the habit of getting from a printed page the Images, the Thoughts, and the Emotions which the author put into the selection.
   - *b.* The literature used should be such as is interesting to children of the age taught.
   - *c.* There should be proper balance of prose and poetry.
   - *d.* If possible, the literature should be that which an intelligent person is expected to know.

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In selecting the material for these books, no selection has been accepted merely because it is new; and no selection has been rejected merely because it is old. Very many familiar old pieces that have stood the test of time are included in the list. We must not forget that, while these selections are old and familiar to the teacher and the parents, they are just as new to the child who sees them for the first time as they were to the first child who ever read them. They are the songs that will always be sung, and the stories that will always be told. Such selections should be studied for the pleasure that comes from reading beautiful thoughts beautifully expressed. The child who appreciates the vast difference between merely saying a thing and saying it well, has the culture insight, which is one of the true ends in reading.

What the Editors and the Teacher Must Do. —

1. When a child studies a selection for the first time, he has in his possession some of the information necessary for the interpretation of the selection.

2. The editors and the teacher must, in the introduction, questions, definitions, and the assignment of the lesson, furnish the child *the remainder of the information necessary for the interpretation of the selection.*

An illustration of this may be found in the wonderful " readings " of his poems given by James Whitcomb Riley. With intuitive instinct he always prepared his audience by telling them a little story about the poem, which put into their minds the information necessary for its correct interpretation.

Similar help should be given the child.

Is it not strange that so little has been done to help the child to interpret the printed page? In the lower grades, the great stress is very naturally and properly placed on drilling for recognition of words. But in the higher grades, after the fundamental processes of learning to read have been largely mastered, interpretation has been mainly left to chance. In fact the children in these higher grades have been given less help to master the full content of the printed page than has been given to high school pupils. In the high school it is thought necessary for the pupils to have classics which are very carefully edited. Why not in the grammar grades?

The child can interpret only by his own experiences. No matter how simple or primitive such introductions may look in a series of readers, the only introductory helps that are of value are the ones that recall to the child his own personal experiences and not some far-away literary information with which the child's mind cannot possibly function.

The Grading of the Selections. — The selections should be graded or

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arranged in the order of the difficulty of getting from them the series of Images, Thoughts, and Emotions. Simplicity of language does not at all imply simplicity of thought. Formerly George Macdonald's poem beginning,—

> " Where did you come from, baby dear?
> Out of the everywhere into the here,"

was supposed to be a proper selection for the first grade, because *it is about a baby*. But a moment's examination of the thought of this poem shows that it is extremely difficult and profound, and that even eighth grade children would find great difficulty in comprehending it at all, for the molecules making up the little body come, like " The Flower in the Crannied Wall," from almost every source in the universe.

Difficulty of comprehension, and not simplicity of language, is the true measuring unit for grading a set of readers.

In this series of readers, certain selections which usually have been graded lower down have been advanced to higher grades for the reason that their thought is too mature for the lower grades. This is true of such selections as " Maud Muller," " The Bugle Song," " My Heart Leaps Up," and the " Gettysburg Address."

The Definitions. — It has been customary in the school readers *to give the definitions after the child has tried to read the selection.* Now, as these definitions are part of the material which the child must have in order to understand the selection, they should come *before* he has tried to read it, and not after he has tried and failed. Otherwise, the child blunders through the selection without understanding. Then he becomes disgusted, decides that the selection has no interest for him, and finally grows to hate it. Learning the definitions afterwards will not help him, as then he has lost interest and has acquired a settled dislike for the selection. Knowledge of the meanings of the unknown words is part of the material necessary to the child *before* he attempts to read the selection, not afterwards.

Therefore in a series of readers, the " *Helps* " should give, not only an Explanatory Introduction, but the simple meanings of such words and phrases in the selection as the child is not likely to understand. And these should be given and studied *before* the selection is read as part of the material necessary for a reading of the selection with any interest. This seems so true that it is axiomatic.

The Nature of the Definitions. — Great care should be taken that the terms used in defining a word are words which the child already possesses

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and knows the meanings of. A definition is useless if it be as difficult as the word defined.

The definition of a word should not be the general definition given in the dictionary, but it should be simply the meaning of the word in the sense that is used in the selection and it should be given in the child's own vocabulary. Such definitions are not intended to take the place of the dictionary. Generally far too little stress is laid upon the use of the dictionary. The child should be encouraged to use it. But the child must wait for further experience to build up the general definition of a word.

Taking Literature into Life. — The teaching of reading and of literature does not attain its purpose unless the literature becomes a part of the reader's life in such a way that, as he goes about, it constantly rises to help him interpret his life. For example, if a person has read Wordsworth's little poem called "March," and if that poem has not helped him to see more in a March day than he would have seen without the poem, the time spent in reading it has been largely lost.

A poet, or in fact any worth-while writer, is a *seer*, an interpreter. He helps us to see what we cannot see without his aid. The eyes of most persons look at their environment, but do not *see* it. The poet teaches us how and what to see. He who has been properly taught to read should become his own seer, his own interpreter of nature and of life, without the aid of poet or prose writer to see for him and to tell him what it is that he is looking at.

Moral Teaching through Reading. — The greatest moral teaching that is attainable can be arrived at through the right kind of reading. For example, in reading such a selection as "A Builder's Lesson," p. 218, it is not enough that the children be led to see how *others* may correct *their* bad habits. The selection has not really been read at all until the child applies it, not to some neighbor boy or girl, *but to his own daily life.* The selection, if rightly taught, must of itself force the child to ask, "Am I correcting *my* bad habits?" The teaching of the selection has practically failed of its purpose unless it results in simple understanding which passes into self-examination and self-action.

Reading has accomplished its purpose if it has been so taught as to lead the child to self-examination, and therefore to a determination to live better and more nobly, and it has failed unless it has achieved this.

The attempt has been made in these readers to carry the example of life that is in each selection over into the actual individual life of the child.

Accuracy of Information. — There is no need whatever in a series of grade school readers for an exhibition of editorial scholarship and erudi-

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tion. All far-away information, no matter how scholarly, is useless to the child. Only that is of value which is within his grasp and which, added to his own experience, will help him to comprehend the selection.

However, such information as the editors give should be of the most accurate kind. Such information as fails to help the child to interpret is bad pedagogy, and may be pure pedantry. This includes attempts to teach, in a series of grade school readers, the history of English Literature. Extended biographies are out of place here save in a very few exceptional cases where the author's life is directly concerned in the interpretation of the selection from his writings. What is a child profited, if he shall learn all the petty details of the lives of these great writers, and all the foolish gossip about them, and lose the information, the pleasure, and the inspiration, that a thorough understanding of their writings would give him? Hamlet said, "The play's the thing." In a series of school readers, the life of the selection, and not the life of the author, is the thing.

Oral and Silent Reading. — In the public schools the aim should be to produce simple, natural, expressive readers, not artistic actors and orators. A sensitive imagination is essential to good reading. Reading is not good unless the hearers can tell how the reader feels by the way he reads. Good reading is good talking. In fact the more the conversational manner is carried over into the reading, especially in reading prose, the better the reading is likely to be. It should be impressed upon the children at all times that they are studying to get the Images, Thoughts, and Emotions that others have expressed in words upon the printed page. They must discover the thoughts behind the words and then express them; that is really all there is to oral reading.

But we must not forget the silent reader. There are probably ten who will wish to increase their ability to interpret the printed page in silence to one who is especially anxious to learn to read aloud, — ten who will be more anxious to get the correct impression from the printed page than to read it aloud with the correct expression. Fortunately both the silent reader and the oral reader need the same instruction in interpretation.

The pupil may not agree with either the editors' or the teacher's interpretation, and it is not important that he should; but it is important that he have an interpretation and that he be prepared to defend it.

Our Convictions. — We believe that reading is the most important subject taught in the schools; that a teacher is to be judged chiefly by the ease and the intelligence with which his pupils can read; that the human being who is able to read absolutely easily and intelligently holds the key to a vast portion of the sum of human knowledge; that the grown

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man uses but little the technical teachings of his school days, — those of algebra, geography, et cetera, — but that his intellectual growth depends very largely upon his ability to read; and that if a teacher teaches a child to read easily and intelligently, understanding what he is reading, he has conferred one of life's greatest blessings upon that child.

To find pleasure in reading good literature; to learn to love it; to gain power to choose it with discrimination; and to train the imagination, are the final results to be attained by the reading lesson. After we leave school, our information is largely gained from printed matter, and what we get from it is largely determined by our school training. More than we at first suspect we acquire from our reading the style of language we use, the forms of thought we entertain, and to a considerable degree the kind of lives we live. Reading not only informs but forms the mind.

In this age of rush and hurry, that which does not come to us easily as we read is considered hard and beyond our grasp. But if there is one lesson more than another that cannot be hurried it is the reading lesson. The principal question for each teacher to ask is — not how many pages have my pupils read in a month or a year, but how thoroughly have they understood what they have read; not how many selections have they read hurriedly, carelessly, and thoughtlessly, but how many have they read carefully, thoughtfully, and intensively?

The study helps are intended to be only suggestive. It is our earnest and sincere hope, however, that these introductions, questions, and suggestions may be helpful, and that they will lead to many interesting discussions. We hope that the children may enjoy these selections so much that they will learn to interpret others and that they may eventually learn to enjoy what is now far beyond their mental grasp.

William Iler Crane.
William Henry Wheeler.

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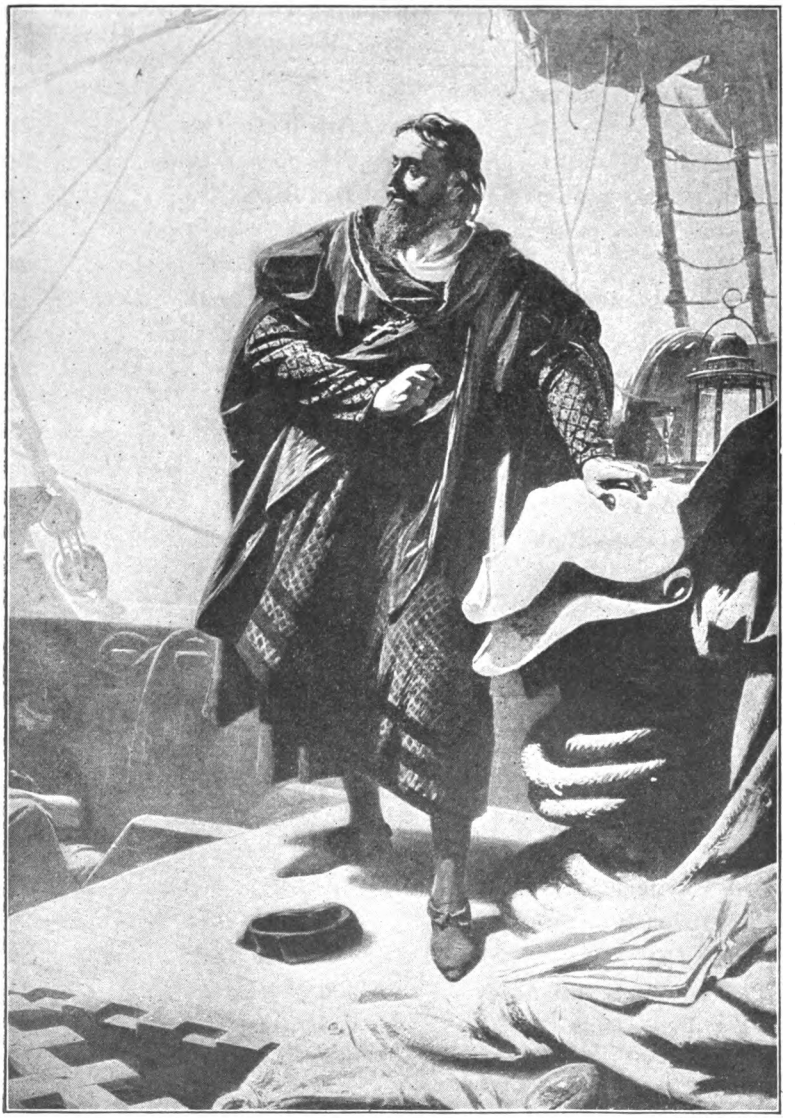

Carl von Piloty

COLUMBUS ON THE DECK OF THE SANTA MARIA

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SEVENTH READER

HOW THEY FARED ON THE SEA OF DARKNESS

ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS

All boys and girls love a story of adventure. The history of the world is full of tales of daring heroes and their astonishing exploits. But no other adventure of man can equal that of Christopher Columbus and the one hundred men or so who accompanied him on his voyage, which resulted in the discovery of America in the year 1492. When you think of the daring of Columbus, you must think about the condition of the world in 1492. There were then no telegraphs, no railroads, no steamships, and no newspapers. What the rest of the world was doing was unknown then to the people of any community. The world was truly in darkness.

At that time, North and South America lay unknown and undiscovered in the great Sea of Darkness far beyond where the sun went to sleep at night. The earth was believed to be flat, and, of course, to sail westward on the Sea of Darkness would make the boldest heart sink. That there was, far to the east of Spain, a strange rich country called Cathay (kă-thā′), as China was then called, was well known. But to engage in trade for its rich goods by the awful journey to the east was not to be thought of.

Now Christopher Columbus believed the earth to be round. He also believed that by sailing westward, instead of east-

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ward, he could reach Cathay, or China, and thus open up trade with that country. Your United States history has told you how hard he tried to convince others of the truth of his belief, and how at last, on the third of August, 1492, he set sail from Palos (pā'lōs), Spain, out into the Sea of Darkness with about one hundred men in three crude sailing ships. The *Santa Maria* (săn'tȧ mȧ-rē'ȧ, the Saint Mary) was only sixty-three feet long, twenty feet wide and ten and one-half feet deep. The *Pinta* and the *Nina* were much smaller.

The crews of his three tiny ships were men of the greatest ignorance. They could neither read nor write, and they believed all kinds of fearful things about the unknown seas to the west.

Now try to imagine the three little vessels as they sailed into the unknown and dreadful west on the greatest adventure, the most daring adventure, of all time. Let us go with Columbus as we read the story that follows.

You should read over carefully the meanings and pronunciations of the words that follow. It would also be well to trace the first voyage of Columbus on the map in your geography.

How They Fared on the Sea of Darkness

Part I

Alonzo Pinzon (ȧ-lŏn'zō pēn-thōn'): captain of the *Pinta* (pĭn'tȧ).

Canary Islands: a group of volcanic islands lying about sixty miles off the west coast of Africa to the southwest of Spain.

Gomera (gō-mā'rä): one of the Canary Islands.

Teneriffe (tĕn-ẽr-ĭf'): the largest of the Canary Islands. It is sixty miles by thirty miles in length and breadth, and contains a volcano twelve thousand feet high.

Ferro (fĕr'rō): the last of the Canary Islands to the westward.

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Did you ever set out in the dark to walk with your little brother or sister along a road you did not know much about or had never gone over before? It was not an easy thing to do, was it? And how did your little brother or sister feel when it was known that you were not just certain whether you were right or not? Do you remember what the Bible says about the blind leading the blind?

It was much the same with Columbus when he set out from Palos to sail over an unknown sea to find the uncertain land of Cathay. He had his own idea of the way there, but no one in all his company had ever sailed it, and he himself was not sure about it. He was very much in the dark. And the sailors in the three ships were worse than little children. They did not even have the confidence in their leader that your little brother or sister probably had in you as you traveled that new road on a dark night. It was almost another case of the blind leading the blind, was it not?

Columbus first steered his ships to the south so as to reach the Canary Islands and commence his real westward voyage from there. The Canary Islands, as you will see by looking in your geography, are made up of seven islands, and lie off the northern corner of Africa, some sixty miles or so west of Morocco. They were named Canaria by the Romans from the Latin *canis*, a dog, "because of the multitude of dogs of great size" that were found there. The canary birds

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that sing so sweetly in your homes come from these islands. For nearly a hundred years these islands had been known to the Spaniards and other European sailors of Columbus's day.

At the Canaries, the troubles of Columbus commenced. And he did have a lot of trouble before his voyage was over. While near the island called the Grand Canary, the rudder of the *Pinta*, in which Captain Alonzo Pinzon sailed, somehow got loose, then broke, and finally came off. It was said that two of the *Pinta's* crew, who were really the owners of the vessel, broke the rudder on purpose, because they had become frightened at the thoughts of the perilous voyage, and hoped by damaging their vessel to be left behind. But Columbus had no thought of leaving them behind. He sailed to the island of Gomera, where he knew some people, and had the *Pinta* mended. While lying there with his fleet, the great mountain on the island of Teneriffe, which is twelve thousand feet high, suddenly began to spit out flame and smoke. It was, as of course you know, a volcano; but the poor frightened sailors did not know what set this mountain on fire, and they were scared almost out of their wits and begged the Admiral to go back home. But Columbus would not go back. As they sailed away from Gomera some sailors told them that the king of Portugal was angry with Columbus because he got his ships from the king and queen of Spain, and that he had sent out some of his warships to worry or capture Columbus.

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But Columbus escaped these warships, although not before his crews had grown terribly nervous for fear of capture. At last they got away from the Canaries, and on Sunday, the ninth of September, 1492, with a fresh breeze filling their sails, the three caravels sailed away into the West. As the shores of Ferro, the very last of the Canary Islands, faded out of sight, the sailors burst into sighs and murmurings and tears, saying that now indeed they were sailing off — off — off — upon the awful Sea of Darkness and would never see land any more.

Soon another thing happened to worry the sailors. The pilots were steering by the compass. You know what that is — a magnet-needle perfectly balanced and pointing always to the north. At the time of Columbus the compass was a new thing and was understood by only a few. On the thirteenth of September they had reached a place in the middle of the ocean where the compass no longer pointed towards the North Star. Now the sailors had been taught that the compass always pointed towards that star, and that it could never change its direction. And here it was playing a cruel trick upon them. "We are trapped!" they cried. "The goblins in this dreadful sea are making our compass point wrong so as to drag us to destruction. Go back! take us back!" they demanded.

But Columbus, though he knew that his explanation was wrong, said that the compass was all right. He said that the North Star, toward which the needle

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always pointed, had changed its position. This quieted the sailors for a while.

Part II

Palos (pä′lōs): the small seaport in Spain from which Columbus sailed.

Jumping-off place: an expression meaning the place where things came to an end. In this selection it means the place at which, as the ignorant sailors feared, the ocean to the westward tumbled over an awful precipice.

Italian adventurer: Christopher Columbus, who was an Italian, as he was born at Genoa, Italy.

mirage (mẽ-räzh′): defined in the story. Line 28, page 21.

Rodrigo de Triana (rŏ-drī′gō dā trẽ-än′ä): the Spanish sailor who first saw land.

When they had been about forty days out from Palos, the ship ran into what is marked upon your maps as the Sargasso Sea. This is a vast meadow of floating seaweed and seagrass in the middle of the Atlantic. It is kept drifting about in the same place by the two great sea currents that flow past it but not through it.

The sailors did not know this, of course, and when the ships began to sail slower and slower, because the seaweed was so thick and heavy and because there was no current to carry them along, they were sure that they were somewhere near to the "Jumping-off place." They believed that horrible monsters which they had heard of were making ready to stop their ships,

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and when they had them snarled up in this weed would drag them all down to the bottom of the sea.

For nearly a week the ships sailed over these vast sea-meadows, and when they were out of them they struck what we call the trade winds — never-failing breezes that blew them ever westward. Then the sailors cried out that they were in an enchanted land where there was but one wind and never a breeze to blow them home again. Were they not fearfully "scarey"? But no doubt we should have been so, too, if we had been with them and had known no more than they did.

On the twenty-fifth of September, when they had been out more than fifty days, some one suddenly cried out, "Land! Land!" All hands crowded to the side of the ship. Sure enough, they all saw it, straight ahead of them — fair green islands and lofty hills and a city with castles and temples and palaces that glittered beautifully in the sun.

Then they all cried for joy and sang hymns of praise and shouted to each other that their troubles were all over. "Cathay! it is Cathay!" they cried; and they steered straight for the shining city. But worst of all their troubles, even as they sailed toward the land they thought to be Cathay, behold! it all disappeared — island and castle and palace and temple and city, — and nothing but the tossing sea lay all about them. For what they had seen was only a mirage — a trick of the clouds and the sun and the sea that makes people

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imagine that they see what they would like to see, but really do not. After this, Columbus had a harder time than ever with his men, for they were sure he was leading them all astray.

And so with frights and imaginings and mysteries like these; with strange birds flying about the ships and things floating in the water, that told of land somewhere about them; with hopes again and again disappointed; and with the sailors growing more and more restless and discontented, and muttering threats against this Italian adventurer who was leading the ships and sailors of the Spanish king to sure destruction, Columbus still sailed on, as full of patience and of faith and as certain of success as he had ever been.

On the seventh of October, 1492, the record that Columbus was keeping showed that he had sailed twenty-seven hundred miles from the Canaries. Had Columbus kept straight on, he would have landed very soon upon the coast of Florida or South Carolina, and would really have discovered the mainland of America. But Captain Alonzo Pinzon saw what looked like a flock of parrots flying south. This made him think that the land lay in that direction; so he begged the Admiral to change his course to the southward, as he was sure there was no land to the west. Against his will, Columbus at last consented, and turning to the southwest, headed toward Cuba.

But he thought he was steering for Cathay. The islands of Japan, he thought, were only a few leagues

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away to the west. These islands were really, as you know, away across the United States and then across the Pacific Ocean, thousands of miles farther west than Columbus could sail. But according to his reckoning, he hoped, within a day or two, to see the cities and palaces of that wonderful land.

When they sailed from the Canaries, a reward had been offered to whosoever should first see land. This reward was to be a silken jacket and nearly five hundred dollars in money; so all the sailors were on the watch.

At about ten o'clock on the evening of the eleventh of October, Columbus, standing on the high raised stern of the *Santa Maria*, saw a moving light, as if some one on the shore were running with a flaming torch. At two o'clock the next morning — Friday, the twelfth of October, 1492 — the sharp eyes of a watchful sailor on the *Pinta* (his name was Rodrigo de Triana) caught sight of a long, low coastline not far away. He raised the joyful shout "Land, ho!" The ships ran in as near to the shore as they dared, and just ten weeks after the anchors had been hauled up in Palos Harbor, they were dropped overboard, and the ships of Columbus were anchored in the waters of a new world.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell what you know of the early life of Christopher Columbus.
2. Tell what you know of his efforts to get ships in which to sail to China.

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3. Describe his ships.
4. Tell of the ignorance of the times and the common beliefs as to the shape of the world.
5. Tell of the ignorance of his sailors, and tell what they feared.
6. What beliefs were held about the sea to the westward?
7. Describe the start of the voyage.
8. Locate the Canary Islands on a map.
9. What troubles did Columbus have at the Canaries?
10. How did the sailors act when the last of the Canary Islands faded from sight, and they were alone on "the Sea of Darkness"?
11. What did Columbus say to keep his sailors from turning back when the compass changed position?
12. What is the Sargasso Sea? Why did it terrify the sailors?
13. What was "the Jumping-off place" to the sailors?
14. What is a mirage? Pronounce the word. Describe the mirage which the sailors saw and tell what effect it had upon them.
15. To what country did Columbus expect to come? Why did he want to reach it? What unknown continents lay between Columbus and China?
16. What did Columbus see on the night of October 11, 1492? Be sure that you know this, as it will be important in the next selection.
17. Who first saw land? From your history find out what land it was.
18. Why was this adventure the greatest of all adventures?
19. Why was it so daring a thing for a man to undertake?
20. What far-reaching results came from Columbus's discovery?
21. What did Columbus's discovery have to do with you?

The models of the Columbus Caravels shown on page 25 were given by Spain to the government of the United States for the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, in 1892, in honor of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America.

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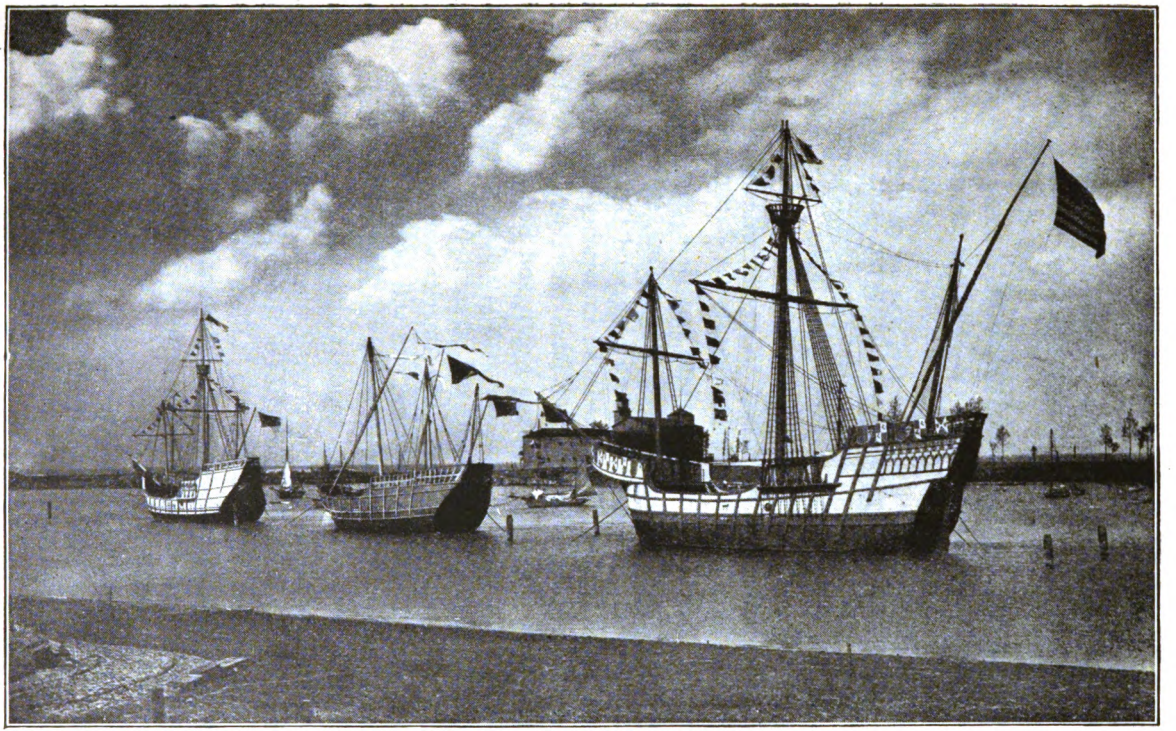

THE COLUMBUS CARAVELS

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COLUMBUS

JOAQUIN MILLER

In the prose story just before this poem, you have read the wonderful record of how Christopher Columbus discovered America in 1492, more than four hundred years ago. That was a long, long time ago.

To understand this poem and to see the wonderful pictures in it, you will have to know certain things.

You must realize that the world was then very different from what it is now. With only a few exceptions, all men were very ignorant. Very few persons could read, and the people believed such strange things. They believed in witches and goblins and many other strange things that have never existed. They did not know of any such places as North and South America, and most of them believed that the earth is flat instead of round. Columbus thought they could sail straight from Spain to Asia, not knowing that North and South America were in the way.

Knowing the Columbus story, you will be able to see the little *Santa Maria* — she was only about as long as the height of a good-sized tree — with the brave Columbus on the high deck at the stern of the little ship, peering ahead, hoping to see land. He had left far behind " the Gates of Hercules," as the headlands between Spain and Africa are called, and also the Azores (a group of islands) farther west, and he and his crew of ignorant sailors were now far out on the western ocean where man had never before sailed.

The sailors grew frightened. The compass needle no longer pointed to the North Star, and the winds always blew west, so that they feared that they could never sail back home. At

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night, they trembled with fear lest awful creatures should snatch them off the deck in the dark and devour them. No wonder they wanted to sail back!

Now you must picture the scared sailors and the mate holding a meeting to try to get the admiral to turn around and sail back before it was too late.

They send the mate to ask him to do so. Now see the mate, as, very fearful, he approaches Columbus on the high deck, and says to him in a frightened voice, —

> . . . " Now must we pray,
> For lo! the very stars are gone;
> Brave Adm'r'l, speak, what shall I say? "

meaning, " What shall I tell the sailors? "

Can you see the determined Columbus, as with stern face, he looks around, and in a terrible voice, says, —

> " Why, say: ' *Sail on! sail on! and on!* ' "

Now read stanza 2. You will see that the mate again begs him to turn back. Read what the mate says. You can see that, in his terror, he is almost weeping. Note the question he asks, —

> " What shall I say [to the men], brave Adm'r'l, say,
> If we sight naught but seas at dawn? "

Now listen to Columbus as he roars, —

> " Why, you shall say at break of day,
> ' Sail *on!* sail *on!* *sail on!* and *on!* ' "

The mate goes back to the men, and the admiral stands on the deck still watching ahead, and the brave little ship " sails on." Days pass.

Then the mate comes again to the admiral. Note what he says in stanza 3. You can see that he is so terrified that he is almost in tears.

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But the stern admiral only says between his set teeth, —

"Sail *on!* sail *on!* and *on!*"

Again days and days pass on the lonely seas where sail had never been before. The great white-teethed waves seemed to reach up for the sailors. Can you see them? The mate comes once more. Read stanza 4 and see what he says? What did the admiral answer?

"The words leapt like a leaping sword: —
'Sail *on!* sail *on!* sail *on!* and *on!*'"

Then the terrified sailors give up all hope, for they know he will not turn back.

"Then, pale and worn, he paced his deck,
And peered through darkness."

Suddenly Columbus sees something that looks like a flaming torch moving in the distance, and he shouts, —

"A light! *A light!* AT LAST A LIGHT!"

Can you hear him, and see the excitement?

He had found land at last. It was an island of the Bahama group (look it up in your geography). Columbus called it "San Salvador," or "Holy Savior."

What do the last four lines mean? They mean that that little light that the sailor saw grew into the great light of liberty that America gives to all the world, and of which our dear old "Stars and Stripes" is the symbol.

The poet says of the little light, —

"It grew to be Time's burst of dawn."

That is, that day and that little light caused the dawn of "The New World," the new Time, the new Liberty that America has brought to the human race.

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And by his stern determination, when cowards wanted to turn back, Columbus "gave the world" its grandest lesson, —

"On! sail on!"

or, when you know that you are right, let nothing on the earth, in the sky, or in the sea stop you!

While you are admiring the brave admiral, might you not think a moment somewhat like this:

"Am I the mate, or the admiral? Am I turning back in my daily tasks, or am I — 'sailing *on*'?"

Study very carefully the meanings of the following words:

Azores (ā-zōrz'): a group of islands lying about 800 miles west of Portugal, the last land seen on a voyage from Spain or Portugal to America.

Gates of Hercules (hûr'kū-lēz): the headlands north and south of the Strait of Gibraltar, between Spain and Africa. Look them up on a map.

mate: the officer in authority next below the captain.

mutinous (mū'tĭ-nŭs): rebellious against the authority of the officers of a ship.

ghastly wan (gàst'lĭ): very pale and white.

stout: strong; also brave-hearted.

naught (nôt): nothing; no land.

blanched mate: pale-faced mate; meaning made pale with fear and dread.

COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores;
Before him only shoreless seas.

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The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone;
Brave Adm'r'l, speak, what shall I say?"
"Why, say: '*Sail on! sail on! and on!*'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly, wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'*Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!*'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l, speak and say —"
He said: "*Sail on! sail on! and on!*"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
He lifts his teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"

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The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"*Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!*"

Then, pale and worn, he paced his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck —
A light! A *light!* AT LAST A LIGHT!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell briefly the story of the first voyage of Columbus, reciting the fears of the sailors in particular.
2. Where are the Azores? What are "the Gates of Hercules"? Have you looked them up on your map?
3. What is meant by "ghosts of shores"? By "shoreless seas"?
4. Have you been able to imagine the sea, the ship, the frightened sailors, and also the scared mate going to the admiral? Did you see and hear Columbus as he said, "Sail *on!* sail *on!* and *on!*"?
5. Tell the different reasons why the mate wanted to turn back, and explain each.
6. Describe the discovery of land by telling it in the words of stanza 5.
7. What did the little light grow to be? What is it now?
8. What is meant by "Time's burst of dawn"? What is the "starlit flag" now?
9. What is "the world's grandest lesson"?
10. What has it to do with *you?*

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THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

On December 20, 1620, about three hundred years ago, a tiny sailing ship called the *Mayflower* anchored in a bay on the coast of what is now Massachusetts. It was in the cold winter time and no more desolate sight ever met the eyes of man than the one that met the eyes of the one hundred and two men, women, and children on that little ship. They had to land in the cold winter and make homes for themselves on that bleak coast, inhabited only by Indians. Try to imagine that you are on that ship with that prospect before you.

Who were these one hundred and two persons? They are called the Pilgrims or the Pilgrim Fathers, although there were also many Pilgrim mothers and Pilgrim children.

They had lived in England, and there they had wished to worship God in their own way and to be free men and women. But England then was not like England now. It had very cruel laws that compelled everyone to worship and to live as the king wanted him to worship and to live.

These brave people determined to find a place where they could be free to live and to worship as they wished. So in a tiny ship, they sailed away and came to America to seek the place where freedom might be found.

Now read the poem, which describes their coming and their landing. It is a good description. Be sure to see the cold ocean, the little ship, the desolate snowy shore, and the Pilgrims landing,

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one hundred and two men, women, and children, on that bitter winter day, December 21, 1620.

It may be said that this brave little band brought with them the principles that underlie our government, — a government *of* the people, *by* the people, and *for* the people, and not of kings, by kings, and for kings.

They believed that every person should have a good education, and so they started what is now known as our free public school system, which is the true basis of America's greatness.

Read in your school histories all you can find about the Pilgrim Fathers.

Try to see all the pictures in this selection.

Learn the meanings of the following words before reading the poem:

exiles (ĕk'sīlz): persons who have been driven out from their own country; the Pilgrim Fathers.

the flying: those that flee from punishment for some misdeed.

hymns of lofty cheer: hymns that the Pilgrims sang which bravely rang of courage and hope.

sounding aisles (īlz): pathways through the forests that echoed back the hymns of the Pilgrims.

anthem: a hymn or song.

hoary hair: white hair.

serenely high: calmly fearless and confident.

The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers

1

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

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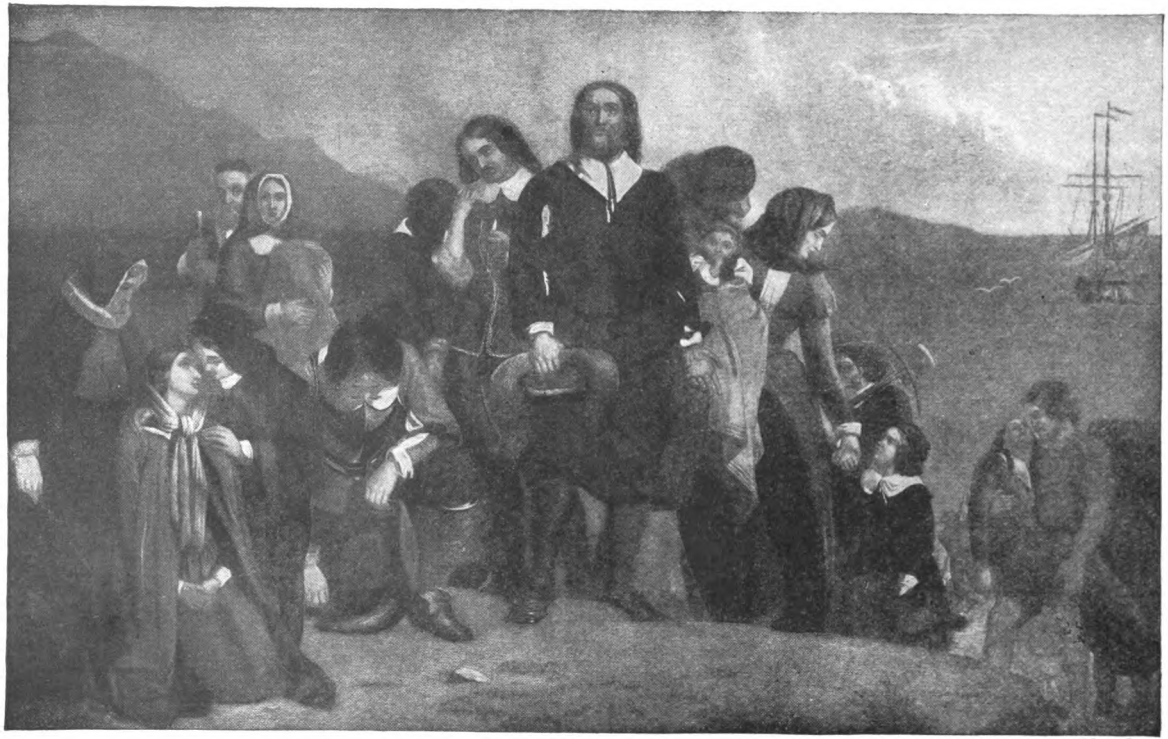

Chas. Lucy

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

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2

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

3

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

4

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear, —
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

5

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

6

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared —
This was their welcome home!

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7

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band; —
Why had *they* come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

8

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

9

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

10

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstained what there they found —
Freedom to worship God!

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Felicia Dorothea Hemans (hĕm′ănz) was an English poet, born in 1793, died in 1835.
2. Who were the Pilgrim Fathers? Where had they lived? Why did they leave? What was the name of their ship? When and where did it land?

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3. Describe the scene by reading aloud the first two stanzas of the poem.
4. In stanza 5, what is told of what they did?
5. Why do you think the eagle welcomed them? How did the pines welcome them?
6. Of what kinds of persons were the pilgrims composed? Answer by reading aloud stanzas 7 and 8.
7. Why had they come here? Answer by reading aloud stanza 9.
8. What three purposes are mentioned which cause people to go to new countries?
9. Since none of the three caused the Pilgrims to come, why are they given here?
10. Why is the place where they landed "holy ground"?
11. Do you know the names of any of these brave people who came over in the *Mayflower?*

The Pilgrim Fathers — where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
As they break along the shore;
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day
When the *Mayflower* moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

JOHN PIERPONT

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THE EAGLE

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL

A poet says, —

"There's a fierce gray bird with a bending beak,
With an angry eye and a startling shriek."

He means the eagle. The noble appearance and the fearless qualities of the eagle have caused it always to be regarded as the king of birds. From early history the eagle has been the chosen emblem of many nations. By some nations, the eagle was chosen as their emblem because he was a fierce bird of prey. But in America the eagle is our emblem because he is *free*, and not because he is a bird of prey.

A golden eagle, on the top of a short pole, was carried at the head of every Roman legion, which was a body of about 4000 to 6000 trained soldiers. To lose this eagle was utter disgrace to a Roman soldier. When Rome was a great free republic, she carried her eagles into almost all known lands. Civilization went wherever the Roman eagles went.

But Rome became corrupt and wicked. At last her punishment came. The Goths, fierce tribes from the North, came down upon her, and conquered her. That is what the poet refers to in the fifth stanza.

Then the poet imagines that the eagle, the bird of liberty, sailed away from Europe because the freedom of which he was the emblem was there no more.

Then in the first line of the sixth stanza the poet asks the eagle, —

"And where was then thy glorious flight?"

Find for yourself what the eagle answers.

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Beginning with the second line of the sixth stanza, try to think where the eagle flew and what he was waiting for so many hundred years throughout what is called the Dark Ages in Europe. The world had forgotten liberty and there was no nation whose emblem the eagle was willing to be.

So, perched on the high shore of "the land that caught the setting light," he waited — waited for the coming of those who loved liberty.

At last he saw them coming, in just one little ship. Of course, this ship was the *Mayflower*, bringing the Pilgrim Fathers to Massachusetts, as you have read on page 32.

The eagle tells the rest of the story. You will see his picture on American coins. He is now *our* emblem and is called "The American Eagle."

Learn the meanings of the following words:

hoary peaks: high snowy mountains.
beetling crag: an overhanging high cliff or rock.
lag: to dally or idle away.
thy imperial name: the Roman eagle as a symbol or sign of power.
clarion: a wind instrument used by soldiers.
deluge (dĕl′ūj): a flood.
the cradle of Liberty: America.

The Eagle

1

Bird of the broad and sweeping wing!
Thy home is high in heaven,
Where the wide storms their banners fling,
And the tempest clouds are driven.
Thy throne is on the mountain-top;
Thy fields, the boundless air;

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And hoary peaks, that proudly prop
The skies, thy dwellings are.

2

Thou art perched aloft on the beetling crag,
And the waves are white below,
And on, with a haste that cannot lag,
They rush in an endless flow.
Again thou hast plumed thy wing for flight,
To lands beyond the sea,
And away, like a spirit wreathed in light,
Thou hurriest, wild and free.

3

Lord of the boundless realm of air!
In thy imperial name,
The hearts of the bold and ardent dare
The dangerous path of fame.
Beneath the shade of thy golden wings,
The Roman legions bore,
From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs,
Their pride, to the polar shore.

4

For thee they fought, for thee they fell,
And their oath on thee was laid;
To thee the clarions raised their swell,
And the dying warrior prayed.

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Thou wert, through an age of death and fears,
The image of pride and power,
Till the gathered rage of a thousand years,
Burst forth in one awful hour.

5

And then, a deluge of wrath it came,
And the nations shook with dread;
And it swept the earth till its fields were flame,
And piled with the mingled dead.
Kings were rolled in the wasteful flood
With the low and crouching slave;
And together lay, in a shroud of blood,
The coward and the brave.

6

And where was then thy fearless flight?
"O'er the dark, mysterious sea,
To the land that caught the setting light,
The cradle of Liberty.
There, on the silent and lonely shore,
For ages I watched alone,
And the world, in its darkness, asked no more
Where the glorious bird had flown.

7

"But then came a bold and hardy few,
And they breasted the unknown wave;
I saw from far the wandering crew,
And I knew they were high and brave.

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I wheeled around the welcome bark,
As it sought the desolate shore,
And up to heaven, like a joyous lark,
My quivering pinions bore.

8

"And now that bold and hardy few
Are a nation wide and strong;
And danger and doubt I have led them through,
And they worship me in song;
And over their bright and glancing arms,
On field, and lake, and sea,
With an eye that fires, and a spell that charms,
I guide them to victory!"

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Describe an eagle.
2. Tell of his qualities and habits.
3. Why has the eagle been the emblem of so many nations?
4. What great nation of ancient times carried an eagle at the head of a legion? What did the eagle mean to a Roman soldier?
5. Why does the poet think the eagle left the Romans?
6. Who conquered the Romans? In what stanza is the conquest described?
7. Where did the eagle fly when he left Europe? What was he waiting for? How long did he wait? Who came at last? Read aloud the lines telling of the eagle's joy.
8. What does the eagle mean to Americans?
9. Tell the eagle's own story in his own words in the last three stanzas.

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AN ORPHAN OF PARIS

VICTOR HUGO

In all great cities may be found children who do not remember having had a father or a mother, and who live on the streets without a home and with such food as they can pick up or secure by their cunning wits. They sleep in old boxes, on stairways, or wherever they can find shelter. Having to live by their wits, they are usually as bright and keen as a person twice their age; for with all the world their enemy, they soon learn to be as cunning and shrewd as a fox. Usually they are sympathetic and kind to those in distress.

This story tells of how such a street gamin (găm'ĭn), or child of the streets, of the great city of Paris, France, — a lad named Gavroche (gȧ-vrôsh'), — finds on the streets of Paris two little boys, about seven and five years of age, who are lost, and of how the brave, kind-hearted little gamin finds food for them and shelter from the storm in the very strangest house you ever read of.

As you read this story, you will wonder why the thousands of rich persons in a great city do not seem to know that there are around them many such wretched little lads as Gavroche; and like Victor Hugo, you will wonder that the two poor little boys could find help and protection, not from the well-to-do, but only from a poor little street gamin like Gavroche.

The story was written by Victor Hugo, one of the greatest writers, not only of France, but of all the world and of all time. This short story is taken from his novel "Les Miserables" (lȧ mė-zȧ-rä'b'l) which means "The Wretched." The novel is

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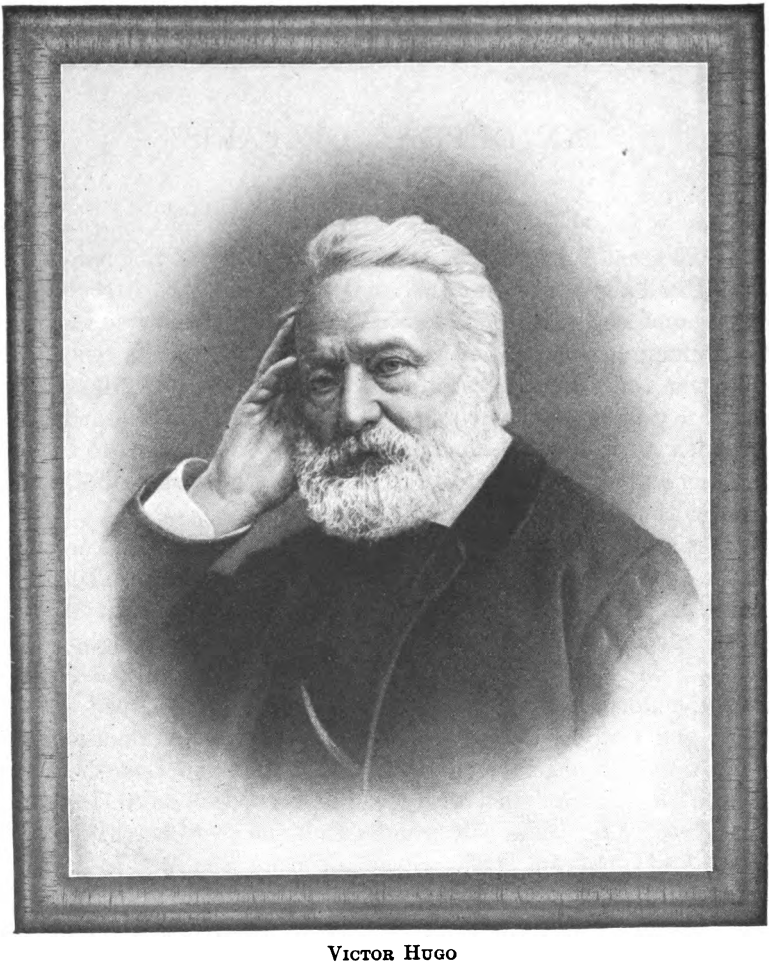

VICTOR HUGO

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a tale of the awful misery of the people of France about the year 1815.

Victor Hugo was born in eastern France in 1802. Because he opposed the wicked ruling class, he was exiled from France by Emperor Napoleon III, and he had to remain away from his beloved land for nineteen years. During all this time, however, he fought the tyrants with his pen, and to them he became more terrible than a great army. These years of exile steeled his mind, and his genius was fired by what seemed his country's shame. When Emperor Napoleon III was dethroned in 1870, Victor Hugo was called back to France, where he was received with the love and reverence of his people. He died in 1885.

As you read the story, try to see and hear all that it tells about. But before you read it, learn the meanings of the following words so that you will miss none of the story:

ecstasy (ĕk′stȧ-sĭ): a state of great delight.
contemplating: thoughtfully watching.
indignant: disgusted; angry.
plaintive: sad; sorrowful.
adorned: here, had wrapped around him.
urchin: a pert or roguish child.
monologue: a story told by one person; here, Gavroche talking to himself.
sou (sōō): a small bronze French coin worth about one cent.
Bastille (bȧs-tēl′): a famous and terrible prison in Paris.
lattices (lăt′ĭs-ĕz): framework of strips of wood or iron laid across each other.
disdain: a feeling that another person is not worthy of notice.

An Orphan of Paris

Part I

Spring in Paris is often accompanied with keen and sharp north winds, by which one is not exactly frozen,

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but chilled. These winds, which mar the most beautiful days, have precisely the same effect as those currents of cold air which enter a warm room through the cracks of a badly fitting window or door. It seems as if the dreary door of winter were partly open and the wind were coming in at it.

One evening when these winds were blowing harshly to such a degree that January seemed to have returned, and that the citizens of moderate wealth had resumed their cloaks, little Gavroche, an orphan street gamin of Paris, who was always shivering cheerfully under his rags, was standing, as if in ecstasy, before a barber's shop. He was adorned with a woman's woolen shawl, picked up nobody knows where, of which he had made a muffler. Little Gavroche appeared to be intently admiring a wax bride, with bare neck and a headdress of orange flowers, which was revolving in the window, displaying between two lamps her smile to the passers-by.

As he was contemplating the bride he muttered between his teeth: "Tuesday. It isn't Tuesday. Is it Tuesday? Perhaps it is Tuesday. Yes, it is Tuesday."

No one ever discovered to what this monologue referred. If, perchance, it referred to the last time he had dined, it was three days before, for it was then Friday.

The barber in his shop, warmed by a good stove, was shaving a customer and casting from time to time

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a look towards Gavroche, this frozen and impudent street urchin, who had both hands in his pockets, but his wits evidently at work.

While Gavroche was examining the bride and the windows, two children of unequal height, rather neatly dressed, and still smaller than he, one appearing to be seven years old, the other five, timidly turned the knob of the door and entered the shop, asking for something, charity perhaps in a plaintive manner which resembled a groan rather than a prayer. They both spoke at once, and their words could not be understood because sobs choked the voice of the younger, and the cold made the elder's teeth chatter. The barber turned with a furious look, and still holding his razor, crowding back the elder with his left hand and the little one with his knee, pushed them into the street and slammed the door, saying,

"The idea of coming in and freezing people for nothing!"

The two children went on, crying. Meanwhile a cloud had come up, and it began to rain.

Little Gavroche ran after them and spoke to them:

"What is the matter with you little brats?"

"We don't know where to sleep," answered the elder.

"Is that all?" said Gavroche. "That is nothing. The idea of crying about that! Are you canary birds?"

And then assuming, through his slightly bantering

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superiority, a tone of softened authority and gentle protection, he said, "My children, come with me."

"Yes, sir," said the elder.

And the two children followed him as they would have followed an archbishop. They had stopped crying. Gavroche led them in the direction of the Bastille, and, as he walked along, cast an indignant and backward glance at the barber's shop. "That barber has no heart," he muttered.

"Ah," exclaimed Gavroche suddenly, "what does this mean? It is raining again!" And, looking at the clouds, he exclaimed, "Caught!"

Meanwhile the two children followed close behind him. As they were passing by one of those heavy-grated lattices which indicate a baker's shop, for bread, like gold, is kept behind iron bars, Gavroche turned around:

"Ah, by the way — brats, have we dined?"

"Sir," answered the elder, "we have had nothing to eat since early this morning."

"So you have neither father nor mother?" resumed Gavroche, majestically.

"Excuse us, sir, we have a papa and a mamma, but we don't know where they are."

"Sometimes that's better than knowing where they are," said Gavroche, who was a thinker.

"We have been wandering about for two hours," continued the elder; "we have been looking for things in every corner, but we have found nothing."

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"I know," said Gavroche; "the dogs eat up everything."

Meanwhile he had stopped, and for a few minutes he had been feeling and fumbling in all sorts of recesses which he had in his rags. At last he tossed his head with an air intended to be merely satisfied, but which was in reality triumphant.

"Let us be calm, young ones. Here is enough for supper for three."

And he took a sou from one of his pockets.

Without giving the two little boys time for amazement, he pushed them both before him into the baker's shop, and flung his sou on the counter, crying,

"Boy! a sou's worth of bread."

The baker, who was the proprietor, took a loaf and a knife.

"In three pieces, my boy!" went on Gavroche. And he added with dignity,

"There are three of us."

And seeing that the baker, after having examined the three customers, had taken down a black loaf, Gavroche cried, "What is that you have?" The baker understood perfectly well and answered:

"Why! it is bread, very good bread of the second quality."

"You mean black bread," replied Gavroche, with a calm, cold disdain. "White bread, boy! White bread! I'm treating."

The baker could not help smiling, and while he was

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cutting the white bread, he looked at them in a sympathetic manner which offended Gavroche.

When the bread was cut, the baker put the sou into his drawer, and Gavroche said to the two children, "Eat away."

At the same time he handed each of them a piece of bread. There was one piece smaller than the other two; he took it for himself.

The poor children, including Gavroche, were starving. While they were tearing the bread with their fine teeth they blocked the shop of the baker who, now that he had received his pay, was regarding them angrily.

"Let's go into the street again," said Gavroche.

They went on again in the direction of the Bastille.

The two little boys followed, holding each other by the hand.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell what you know of the author of this story.
2. What is a gamin? Tell what you know of orphan children of the street.
3. Describe little Gavroche.
4. Tell how he found the two lost children.
5. How did the barber treat them? Should you expect a man with a good trade like that of a successful barber to treat them so cruelly?
6. What did Gavroche do for them at first? Should you expect him to be so sympathetic? Which was better able to help the lost children, the barber or Gavroche?

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7. Note carefully the gay manner in which the miserable but brave little Gavroche speaks. Find and read aloud parts to show this.
8. How long had it been since the children had had anything to eat?
9. Which of the three pieces of bread did Gavroche take for himself? What does this show?
10. As you were reading Part I, did you see and hear all that it describes?

Part II

grotesque (grō-tĕsk′): awkward, having a tendency to make one smile.
edifice (ĕd′ĭ-fĭs): usually a building, but here a thing or structure that has been made or built.
repulsive: causing disgust at its hideousness.
transfigured: changed in appearance.
infinitely small: very, very small.
serenity: calmness.
little Providence in rags: little protector in rags.
colossus: a statue of vast size.
agility: quickness of movement.

Twenty years ago, there was still to be seen in the corner of the Place of the Bastille, a grotesque monument which has now faded away from the memory of Parisians.

We say monument, although it was only a rough model. It was an elephant, forty feet high, constructed of framework and plaster, bearing on its back a tower, which resembled a house, formerly painted green by some housepainter, now painted

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black by the sun, the rain, and the weather. In that open and deserted corner of the square, the broad front of the great beast, his trunk, his tusks, his size, his four legs like columns, produced at night, under the starry sky, a startling and terrible outline. One knew not what it meant. But it was gloomy, mysterious, and immense.

Few strangers visited this edifice, no passer-by looked at it. It was falling into ruin. Every season, pieces of plaster dropping from its sides made hideous wounds upon it. There it stood in its corner, gloomy, sick, crumbling, surrounded by a rotten railing; a lath was sticking out from the tail, the tall grass flourished between its legs; and as the level of the square had been rising for thirty years all about it, by that slow and continuous movement which insensibly raises the soil of great cities, it stood in a hollow, and it looked as if the ground were giving way beneath it. It was huge, despised, repulsive, and superb.

As we have said, night changed its appearance. As soon as twilight fell, the old elephant became transfigured; and he assumed a tranquil and terrible form in the fearful serenity of the shadows. Being of the past, he was of the night; and this obscurity was in keeping with his grandeur.

It was towards this corner of the square, dimly lighted by the reflection of a distant lamp, that Gavroche directed the two children. As they came near the colossus, Gavroche comprehended the effect which

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the infinitely great might produce upon the infinitely small, and said, — "Infants! don't be scared."

Then he entered through a gap in the fence into the inclosure of the elephant, and helped the boys to crawl through the breach. The two children, a little frightened, followed Gavroche without saying a word, and trusted themselves to that little Providence in rags who had given them bread and promised them a shelter.

Lying by the side of the fence was a ladder, which, by day, was used by the workingmen of the neighboring wood-yard. Gavroche lifted it with remarkable vigor, and placed it against one of the elephant's fore legs. Near the point where the ladder ended, a sort of black hole could be distinguished in the colossus.

Gavroche showed the ladder and the hole to his guests, and said to them, "Climb up and go in."

The two little boys looked at each other in terror.

"You are afraid, brats!" exclaimed Gavroche. And he added, "You shall see."

He clasped the elephant's rough leg, and in a twinkling, without deigning to make use of the ladder, he reached the opening. He entered it as a snake glides into a hole, and disappeared within, and a moment afterwards the two children saw his face dimly appearing, like a pale ghost, at the edge of the hole full of darkness.

"Well," cried he, "why don't you come up, young ones? You'll see how nice it is! Come up," said he to the elder, "I will give you a hand."

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The little ones urged each other forward. The gamin made them afraid and reassured them at the same time. By this time it was raining very hard. The elder ventured. The younger seeing his brother go up, and himself left all alone between the paws of this huge beast, had a great desire to cry, but he did not dare.

The elder lad climbed with uncertain steps up the ladder. Gavroche, in the meanwhile, encouraged him, exclaiming, "Don't be afraid! That's it! Come on! Put your foot there! Your hand here! Be brave!"

And when he came within his reach he caught him quickly and vigorously by the arm and drew him up.

"Gulped!" said he.

The boy had passed through the crevice.

"Now," said Gavroche, "wait for me. Sir, have the kindness to sit down."

And going out by the crevice as he had entered, he slipped down the elephant's leg with the agility of a monkey, landed upon his feet in the grass, caught the little five-year old by the waist and set him halfway up the ladder. Then he began to climb up behind him, crying to the elder, "I will push him; you pull him."

In an instant the little fellow was lifted, pushed, dragged, pulled, stuffed, crammed into the hole without having had time to know what was going on. And Gavroche, entering after him, pushing back the ladder with a kick so that it fell upon the grass, began to clap

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his hands, and cried, "Here we are! Hurrah for General Lafayette!"

This explosion over, he added, "Brats, you are in my house."

Gavroche was in fact at home.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Describe the "elephant" in the story. Near what famous prison did it stand? Can you imagine the elephant as the three children approached it in the darkness and rain?
2. Where was the "door" of Gavroche's home?
3. Can you see the picture of Gavroche as he disappeared into the elephant, and the two poor, frightened, lost children standing in the darkness beneath? Describe what you see of this.
4. Describe how the elder boy went up into the elephant.
5. Can you imagine the poor, smaller lad as he waited down below in the dark?
6. Tell how the smaller boy entered.
7. What did Gavroche mean by "Gulped"?
8. What do you think of Gavroche's "home"?
9. Can you imagine the strange feelings of the two small boys as they first stood, breathless with fear, inside the elephant?

PART III

menageries (mĕ-năj′ĕr-ĭz): places where wild animals are kept.

candelabra (kăn-dĕ-lā′brȧ): ornamented candlesticks, with many branches. "Suppress the candelabra" here, a joke of Gavroche's, and meaning that he was going to put out his "cellar rat," or cheap torch, or candle.

illumination: light.

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The hole through which Gavroche had entered was a break which was hardly visible from the outside, and it was so narrow that only cats and children could pass through it.

"Let us begin," said Gavroche, "by telling the porter that we are not at home." And plunging into the darkness with the assurance of a person who is familiar with his room, he took a board and stopped up the hole.

Gavroche plunged again into the darkness. A sudden light made them blink; Gavroche had just lighted one of those bits of string soaked in resin which are called "cellar rats." The "cellar rat," which made more smoke than light, rendered the inside of the elephant dimly visible.

Gavroche's two guests glanced about them, and the feeling which they had was something like that which Jonah must have felt while he was inside the whale. An entire gigantic skeleton appeared to inclose them. Above, a long brown beam, from which projected at regular distances massive, arching timbers, represented the backbone with its ribs, while the plaster hung down from them like dirty icicles, and from one side to the other huge spider webs formed dusty partitions. Here and there in the corners blackish spots were seen, which had the appearance of being alive, and which changed their places rapidly with a wild and startled motion.

The smaller one hugged close to his brother and whispered, "It is dark."

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This made Gavroche cry out. "What is it that you are whispering about?" he exclaimed. "Are you making fun of me? Are you turning up your nose? Must you have a palace?"

A little roughness is good in cases of fear. It is reassuring. The two children came close to Gavroche.

Gavroche, touched by this trust, changed quickly from the stern to the gentle, and, addressing the smaller:

"Stupid," said he, accenting the insult with a caressing tone, "it is outside that it is dark. Outside it rains, here it doesn't rain. Outside it is cold, here there isn't a speck of wind. Outside there are heaps of folks, here there isn't anybody. Outside there isn't even a moon, here there is my candle!"

The two children began to regard the apartment with less terror; but Gavroche allowed them no more time for thinking.

"Quick," said he.

And he pushed them towards what we are very glad to be able to call the end of the room. There stood his bed. Gavroche's bed was complete. That is to say, it had a mattress, a blanket, and an alcove with curtains. The mattress was a straw mat. The blanket was of coarse gray wool, very warm and almost new. The alcove was like this:

Three rather long poles, firmly settled into the rubbish of the floor, two in front and one behind, were tied together by a string at the top, so as to form a pyramid.

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This frame supported a fine screen of brass wire which was hung over it, and kept in place by fastenings of iron wire, so that it entirely enveloped the three poles, like the covering of an Indian wigwam. A row of very large stones kept this network down to the floor so that nothing could pass under it. This screen was nothing more nor less than a fragment of those copper nettings which are used to cover the bird-houses in menageries. Gavroche's bed stood as in a cage inside this net. It was this netting which took the place of curtains.

Gavroche removed the stones which fastened the netting down in front, and the two folds of the net which lapped over each other fell apart.

"Children, on your hands and knees!" said Gavroche.

He made his guests enter the cage carefully, then he crawled in after them, pulled back the stones, and closed the opening again. Then all three stretched upon the mattress.

Small as they were, none of them could have stood up in the alcove. Gavroche still held the "cellar rat" in his hand.

"Now," said he, "go to sleep! I am going to suppress the candelabra."

"Sir," inquired the elder of the two brothers, of Gavroche, pointing to the netting, "what is that for?"

"That," said Gavroche gravely, "is for the rats. Go to sleep!"

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While he was talking, he wrapped a fold of the blanket about the smaller one, who murmured, "Oh! that is good! it is warm!"

As he was on the edge of the mat, the elder being in the middle, Gavroche tucked the coverlid under him as a mother would have done, and raised the mat under his head with some old rags in such a way as to make a pillow for the child. Then he turned towards the elder and said, "We are pretty well off here! Eh!"

"Oh, yes," answered the elder, looking at Gavroche with the expression of a rescued angel.

The two poor little children who had been soaked through were beginning to get warm.

"Ah, now," continued Gavroche, "what in the world were you crying for?"

And pointing out the little one to his brother, he said scornfully, "To a youngster like that, I've nothing to say, but the idea of a big boy like you crying! It's silly; it makes you look like a calf."

"Well," said the child, "we had no room, no place to go."

"Listen to me," continued Gavroche, "you must never whine any more for anything. I will take care of you. You will see what fun we have. In summer we will go to the Park, and we will go in swimming in the Basin. We will go to see the skeleton man. He is alive. And then I will take you to the theater. I have tickets, I know the actors; I even played once

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in a piece. There were a lot of us fellows. We ran about under a cloth, that made the sea. I will have you engaged at my theater."

At this moment, a drop of wax fell upon Gavroche's finger and recalled him to the realities of life.

"The deuce!" said he, "there's the wick used up. Attention! I can't spend more than a sou a month for my illumination. When we go to bed, we must go to sleep."

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Describe Gavroche's light.
2. What did the children see when Gavroche lit his "cellar rat"? That is, describe the inside of Gavroche's "home."
3. How did the smaller lad show his terror when he first stood inside of the elephant?
4. What were the "blackish spots" that the children saw inside the elephant? Were they dangerous? Why?
5. How did Gavroche try to relieve the lads of their fear?
6. Describe Gavroche's bed.
7. Tell how Gavroche was protected from rats.
8. Try to draw a picture of the outside appearance of the elephant. Also a picture of what the children saw inside the elephant.
9. Draw a picture of Gavroche's bed and its canopy. Tell how and of what it was made. Why did Gavroche need this canopy?
10. Why did Gavroche seem to talk so crossly to the lads? Did he mean it, or was he only being kind? Give reasons for your answer.

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PART IV

water porter: water carrier.
vivid: bright.
dialogue: a conversation between two or more persons.
vagabonds: In America, they are called tramps.
reverie (rĕv'ĕr-ĭ): dreamy thinking.
patrolmen (pȧ-trōl'mĕn): policemen.

The storm redoubled. They heard, in the intervals of the thunder, the tempest beating against the back of the colossus.

"Pour away, old rain!" said Gavroche. "It does amuse me to hear the rain run down the house's legs. Winter is a fool; he throws away his goods, he loses his trouble, he can't wet us, and it makes him grumble, the old water porter!"

This allusion to thunder was followed by a very vivid flash of lightning, so blinding that something of it entered by the crevice into the elephant. Almost at the same instant the thunder burst forth very furiously. The two little boys uttered a cry, and rose so quickly that the canopy of screen wire was almost thrown out of place; but Gavroche turned his bold face towards them, and took advantage of the clap of thunder to burst into a laugh.

"Be calm, children. Don't upset the house. That was fine thunder; give us some more."

This said, he restored order inside the canopy, gently pressed the two children down on the bed, pressed their knees to stretch them out at full length, and exclaimed: "As God is lighting his candle, I can blow

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out mine. Children, we must sleep. It is very bad not to sleep. Are you all right?"

"Yes," murmured the elder, "I am all right. I feel as if I had feathers under my head."

The two children hugged close to each other. Gavroche finished arranging them upon the mat, and pulled the blanket up to their ears, then repeated for the third time, "Go to sleep!"

And he blew out the taper.

Hardly was the light extinguished when a singular trembling began to affect the netting under which the three children were lying. It was accompanied by a multitude of dull scratches, which produced a metallic sound, as if claws and teeth were gnawing at the copper wire. This was accompanied by all sorts of little sharp cries.

The little boy of five, hearing this tumult over his head, and shivering with fear, pushed the elder brother with his elbow, but the elder brother had already "gone to sleep," according to Gavroche's order. Then the little boy, who could no longer control his terror, questioned Gavroche, but in a very low tone and holding his breath.

"Sir?"

"Hey?" said Gavroche, who had just closed his eyes.

"What is that?"

"It is the rats," answered Gavroche.

And he laid his head again upon the mat.

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The rats in fact which swarmed by thousands in the carcass of the elephant, and which were those living black spots of which we have spoken, had been held in awe by the flame of the candle so long as it burned, but as soon as this cavern, which was, as it were, their city, had been restored to night, smelling there what a certain good story-teller calls "some fresh meat," they had rushed in throngs upon Gavroche's tent, climbed to the top, and were biting its meshes as if they were seeking to get through this new-fashioned mosquito bar.

Still the little one could not sleep.

"Sir?" he began again.

"Hey?" said Gavroche.

"What are rats?"

"They are mice."

This explanation reassured the child a little. He had seen some white mice in the course of his life, and he was not afraid of them. However, he raised his voice again:

"Sir?"

"Hey?" replied Gavroche.

"Why don't you have a cat?"

"I did have one," answered Gavroche, "I brought one here, but they ate her up."

This second explanation undid the work of the first, and the little fellow again began to tremble. The dialogue between him and Gavroche began again for the fourth time:

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"Sir?"

"Hey?"

"Who was it that was eaten up?"

"The cat."

"Who was it that ate the cat?"

"The rats."

"The mice?"

"Yes, the rats."

The child, dismayed at the thought of mice which ate cats, continued: "Sir, would those mice eat us?"

"Wouldn't they just!" said Gavroche.

The child's terror was complete. But Gavroche added: "Don't be afraid! they can't get in. And besides I am here. Here, take hold of my hand. Be still, and go to sleep!"

Gavroche at the same time took the little fellow's hand across his brother. The child clasped this hand against his body, and felt safe. Courage and strength have these mysterious ways of passing from one person to another. It was once more silent about them, the sound of their voices had frightened away the rats. In a few minutes they came back, but in vain; the three little fellows were fast asleep, and heard nothing more.

The hours of the night passed away. Darkness covered the immense Place of the Bastille. A wintry gale, which mingled with the rain, blew in gusts. The patrolmen searched all the doors, alleys, yards, and dark corners, and, looking for night-wandering

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vagabonds, passed silently by the elephant. The monster, erect, standing motionless, with open eyes in the darkness, appeared to be in reverie and well satisfied with his good deeds, for he sheltered from the heavens and from men the three poor sleeping children.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Try to picture to yourself the three children in the rude bed under the canopy, inside the great beast, with the rats gnawing at the wire canopy, and the storm raging outside. How should you like to have been one of the three children?
2. Describe the terror of the two children.
3. How did Gavroche comfort them?
4. What so terrified the smaller boy? Would it have terrified you?
5. As the little fellow had never seen a rat, how did Gavroche explain to him what rats are?
6. How did Gavroche at last comfort the terrified little lad?
7. Why was Gavroche happy that night? What effect is produced in us when we help another who is in need?
8. If, in a great, rich city like Paris, there could be gamins like Gavroche, without a friend on earth, with the rich never noticing them, and if this poor little street gamin could be so sympathetic and good to two lost children, what is Victor Hugo, in this story, trying to show about the two classes, the rich and the poor?

To pity distress is but human; to relieve it is Godlike.

HORACE MANN

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TO A WATERFOWL

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

William Cullen Bryant, America's earliest great poet, had to leave college at the end of his second year, on account of lack of money. Then he turned to the study of law, and at the age of twenty-one years started out to walk from his home to Plainfield, Massachusetts, where he intended to begin the practice of law.

He did not want to be a lawyer. He wanted to be a poet, but he was very poor and he knew that he could not make a living by writing poetry. As he walked up the hills, he was very sad and deeply discouraged, not knowing what was to become of him in this big world which seemed to grow bigger and colder all the time. The sun had set, leaving behind it one of those seas of color which often flood the New England skies. While he was looking upon the rosy splendor of the skies he saw a single wild duck that had been separated from its fellows and was winging its way, solitary and alone. He watched the lone wanderer until distance made it invisible, and all the time he was wondering whither it had come and to what far home it was flying. It seemed, like himself, to be wandering alone through limitless space. But as he watched its certain flight, and saw that it turned neither to the right nor to the left but went straight ahead without hesitation or pause, until it disappeared in the distance, — there came to him this great thought, —

" There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast —
The desert and illimitable air —
Lone wandering, but not lost."

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And then when he thought how much the flight of this bird is like the life of man, there came to him this really great lesson, —

> " He who, from zone to zone,
> Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
> In the long way that I must tread alone,
> Will lead my steps aright."

Then he continued his journey with new hope and courage, and best of all he wrote these lines as imperishable as our language, — " To a Waterfowl." And more than a hundred years after he wrote this beautiful poem of faith and hope, we are studying it to get new hope and comfort and courage just as countless thousands have who have read it and understood it.

Bryant held this faith always, and years afterward, when he was a great poet and probably the most honored citizen of New York City, he felt that his simple early faith that the lone waterfowl had taught him, had been fully justified.

In reading the poem, try to feel that you are the young poet-lawyer, sad and discouraged, on your way through the Massachusetts hills on that cold December day more than a hundred years ago. Try to see the lone wild duck, and to watch it in its certain course. Then try to think the poet's thoughts in the poem: —

1. The description of the evening, the lone waterfowl outlined against the sky, and the poet's question. Stanza 1.
2. A further picture of the duck's flight. Stanza 2.
3. The poet's thoughts of what the fowl was seeking. Stanza 3.
4. That a Power was guiding it. Stanza 4.
5. Then the thoughts of the fowl's weary flight. Stanza 5.
6. The thought that at last the duck would find what it deserved. Stanza 6.
7. The fowl disappears, and the youth trudges on, thinking of the lesson it had taught him. Stanza 7.
8. The great lesson. Stanza 8.

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9. Now think that his discouragement is gone, and that, cheered up, he lifts his head and trudges bravely on.

It will help you to understand the poem if you learn the meanings of the following words.

solitary way: the duck's flight all alone.
fowler: a hunter watching to shoot wild fowl.
plashy brink: the edge of a lake washed by little waves.
marge: edge.
chafed: washed by waves.
illimitable: without limits or ends.
abyss of Heaven: the vast depth of the sky.

Now read the poem silently and slowly, pausing, shutting your eyes, and seeing the boy as he watched the lone waterfowl. Before you read a stanza, turn back to the explanation of it, then read it, and see and think what it tells.

In reading the poem aloud, try to be the youth Bryant, on his journey. This time, you are not reading to the class, but you are speaking to the lone duck away up in the sky, except in the last stanza, where you are *talking to yourself in a low, very thoughtful tone.*

To a Waterfowl

1

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

2

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

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3

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

4

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast —
The desert and illimitable air —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

5

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

6

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

7

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

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8

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who wrote this poem? Tell the story of how it came to be written.
2. What was the time of day? Describe it by reading aloud the first stanza.
3. Why might "the fowler's eye" follow the duck's flight "vainly"?
4. What was the lone fowl seeking?
5. What was guiding it?
6. What was it sure to find at last?
7. What was the lesson the youth learned from this wild duck, winging its way, solitary and alone?

William Cullen Bryant, the earliest great American poet, was born at Cummington, Massachusetts, November 3, 1794. He died in New York, June 12, 1878. His first profession was the law, but he gave it up to follow his natural bent for literature. In 1828, he became editor-in-chief of the *New York Evening Post*, a position which he held until his death, a period of fifty years. His fame became so great and the love of the people for him so deep that he was often called "the first citizen of the Republic."

There's a divinity which shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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THE SHEPHERD PSALM

PSALM XXIII, THE BIBLE

"The Shepherd Psalm," or the twenty-third psalm in the Bible, may not seem to you to be a true poem, as it has neither rhyme nor meter. But it is a true poem, and one of the most beautiful in the world. It was composed and sung by David, king of the Israelites, or Jews, almost three thousand years ago.

When David was a boy, about 1070 years before Christ, Saul was king of Israel, but he was not a good king. The Bible tells us that God was displeased with Saul, and that he told Samuel, the old prophet, to seek out another king. So Samuel, as he had been instructed, journeyed to the home of Jesse, at Bethlehem. He asked Jesse to let him see his sons.

Jesse brought them in, seven tall men in all. Samuel looked them over, but he did not see among them one who seemed to be the future king.

Then he inquired whether Jesse had other sons. Jesse said that he had one other son, a boy who at that time was watching the sheep. Samuel asked that the boy be sent for.

Soon a boy, some thirteen or fourteen years of age, came in. He was very handsome, with blue eyes and auburn hair. The old prophet saw at once that this boy was to be the king that God had sent him to find. Then he told the family what God had directed him to do, and that David was to become king. Then, according to custom, he anointed David's head with oil and departed.

David went back to his sheep, and waited. But while he waited, he practiced every day with his weapons, so that when he became

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king, he should be prepared for his work. He also practiced on the harp, singing the old songs of Israel, until he was known far and wide as a singer. God had promised to make him king over all the land that is now called Palestine, and he never had a doubt that the promise would be kept. He wanted to be ready when the time should come.

The rest of the story of David is told in the Book of Samuel in the Bible. It is a beautiful story, and you should read it. It tells how Saul heard of David's wonderful playing on the harp, and of how he sent for him; how David soothed the soul of Saul with his wonderful voice and his harp; of how he slew the giant Philistine, Goliath, in single combat; of how he became a captain of thousands, and of how Saul became jealous of him and tried to kill him. It tells how he had to flee to the hills to escape from Saul, whose kingdom he had saved; of how he remained there for some years, an exile; then of how Saul was killed in battle, and of how David was made king.

But even then, his troubles did not cease. The neighboring tribes made war on him, and for years he fought constantly. But always, the " promise " was kept, and he was always victorious. At length, he conquered all the other tribes, and his dominion extended over all of what is now called Palestine. His enemies all submitted to his rule, and peace settled down over his realm. His wars and his troubles were over, peace was everywhere, and God's promise had been utterly fulfilled to him, just as Samuel had told him so long ago at Bethlehem.

And now, to show his gratitude to God for his care and for the fulfillment of the promise, he felt that he should sing before his court a song or chant of gratitude and faith.

What should he sing? What should the theme of his song be? He had thought it over. There could be but one way to tell of his gratitude, and that was to tell how God had been his " shepherd," and had cared for him just as tenderly as, when a boy, he had cared for the sheep that he loved. To him a shepherd meant

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everything tender and loving. He knew how he had cared for the sheep, and he saw that God had cared for him in the same protecting, tender, loving way.

He remembered how he had led his sheep, not where the hillsides were bare and parched, but where the tender grass grew greenest. He had seen them " lie down " in perfect happiness when they had eaten their fill. God had watched over him and had shielded him from his enemies, until now he too could " lie down in green pastures."

He had led his sheep, not where the rushing torrents in the deep ravines would destroy them, but " beside the still waters," or the " pools " or wells which the Hebrews made to provide water when the streams were dry in the rainless season. God had done the same for him. He had protected him from all dangers, and had brought him where he, too, could in safety drink of the waters of peace and happiness.

He remembered that when a sheep was sick, or weary, or hurt, he had " restored " it lovingly, and had made it well again. For this purpose, he had carried at his belt a horn filled with oil of cedar with which to anoint it.

So he would sing that God, when David had been weary and hurt and hopeless in his long wars, had " restored his soul."

He remembered that he had led his sheep away from places where there was danger to places of safety. He had once slain a lion and a bear that had threatened his beloved sheep. He had led them only in paths of safety.

So he would sing that God had led him "in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake."

Sometimes his sheep were in danger from serpents, jackals, and robbers, and he had often rescued them from the valley of the shadow of death itself. He had carried a ' staff " for defense, and a "rod," with which, when the sheep were brought back to the fold at night, he counted them, touching each one with the rod as it went into the fold for the night. When the " rod " touched

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W. L. Taylor

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD

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a sheep as it passed into the safety of the fold, it was "comforted" with the thought that now no danger could befall it.

So, knowing that God had watched over him in the selfsame way, he would sing, — " Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

Then, as he had found for his sheep feasts of rich green grass even among their many enemies; and as, when some poor sheep had fallen and had hurt its head, he had put cedar oil on it to heal it, so had God cared for him in all his troubles and dangers, and had healed him when his soul was hurt by treachery and sorrow. When the hot, tired, thirsty sheep had come at nightfall to the fold, he had given each one a dipper of water, only partly full when water was scarce, but " running over " when it was plentiful.

So he would sing, — " Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over."

And at the close of his song, knowing how God had done all things for him during the terrible years of his battles with his enemies, just as David had done for his sheep when a shepherd boy, he felt that God would surely care for him in the same way even unto the end.

And so he would sing, — " Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; — "

And then he would promise his God, — " *and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.*"

Now let us picture King David on his throne in a great, splendid room, dressed in his kingly robes, and surrounded by his court, which is expectantly waiting for David, "The Sweet Singer of Israel," to begin his Psalm of Thanksgiving. His eyes are lifted in a poet's rapture as he plays some soft chords on a small harp. He plays a few chords; then his beautiful voice chants, —

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The Shepherd Psalm

The Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil:
For thou art with me;
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me
In the presence of mine enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Where is this poem, or psalm, to be found? Who was its author?
2. Who was king of Israel when David was a boy? What kind of a king was he?

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3. Tell how Samuel was instructed to find a new king.
4. Describe Samuel's search for the new king and of his finding David.
5. Tell of David's preparation for his life work.
6. Read in the Bible the story of his fight with Goliath, and tell it in class.
7. Tell how he became king of Israel, and of how God's promise to him was kept.
8. What experience came back to his mind when he wanted to write a psalm of thanksgiving for the keeping of the promise?
9. Tell how his care of his sheep seemed like God's care of him.
10. What is meant by lines 1 and 2?
11. By "to lie down in green pastures"?
12. By being led "beside the still waters"?
13. By "He restoreth my soul"?
14. By lines 7–9?
15. By "thy rod," and by all of line 10?
16. By lines 11 and 12?
17. By line 13?
18. By line 14?
19. Why does he feel so sure of the hope expressed in line 15?
20. What vow does he make in line 16?
21. Now read the poem aloud as though you were David saying it.

How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot!
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be fillèd with praise.
For he hears the lamb's innocent call,
And he hears the ewe's tender reply;
He is watchful; while they are in peace,
For they know when their shepherd is nigh.

WILLIAM BLAKE

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THE PRAIRIE FIRE

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

There are few things more terrible than a forest fire or a prairie fire. In either case, when there is a high wind, the fire, roaring, crackling, and flashing, sweeps on more swiftly than the best race horse, consuming everything in its path. On the great plains of the West, prairie fires were the especial terror of the early settlers.

The following story is taken from James Fenimore Cooper's novel, "The Prairie," and furnishes a good description of a prairie fire, and of an efficient method of escaping destruction by it.

James Fenimore Cooper, the first great American novelist, was born in Burlington, New Jersey, 1789. He died at Cooperstown, New York, in 1851. On reading one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, he declared that he could write a better one. So he began to write stories, some of which were so successful that they have been translated into the languages of almost all civilized peoples.

But his lasting fame comes from his tales of American pioneer life and his famous character, "Leatherstocking." This noble character, an uneducated hunter, trapper, and Indian scout, is carried through five of Cooper's tales of pioneer days, being the chief character in four of them, and a principal character in the other. The five stories are "The Deer Slayer," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Pathfinder," "The Pioneers," and "The Prairie," from the last of which the following selection is taken. It represents Leatherstocking in his old age when, wearying of the civilization which had filled his beloved wildwood of New

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York State, he had betaken himself to the Great Plains of the Far West.

The characters in the following story need a little explanation. They are, —

Natty Bumppo, the old trapper (Leatherstocking in old age).

Middleton, a young officer of the United States Army. Middleton's grandfather had been a companion of the old trapper.

Inez (ī′nĕz), his wife, whom he has rescued from a family of rough wanderers who had stolen her from her southern home for revenge.

Paul Hover, a young bee hunter.

Ellen, the sweetheart of Paul Hover.

In the story, "The Prairie," the Sioux (sōō) or Teton (Tĕ-tôn′) Indians were seeking the capture of the party, and had set fire to the prairie to drive the fugitives out.

You will need to read over the meanings of the following words before reading the story:

salamander (săl′ȧ-măn-dĕr): an animal once supposed to be able to live unharmed in fire.
reproof: blame for a fault.
inflammable (ĭn-flăm′ȧ-b'l): capable of being easily set on fire.
herbage (ûr′bāj): plants of various kinds.

THE PRAIRIE FIRE

"See, Middleton," exclaimed Inez in a sudden burst of youthful pleasure, that caused her for a moment to forget her situation, "how lovely is that sky; surely it contains a promise of happier times!"

"It is glorious!" returned her husband. "Glorious and heavenly is that streak of vivid red, and here is a

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still brighter crimson; rarely have I seen a richer rising of the sun."

"Rising of the sun!" slowly repeated the old man, lifting his tall person from its seat with a deliberate and abstracted air, while he kept his eye riveted on the changing and certainly beautiful tints, that were garnishing the vault of heaven. "Rising of the sun! I like not such risings of the sun. Ah's me! the imps have outwitted us with a vengeance. The prairie is on fire!"

"God in heaven protect us!" cried Middleton, catching Inez to his bosom, under the instant impression of the imminence of their danger. "There is no time to lose, old man; each instant is a day; let us fly!"

"Whither?" demanded the trapper, motioning him, with calmness and dignity, to arrest his steps. "In this wilderness of grass and weeds you are like a vessel in the broad lakes without a compass. A single step on the wrong course might prove the destruction of us all. It is seldom danger is so pressing, that there is not time enough for reason to do its work, young officer; therefore let us await its biddings."

"For my own part," said Paul Hover, looking about him with an expression of concern, "I acknowledge that should this dry bed of weeds get fairly in a flame, a bee would have to make a flight higher than common to prevent his wings from scorching. Therefore, old trapper, I agree with the captain, and say, mount and run."

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"Ye are wrong — ye are wrong; man is not a beast to follow the gift of instinct, and to snuff up his knowledge by a taint in the air or a rumbling in the sound; but he must see and reason, and then conclude. So follow me a little to the left, where there is a rise in the ground, whence we may examine our situation."

The old man waved his hand with authority, and led the way without further talk to the spot he had indicated, followed by the whole of his alarmed companions. An eye less practiced than that of the trapper might have failed in discovering the gentle elevation to which he alluded, and which looked on the surface of the meadow like a growth a little taller than common. When they reached the place, however, the stunted grass itself announced the absence of that moisture which had fed the rank weeds of most of the plain, and furnished a clue to the evidence by which he had judged of the formation of the ground hidden beneath. Here a few minutes were lost in breaking down the tops of the surrounding plants, which, notwithstanding the advantage of their position, rose even above the heads of Middleton and Paul, and in obtaining a lookout that might command a view of the surrounding sea of fire.

The frightful sight that met their eyes added nothing to the hopes of those who had so fearful a stake in the result. Although the day was beginning to dawn, the vivid colors of the sky continued to deepen, as if the fierce element were bent on an impious rivalry of the

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light of the sun. Bright flashes of flame shot up here and there along the edge of the waste, like the nimble flashes of the Northern Lights, but far more angry and threatening in their color and changes. The anxiety on the rigid features of the trapper sensibly deepened, as he leisurely traced these evidences of a conflagration, which spread in a broad belt about their place of refuge, until he had encircled the whole horizon.

Shaking his head as he again turned his face to the point where the danger seemed nighest and most rapidly approaching, the old man said:

"Now have we been cheating ourselves with the belief that we had thrown these Tetons from our trail, while here is proof enough that they not only know where we lie, but intend to smoke us out, like so many skulking beasts of prey. See; they have lighted the fire around the whole bottom at the same moment, and we are as completely hemmed in by the devils as an island by its waters."

"Let us mount and ride!" cried Middleton. "Is life not worth a struggle?"

"Whither would ye go? Is a Teton horse a salamander that can walk amid fiery flames unhurt, or do you think the Lord will show His might in your behalf, as in days of old, and carry you harmless through such a furnace as you may see glowing beneath yonder red sky? There are Sioux, too, hemming the fire with their arrows and knives on every side of us, or I am no judge of their murderous deviltries."

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"We will ride into the center of the whole tribe," returned the youth, fiercely, "and put their manhood to the test."

"Ay, it's well in words, but what would it prove in deeds? Here is a dealer in bees, who can teach you wisdom in a matter like this."

"Now for that matter, old trapper," said Paul, stretching his athletic form like a great dog conscious of his strength, "I am on the side of the captain, and am clearly for a race against the fire, though it line me into a Teton wigwam. Here is Ellen, who will —"

"Of what use, of what use are your stout hearts, when the element of the Lord is to be conquered as well as human men? Look about you, friends; the wreath of smoke which is rising from the bottoms, plainly says that there is no outlet from the spot, without crossing a belt of fire. Look for yourselves, my men; look for yourselves. If you can find a single opening, I will engage to follow."

The examination which his companions so instantly and so intently made, rather served to assure them of their desperate situation, than to appease their fears. Huge columns of smoke were rolling up from the plain and thickening in gloomy masses around the horizon; the red glow which gleamed upon their enormous folds, now lighting their volumes with the glare of the conflagration, and now flashing to another point, as the flame beneath glided ahead, leaving behind enveloped in awful darkness, and proclaiming

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louder than words the character of the threatening and approaching danger.

"This is terrible!" exclaimed Middleton. "At such a time as this, and in such a manner!"

"The gates of heaven are open to all who truly believe," murmured Inez.

"This giving up in despair is maddening! But we are men, and will make a struggle for our lives! How now, my brave and spirited friend, shall we yet mount and push across the flame, or shall we stand here, and see those we most love perish in this frightful manner, without an effort?"

"I am for a swarming time and a flight before the hive is too hot to hold us," said the bee-hunter, to whom it will be at once seen that Middleton addressed himself. "Come, old trapper, you must acknowledge this is but a slow way of getting out of danger. If we tarry here much longer, it will be in the fashion that the bees lie around the straw after the hive has been smoked for its honey. You may hear the fire begin to roar already, and I know by experience that when the flames once get fairly into the prairie grass, it is no lazy pace that can outrun it."

"Think you," returned the old man, pointing scornfully at the mazes of the dry and matted grass which environed them, "that human feet can outstrip the speed of fire on such a path? If I only knew now on which side these miscreants lay!

"I care but little for the flames. If I only knew

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how to outwit the cunning of the Tetons as I know how to cheat the fire of its prey, there would be nothing needed but thanks to the Lord for our deliverance. Do you call this a fire? If you had seen what I have witnessed in the eastern hills, when mighty mountains were like the furnace of a smith, you would have known what it was to fear the flames and to be thankful that you were spared! Come, lads, come; 'tis time to be doing now, and to cease talking; for yonder curling flame is truly coming on like a trotting moose. Put hands upon this short and withered grass where we stand, and lay bare the 'arth."

"Would you think to deprive the fire of its victims in this childish manner?" exclaimed Middleton.

A faint but solemn smile passed over the features of the old man as he answered, —

"Your grandfather would have said, that when the enemy was nigh, a soldier could do no better than to obey."

The captain felt the reproof, and instantly began to imitate the industry of Paul, who was tearing the decayed herbage from the ground in a sort of desperate compliance with the trapper's direction. Even Ellen lent her hands to the labor, nor was it long before Inez was seen similarly employed, though none amongst them knew why or wherefore. When life is thought to be the reward of labor, men are wont to be industrious. A very few moments sufficed to lay bear a spot of some twenty feet in diameter. Into one edge

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of this little area the trapper brought the females, directing Middleton and Paul to cover their light and inflammable dresses with the blankets of the party. So soon as this precaution was observed, the old man approached the opposite margin of the grass which still environed them in a tall and dangerous circle, and selecting a handful of the driest herbage, he placed it over the pan of his rifle. The dry grass kindled at the flash. Then he placed the little flame in a bed of the standing fog, and withdrawing from the spot to the center of the ring, he patiently awaited the result.

The fire seized hungrily upon its new fuel, and in a moment forked flames were gliding among the grass, as the tongues of cud-chewing animals are seen rolling among their food, apparently in quest of its sweetest portions.

"Now," said the old man, holding up a finger, and laughing in his peculiarly silent manner, "you shall see fire fight fire! Ah's me! many is the time I have burnt a path, from wanton laziness to pick my way across a tangled bottom."

"But is this not fatal?" cried the amazed Middleton. "Are you not bringing the enemy nigher to us, instead of avoiding it?"

"Do you scorch so easily? your grandfather had a tougher skin. But we shall live to see — we shall all live to see."

The experience of the trapper was in the right. As the fire gained strength and heat, it began to spread

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on three sides, dying of itself on the fourth for want of food for the flames. As it increased, and the sullen roaring announced its power, it cleared everything before it, leaving the black and smoking soil far more naked than if the scythe had swept the place. The situation of the fugitives would have still been dangerous, had not the area enlarged as the flame encircled them. But by advancing to the spot where the trapper had kindled the grass, they avoided the heat, and in a very few moments the flames began to recede in every quarter, leaving them enveloped in a cloud of smoke, but perfectly safe from the torrent of fire that was still furiously rolling onwards.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who wrote this story? Tell what you know of him.
2. What famous character did he create? Name the five stories in which this character is a hero. Have you read any of them?
3. Who are the characters in this selection? From what story is the selection taken? What are the circumstances leading up to this selection? See page 79.
4. Tell how this part of the story begins.
5. What foolish things did the young men want to do?
6. How did the old trapper bring about the escape from the prairie fire?

A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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ABIDE WITH ME

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE

This beautiful hymn, hardly less famous and beloved than Cardinal Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," was written by Henry Francis Lyte, a clergyman of the English Church, born in Kelso, Scotland, in 1793. He died at Nice (nēs) in France in 1847. He was the author of many well-known hymns.

This hymn is much easier to understand than is "Lead, Kindly Light." You will enjoy singing it, as the music is very beautiful.

There are no hard words in the hymn.

The third line of the fourth stanza of the hymn refers to 1 Corinthians, Chapter XV, 55th verse. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

It means that his faith in happiness in the After-Life takes away the sting of death and the victory of the grave.

Read over the hymn until you are sure that you understand it; then sing it in class.

Abide with Me

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

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Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

I need Thy Presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes!
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What do you think "the even-tide" means here?
2. Who is "the tempter"?
3. What troubles are taken away by the author's faith in God?
4. This beautiful hymn was very popular among the American soldiers during the Great World War and they always liked to sing it.

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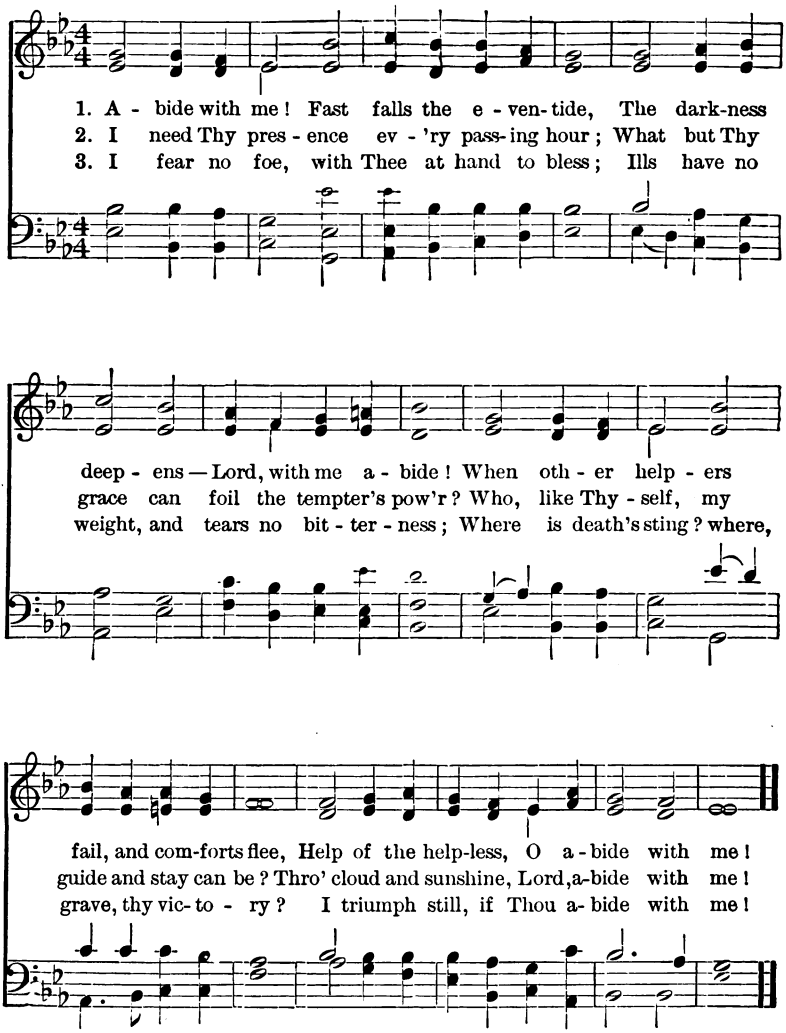
Abide with Me!

H. F. LYTE W. H. MONK

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven-tide, The dark-ness
deep - ens — Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me!
2. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour; What but Thy
grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a-bide with me!
3. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no
weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness; Where is death's sting? where,
grave, thy vic-to - ry? I triumph still, if Thou a-bide with me!

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THE ROLL CALL

N. G. SHEPHERD

There has been a fierce battle, and just at dusk a company of soldiers is standing in line while a non-commissioned officer called the " orderly " is calling the roll. He wishes to find out how many of the company have been killed or wounded.

Now try to see the soldiers. Their faces are blackened with powder stains, and they look very weary and serious.

In front of them stands the orderly, holding the " company's roster," or the list of the names of the company.

Now listen to him, as in a stern voice he calls out, " Corporal Green ! "

A soldier says, " Here ! " Can you hear him?

The next name is called, and a man also says, " Here ! "

Then the orderly calls out, " Cyrus Drew ! " But there is no answer. Can you feel the awful silence? Finally a soldier speaks up and says that he saw Drew fall, but that he cannot tell whether he was killed or wounded. Can you hear the man as he says this?

Now read in silence and very slowly, stanzas 3, 4, and 5, trying hard to see every picture.

Now read stanza 6, and hear the orderly call out, " Herbert Cline ! " Can you see the two soldiers as they carry Herbert Cline?

Now in stanza 7, try to hear the orderly call out, " Ezra Kerr ! " and hear Kerr answer, " Here ! "

Then hear the call, " *Hiram* Kerr ! " Now can you feel the awful silence again. He was Ezra Kerr's *brother*. Try to

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see the face of poor Ezra Kerr. Can you hear the shuddering of the corn leaves?

Now hear "Ephraim Deane" called. Hear the soldier as he tells in stanzas 8 and 9 what became of Deane. Try to see the soldier as he stops a moment and, bending over poor Deane, gives him a drink from a canteen. Can you see poor Deane, bloody and pale, and hear him murmur the word "Mother"?

In the last stanza, note how many men survived the battle. A company at that time was a hundred men.

If you can really see and hear the story told in this poem, you will find it very interesting.

ire: great anger or wrath.

The Roll-Call

1

"Corporal Green!" the Orderly cried;
"Here!" was the answer loud and clear,
From the lips of a soldier who stood near, —
And "Here!" was the word the next replied.

2

"Cyrus Drew!" — then a silence fell;
This time no answer followed the call;
Only his rear-man had seen him fall:
Killed or wounded — he could not tell.

3

There they stood in the failing light,
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shades of night.

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4

The fern on the hillsides was splashed with blood,
And down in the corn, where the poppies grew,
Were redder stains than the poppies knew,
And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

5

For the foe had crossed from the other side,
That day, in the face of a murderous fire
That swept them down in its terrible ire;
And their lifeblood went to color the tide.

6

"Herbert Cline!" — At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them this Herbert Cline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

7

"Ezra Kerr!" — and a voice answered "Here!"
"Hiram Kerr!" — but no man replied.
They were brothers, these two; the sad wind sighed,
And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.

8

"Ephraim Deane!" — then a soldier spoke:
"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said,
"When our ensign was shot; I left him dead
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

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9

"Close to the roadside his body lies;
I paused a moment and gave him a drink;
He murmured his mother's name, I think,
And Death came with it and closed his eyes."

10

'Twas a victory, — yes; but it cost us dear:
For that company's roll, when called at night,
Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered "*Here!*"

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Describe the scene as this story opens. How are the soldiers standing? How are they dressed? Who is standing before them? What is he doing?
2. What time of day is it? Describe the scene around the men.
3. What became of "Cyrus Drew"?
4. How was "Herbert Cline" able to answer to his name?
5. How do you think "Ezra Kerr" felt when his brother did not answer to his name?
6. Tell, in the words of stanzas 8 and 9, the story of "Ephraim Deane."
7. How many men of the company had been killed and wounded in the fight?

I weigh the man, not his title; 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better or heavier.

WILLIAM WYCHERLY

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A BUFFALO HUNT

FRANCIS PARKMAN

This selection is taken from "The Oregon Trail," an interesting book by Francis Parkman, a famous American historian, who was born in Boston in 1823 and died at Jamaica Plain, in Boston, in 1893. "The Oregon Trail" describes a trip taken by Mr. Parkman across the great western plains while they were yet unsettled.

If you can find a map of the United States made about 1850, you will see that the great tract of land between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains is called "The Great Plains." Except for settlements along the Mississippi, this great stretch of land, now covered with fine farms and hundreds of towns, with all that modern civilization brings, was largely uninhabited, except by bands of Indians, who bitterly fought the advance of the white man's civilization.

But these great rolling plains had other tenants. They were covered with vast herds of buffaloes, or American bison. There were millions of these noble animals. Sometimes they were seen in herds numbering ten thousand buffaloes. And when the first railroad trains crossed the plains as late as 1877, the great herds, rumbling along, compelled the trains to stop until the buffaloes had passed.

But a few years after the first railroad crossed the Great Plains, the buffaloes were no more. Hunters killed them by thousands for their hides, leaving the carcasses to rot on the ground or to be devoured by wolves. Now there is not a wild buffalo to be found on the Great Plains where, in 1877, there were millions.

"The Oregon Trail," by Parkman, describes the "trail" across

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the Great Plains, and across the mountains to Oregon in that early day. This selection is a description of an incident in Parkman's journey along the wonderful trail. The "buffalo hunt" here described makes the blood of every boy tingle and makes him wish he could have been with Parkman on his wonderful journey. No boy will fail to visualize what Parkman describes.

Here are a few words whose meanings you should read over now:

undulations: a succession of low hills and valleys.

the Platte River: Look this up in your geography.

felons: criminals. Here the word is applied to thievish wolves.

holsters (hōl'stẽrz): leather cases for revolvers.

incumbrances: useless things.

panic-stricken: stricken with uncontrollable fear.

canter: a slow, easy gallop of a horse.

snaffle: a kind of bridle bit for a horse's mouth. A snaffle bit is made with a joint instead of one bar.

diverged: changed its course.

woodcraft: here the ability to find the way to camp.

squalid wolves (skwŏl'ĭd): poor, half-starved-looking wolves.

coincidence (kŏ-ĭn'sĭ-dĕns): a condition when two things happen unexpectedly at the same time.

picketing their horses: fastening the horses to long ropes attached to a small stake driven into the ground.

litter (lĭt'ẽr): a stretcher.

A Buffalo Hunt

"Buffalo! Buffalo!" It was but a grim old bull, roaming the prairie by himself, but there might be more behind the hills. Dreading the idleness of the camp, Shaw and I saddled our horses, buckled our holsters in their places, and set out with Henry Chatillon

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in search of the game. Henry, not intending to take part in the chase, but merely conducting us, carried his rifle with him, while we left ours behind as incumbrances. We rode for some five or six miles, and saw no living thing but wolves, snakes, and prairie dogs.

"This won't do at all," said Shaw.

"What won't do?"

"There's no wood about here to make a litter for the wounded man; I have an idea that one of us will need something of the sort before the day is over."

There was some foundation for such an idea, for the ground was none of the best for a race, and grew worse continually as we proceeded; indeed, it soon became desperately bad, consisting of abrupt hills and deep hollows, cut by frequent ravines not easy to pass. At length, a mile in advance, we saw a band of bulls. Some were scattered grazing over a green slope, while the rest were crowded together in the wide hollow below. Making a circuit, to keep out of sight, we rode towards them, until we ascended a hill within an eighth of a mile of them, beyond which nothing intervened that could possibly screen us from their view. We dismounted behind the ridge, just out of sight, drew our saddle-girths, examined our pistols, and mounting again, rode over the hill, and descended at a canter towards them, bending close to our horses' necks. Instantly they took the alarm; those on the hill descended, those below gathered into a mass, and the whole got into motion, shouldering each other

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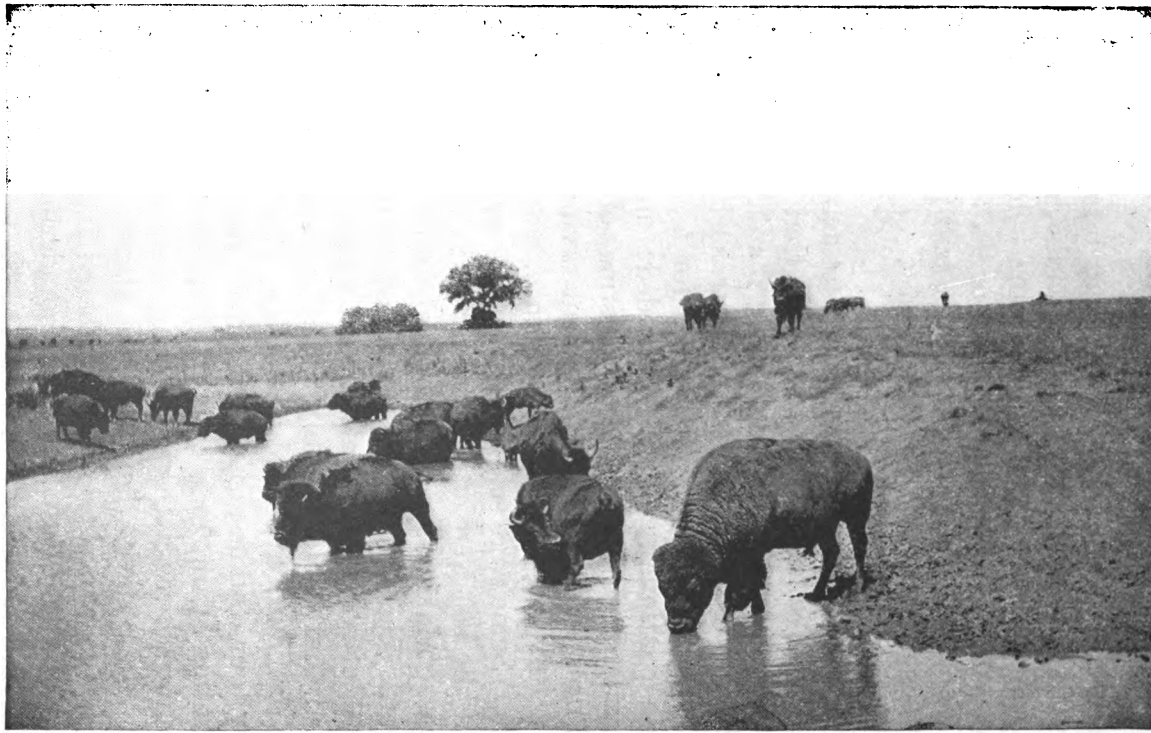

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BUFFALOES

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along at a clumsy gallop. We followed, spurring our horses to full speed; and as the herd rushed, crowding and trampling in terror through an opening in the hills, we were close at their heels, half smothered by the clouds of dust. But as we drew near, their alarm and speed increased. Our horses, being new to the work, showed signs of the utmost fear, bounding violently aside as we approached, and refusing to enter among the herd.

The buffaloes now broke into several small bodies, scampering over the hills in different directions, and I lost sight of Shaw. Neither of us knew where the other had gone. Old Pontiac ran like a frantic elephant up hill and down hill, his ponderous hoofs striking the prairie like sledge hammers. He showed a curious mixture of eagerness and terror, straining to overtake the panic-stricken herd, but constantly recoiling in dismay as we drew near. The fugitives, indeed, offered no very attractive spectacle, with their shaggy manes and the tattered remnants of their last winter's hair covering their backs in irregular shreds and patches, and flying off in the wind as they ran. At length I urged my horse close behind a bull, and after trying in vain, by blows and spurring to bring him alongside, I fired from this disadvantageous position. At the report Pontiac swerved so much that I was again thrown a little behind the game. The bullet, entering too much in the rear, failed to disable the bull; for a buffalo requires to be shot at

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particular points, or he will certainly escape. The herd ran up a hill, and I followed in pursuit. As Pontiac rushed headlong down on the other side, I saw Shaw and Henry descending the hollow on the right, at a leisurely gallop; and in front, the buffaloes were just disappearing behind the crest of the next hill, their short tails erect, and their hoofs twinkling through a cloud of dust.

At that moment I heard Shaw and Henry shouting to me; but the muscles of a stronger arm than mine could not have checked at once the furious course of Pontiac, whose mouth was as insensible as leather. Added to this, I rode him that morning with a snaffle, having the day before, for the benefit of my other horse, unbuckled from my bridle the curb which I commonly used. A stronger and hardier brute never trod the prairie; but the novel sight of the buffaloes filled him with terror, and when at full speed he was almost incontrollable. Gaining the top of the ridge, I saw nothing of the buffaloes; they had all vanished amid the hills and hollows. Reloading my pistols in the best way I could, I galloped on until I saw them again scuttling along at the base of the hill, their panic somewhat abated. Down went old Pontiac among them, scattering them to the right and left; and then we had another long chase. About a dozen bulls were before us, scouring over the hills, rushing down the declivities with tremendous weight and impetuosity, and then laboring with a weary gallop

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upward. Still Pontiac, in spite of spurring and beating, would not close with them. One bull at length fell a little behind the rest, and by dint of much effort, I urged my horse within six or eight yards of his side. His back was darkened with sweat. He was panting heavily, while his tongue lolled out a foot from his jaws. Gradually I came up abreast of him, urging Pontiac with leg and rein nearer to his side, when suddenly he did what buffaloes in such circumstances will always do: he slackened his gallop, and turning towards us, with an aspect of mingled rage and distress, lowered his huge, shaggy head for a charge. Pontiac, with a snort, leaped aside in terror, nearly throwing me to the ground, as I was wholly unprepared for such a sudden movement. I raised my pistol in a passion to strike him on the head, but thinking better of it, fired the bullet after the bull, who had resumed his flight; then drew rein and determined to rejoin my companions. It was high time. The breath blew hard from Pontiac's nostrils, and the sweat rolled in big drops down his sides; I myself felt as if drenched in warm water.

Pledging myself to take my revenge at a future opportunity, I looked about for some indications to show me where I was, and what course I ought to pursue. I might as well have looked for landmarks in the midst of the ocean. How many miles I had run, or in what direction, I had no idea; and around me the prairie was rolling in steep swells and pitches,

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without a single landmark to guide me. I had a little compass hung at my neck; and ignorant that the Platte at this point diverged considerably from its easterly course, I thought that by keeping to the northward I should certainly reach it. So I turned and rode about two hours in that direction. The prairie changed as I advanced, softening away into wavelike hills and valleys, but nothing like the Platte appeared, nor any sign of a human being: the same wild, endless expanse lay around me still; and to all appearances I was as far from my object as ever. I began now to think myself in danger of being lost, and, reining in my horse, summoned the scanty share of woodcraft that I possessed (if that term be applicable on the prairie) to find my way back to camp. It occurred to me that the buffaloes might prove my best guides. I soon found one of the paths made by them in their passage to the river. It ran nearly at right angles to my course; but turning my horse's head in the direction it indicated, his freer gait and erected ears assured me that I was right.

But in the meantime my ride had been by no means a solitary one. The face of the country was dotted far and wide with countless hundreds of buffaloes. They trooped along in files and columns, bulls, cows, and calves, on the green faces of the declivities in front. They scrambled away over the hills to the right and left; and far off, the pale blue swells in the extreme distance were dotted with innumerable specks.

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Sometimes I surprised shaggy old bulls grazing alone, or sleeping behind the ridges I ascended. They would leap up at my approach, stare stupidly at me through their tangled manes, and gallop heavily away. The antelope were very numerous; and, as they are always bold when in the neighborhood of buffaloes, they would approach to look at me, gaze intently with their great round eyes, then suddenly leap aside, and stretch lightly away over the prairie, swift as a racehorse. Squalid, ruffian-like wolves sneaked through the hollows and sandy ravines. Several times I passed through villages of prairie dogs, who sat, each at the mouth of his burrow, holding his paws before him in a prayerful manner, and yelping away with all his might, whisking his little tail with every squeaking cry he uttered. Prairie dogs are not hard to please in their choice of companions; various long, checkered snakes were sunning themselves in the midst of the village, and demure little gray owls, with a large white ring around each eye, were perched side by side with the rightful inhabitants. The prairie teemed with life. Again and again I looked toward the crowded hillsides, and was sure I saw horsemen; and riding near, with a mixture of hope and dread, for Indians were abroad, I found them transformed into a group of buffaloes. There was nothing in human shape amid all this vast congregation of brute forms.

When I turned down the buffalo path, the prairie seemed changed; only a wolf or two glided by at

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intervals, like conscious felons, never looking to the right or left. Being now free from anxiety, I was at leisure to observe minutely the objects around me; and here, for the first time, I noticed insects wholly different from any of the varieties found farther eastward. Gaudy butterflies fluttered about my horse's head. Strangely formed beetles, glittering with metallic luster, were crawling upon plants that I had never seen before. Multitudes of lizards, too, were darting like lightning over the sand.

I had run to a great distance from the river. It cost me a long ride on the buffalo path before I saw, from the ridge of a sand-hill, the pale surface of the Platte glistening in the midst of its desert valley, and the faint outline of the hills beyond waving along the sky. From where I stood, not a tree nor a bush nor a living thing was visible throughout the whole extent of the sun-scorched landscape. In half an hour I came upon the trail, not far from the river; and seeing that the party had not yet passed, I turned eastward to meet them, old Pontiac's long swinging trot again assuring me that I was right in doing so. Having been slightly ill on leaving camp in the morning, six or seven hours of rough riding had fatigued me extremely. I soon stopped, therefore, flung my saddle on the ground, and with my head resting on it, and my horse's trail rope tied loosely to my arm, lay waiting the arrival of the party, speculating meanwhile on the extent of the injuries Pontiac had received.

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At length the white wagon coverings rose from the verge of the plain. By a singular coincidence, almost at the same moment two horsemen appeared coming down from the hills. They were Shaw and Henry, who had searched for me awhile in the morning, but well knowing the uselessness of the attempt in such a broken country, had placed themselves on the top of the highest hill they could find, and picketing their horses near them, as a signal to me, had lain down and fallen asleep.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who wrote this story? Tell what you know about him.
2. Describe the Great Plains as they were in 1850.
3. Tell about the buffaloes on the plains then.
4. Describe the appearance of the herd of buffaloes when pursued.
5. Describe the way in which Parkman hunted the buffalo.
6. Tell how he became lost.
7. Tell about the other animals that he saw.
8. How did he rejoin his companions?
9. Tell how different the Great Plains are now.

Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career.
Dark, stern, and pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty rocks that strew his path.
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he hath wrought.

G. D. PRENTICE

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CROSSING THE PLAINS

JOAQUIN MILLER

Have you ever seen a yoke of oxen? And have you ever seen a picture of a " prairie schooner "? Fifty or sixty years ago, the Central States west of the Mississippi River were called The Great Plains. Almost treeless, they stretched for more than a thousand miles to the Rocky Mountains. Nearly all this mighty tract of millions of acres now consists of splendid farms with fine farm houses and big barns.

But all this land had to be settled by people from farther east. A man would take his family from some place, in Ohio, Indiana, or Illinois, in a " prairie schooner " to which were hitched several yoke or pairs of oxen, and with these slow moving animals to pull the big canvas-covered wagon, start on the long journey of a thousand miles to Kansas or Nebraska.

A schooner is a small sailing ship. So, because they were going on so long a " voyage," and because the white canvas top was made of sail cloth, they called their big wagon a " prairie schooner," or a ship of the prairie.

On the great plains in the 1860's, lines of these prairie schooners drawn by majestic oxen might be seen slowly moving westward over the great trail past Abilene, Kansas. The families in these prairie schooners thought they were doing well to make fifteen miles a day. Sometimes they would be months on their journey. At night they camped on the prairie.

They were as brave people as ever lived. Their children are now the fine citizens of the Central Western States, and they are brave and loyal Americans, for they know how America was made.

In this poem, Joaquin Miller, who as a boy, rode over the same

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WESTWARD HO!

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trail in a prairie schooner, describes the stately oxen. It is a wonderful description. Try to see every bit of it. Imagine yourself standing near the great trail watching a line of prairie schooners passing. Then begin to read about the team or yoke of mighty oxen that the poet describes. See their slow step. Hear the creaking of the great wagon. See the driver with his long whip. Hear his cries to the oxen. But watch the oxen most of all, for *they are the poem*.

Learn the meaning of these words:

briskets low: the chest and fore quarters of the oxen bent low in the effort of pulling a heavy load.

cloven feet: the hoofs of oxen are divided into two parts.

sullen: gloomily silent.

stolid (stŏl'ĭd): brutish, dull.

Crossing the Plains

What great yoked brutes with briskets low;
With wrinkled necks like buffalo,
With round, brown, liquid, pleading eyes,
That turned so slow and sad to you,
That shone like love's eyes soft with tears,
That seemed to plead, and make replies,
The while they bowed their necks and drew
The creaking load; and looked at you.
Their sable briskets swept the ground,
Their cloven feet kept solemn sound.

Two sullen bullocks led the line,
Their great eyes shining bright like wine;
Two sullen captive kings were they,
That had in time held herds at bay,

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And even now they crushed the sod
With stolid sense of majesty,
And stately stepped and stately trod,
As if 'twere something still to be
Kings even in captivity.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What were Kansas and Nebraska in the years immediately following 1850? Tell how they look now.
2. How did settlers travel there from the states east of the Mississippi? Describe a "prairie schooner." Why was it so called?
3. Tell how the oxen looked by reading aloud the first stanza of the poem.
4. Describe the leading yoke of oxen by reading aloud the second stanza. Why does the poet call them "captive kings"? Read aloud the lines that tell how they still seemed to be kings.

Joaquin (wä-kēn') Miller, an American poet, was born in Indiana in 1841. With his parents, he crossed The Great Plains to settle in Oregon. He wrote many beautiful poems, the most famous of which is his poem "Columbus." He died in California in 1913.

And the plain ox,
That harmless, honest, guileless animal,
In what has he offended, — he whose toil,
Patient and ever ready, clothes the land
With all the pomp of harvest?

JAMES THOMSON

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WHEAT

JUDSON C. WELLIVER

Wheat is one of the oldest foods of man. It was called "corn" in olden times. Mr. Welliver, in this selection, tells how some grains of wheat were found wrapped up with the mummy, or dried body, of an old Egyptian king who had lain in his tomb for thousands of years. Yet these grains of wheat, when planted, *grew*, and were the origin of our "Egyptian wheat."

When you study history, you should try to find out how man became *what he is* from *what he was* as shown in —

1. His Manner of Living.
2. His Mental Power.
3. His Moral Life.

You should find out how he has changed from living in a cave to living in a modern house; how in raising his foods he has changed from ancient to modern methods; how, for example, in the lighting of his habitations he has progressed from the light of a fire to electric lights; and so on.

In this story, Mr. Welliver tells of the change in the methods of raising wheat, which may be called the chief food of man. As you study this story, discuss in the class ancient methods of raising wheat and of preparing it for food. Then discuss modern methods of doing the same things. It will help you to see what a wonderful world and what a wonderful age you are living in.

If you will take anything connected with "Man's Manner of Living" and study how it has changed from what it once was to

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what it now is — for example the raising and preparing foods, and getting them to market, or transportation, the conveniences in man's places of habitation, or any other line of progress, you will grow more and more glad that you live to-day.

Think hard as you read this selection, "Wheat," and the next time you see a wheat-field, think over its wonderful story.

Here are some words whose meanings you should learn before reading the story. Have you ever stopped to think that every time you pass over an unknown word, you lose an opportunity of learning something that you are sure to need sometime? It is troublesome, of course, to learn new words, but every time you make a new word your own, it helps you to understand what you read and hear and also to express yourself. Seize every opportunity to learn new words. Here are the new words in this story:

archeologists (är-kē-ol'ŏ-jĭsts): persons who study the ruins of ancient times.

Pharaohs (fā'rōz): the kings of ancient Egypt.

artificial respiration: making a person who has ceased to breathe, breathe again by pumping air into his lungs.

dynasties: kings of the same family.

mummy: the wrapped and dried body of an ancient Egyptian.

Ptolemies (tŏl'ē-mĭz): names of ancient Egyptian kings.

Mussulman (mŭs'ŭl-măn): a name applied to those who believe in the Mohammedan religion.

Napoleon (nȧ-pō'lē-ŭn): a French Emperor who, in the latter part of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, tried to conquer the world.

Cromer and Kitchener: Englishmen who governed and developed modern Egypt.

coolie (kōō'lĭ): a Chinese, Korean, or Japanese laborer.

petrol (pē-trōl'): gasoline.

epic (ĕp'ĭk): a poem celebrating the achievements of heroes; here, all the wonderful things wheat has done for man.

cerement (sēr'mĕnt): waterproof cloth used for wrapping the dead.

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Wheat

A few years ago some archeologists, exploring among the tombs of that Egypt where the Pharaohs once ruled, found, wrapped in the cerements of a royal mummy, some grains of wheat. They had been buried with the aristocratic remains forty centuries before, or perhaps fifty; a thousand years doesn't make much difference to an archeologist or a grain of seed wheat.

It didn't occur to anybody to try artificial respiration or the administration of oxygen on the mummy; he was conceded to be hopelessly dead. Not so with the grains of wheat. They had lain in the tomb while dynasties had grown and gone, while empires had flourished and fallen and been forgotten. Their long sleep had spanned the splendor of the Ptolemies, "the glory that was Greece, and the grandeur that was Rome." Civilizations had been made, wrecked, and made again around their vast tomb a score of times. A world had been reorganized; new races, religions, institutions, continents, peoples, had come and gone.

Mussulman and Christian had come into the world and fought over the fields of the Pyramids, and still the wheat grains had slept on and on. Napoleon had brought his crashing cannon and wakened the echoes of the ancients; the barbarians of far-off Britain had come and brought new life and inspiration and hope to old Egypt; but the grains of wheat slept on, nurturing the precious germ of life.

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Then, at last, when all that the world knows about its own history had passed in long procession around the resting place of these grains of wheat, these faithful guardians of the life principle in the plant which has furnished man in all his generations and changes with his favorite food, were brought out, and planted, and they grew!

The waters of the ancient Nile, now no longer a mystery to be worshiped, watered them back to life and germination; and the seed from the land of the Pharaohs brought forth in the land of Cromer and Kitchener!

Has not wheat deserved its epic? It came from the birthplace of the race; it has gone wherever the race has gone, to all the continents, to the islands of the sea, to the frozen north and the tropic south. Man has conquered the land, the seas, the air; he has harnessed the forces of nature, of science, of a thousand arts, to the chariot of his empire, but he has never seen the day when wheat was not his first guarantee of substance, of sustenance, and of life.

How good and gracious, how generous and responsive, it has been to his appeals! Whether he scratched with a twig or plowed with a forked stick or hoed with a painfully shapen flint, the wheat has answered and supplied his needs. When the population of the earth had so increased that it filled its waste places with its countless millions, the wheat asked only that man should provide the gang-plow and the reaper, the har-

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vester and the steam thrasher, and it would go on feeding him and his children.

Every day in all the cycle of the year, somewhere in this world, man is harvesting the wheat that means life to him. Every day, too, in some region, other men are sowing it.

The picture of the ever-beginning and never-ending wheat harvests of the world will be a splendid section of the great wheat epic when it is written. It will show on the first day of the southern hemisphere's spring, which is September 21, that the harvest of wheat opens in Ecuador, right under the equator; and how that same day, the first day of the northern hemisphere's autumn, wheat will be sown in Scotland for the next year's crop. From Ecuador the harvest will travel gradually southward as the season advances; through Peru and Chile and the hundred-league fields of Argentina, until South America sees the last of its wheat harvest in Patagonia, in middle February. The early days of October will see wheat harvesting in Ecuador and also in Scotland.

This picture will also show the variety of races, costumes, implements, methods, that would be engaged, all at once, in the wheat harvest of the earth — from the Indians of the East to the Indians of three Americas; from Norway, where the harvest-workers may toil under the summer night's sun till midnight, to the plateaus of the tropic lands where day and night are precisely equal every day in the year.

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In this great picture the most primitive and the most enlightened peoples on earth will be seen, with tools and processes corresponding to their varying states of culture, all coaxing the wheat to serve them. Among them would be the coolie of Japan or Korea, painstakingly trying to raise the last possible stalk and the last possible grain from his pitiful little plat of land, by methods so intensive that they make an American think of farming under a microscope; the peasant of Europe, working his small fields with tools that would be hopeless in the wide-flung operations of America, Russia, or Australia; the wheat magnates of the Canadian and the American prairies, using six horses to a self-binder on which the driver sits under a green umbrella on a delicately adjusted spring seat — with a cushion. Or, perhaps, in the still more ambitious farming of the big plains, we should see the traction mechanism, driven by a petrol engine, which cuts, thrashes, measures, and even sacks the grain in one huge operation, and looks without a tremor at the prospect of a ten-thousand-acre field.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. How long has wheat been used as a food? What rank does it hold among foods?
2. Tell the story of the grains of wheat found with the mummy.
3. Tell how wheat was raised in olden times, describing, if you can, the implements used in raising it and in preparing it as food.
4. Tell how wheat has gone with man in all his wanderings.

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5. Tell how wheat is always being harvested. Explain how this can be.
6. Describe present methods of planting and harvesting wheat.
7. Show the progress that has been made in this.
8. What should you try to find out in studying history?
9. Where are the great wheat-fields of the world?
10. When you run and play, or work with hand or brain, do you ever think that your power to do so comes from your foods just as the power of a locomotive comes from coal? Thus wheat, made into bread and eaten, changes into work and play and thought.

Back of the bread is the snowy flour;
Back of the flour is the mill;
Back of the mill the growing wheat
Nods on the breezy hill;
Over the wheat is the glowing sun
Ripening the heart of the grain;
Above the sun is the gracious God,
Sending the sunlight and rain.

ANONYMOUS

The sun does not shine for a few trees and flowers, but for the wide world's joy. The lonely pine on the mountain top waves its somber boughs, and cries, "Thou art my sun!" And the little meadow violet lifts its cup of blue and whispers, "Thou art my sun!" And the grain in a thousand fields rustles in the wind, and makes answer, "Thou art my sun!"

HENRY WARD BEECHER

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THE SOLITARY REAPER

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

This fine poem tells of a girl whom William Wordsworth once saw and heard while on a trip in the Highlands of Scotland.

The story as to where he saw her does not matter much to us, but it does matter much that we, ourselves, see and hear her as we read the poem.

Now try to picture a grain field in the mountains. There seems to be no house near, and there is no other person near the girl except the poet. She is reaping with a sickle or long, curved knife. She does not see the poet as he watches her.

Read over the first stanza slowly, trying to *see* her, as she bends and cuts the grain. Now she gathers it into a sheaf and binds it.

Now try to hear her. She is singing some kind of a sad song, but she is too far away for us to hear the words.

Try to see the poet, as he listens, trying to hear what she is singing. She has a fine voice. Try now to get the whole picture, the girl reaping and singing, and the poet listening.

What *is* she singing? Is it an old Scotch battle-song? Or is it some song of to-day?

He listens a long time, then passes on. He leaves her still reaping and singing.

But he carried the music away in his heart.

Do you think that he was impressed by the fact that *she sang as she toiled?*

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melancholy strain: a sad tune or air.
chaunt: chant or sing.
Hebrides (hĕb′rĭ-dēz): a group of islands north of Scotland.
plaintive numbers: the verses or lines of a sad song.
theme (thēm): subject of her song.

The Solitary Reaper

1

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
Oh, listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

2

No nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travelers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In springtime from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

3

Will no one tell me what she sings? —
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow

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For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

4

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending; —
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Why does the poet call this girl a *solitary* reaper?
2. Note that, in the first stanza, he asks us to look at her and hear her as he looked at her and heard her. This is what we must do if we really *read* the poem.
3. Describe the scene and the girl as you imagine it.
4. Do you think that, because she sang while she worked, she enjoyed her work? Would this still be true even though her song were sad?
5. What did the poet wonder about her song?
6. The poet says it was a "plaintive" (sad) song. Does this mean that the girl was *sad?*
7. What is meant by the last two lines of the poem?

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HANGING A PICTURE

JEROME K. JEROME

The following story is taken from Mr. Jerome's delightful book called " Three Men in a Boat," a funny story of a trip in a boat on the Thames (tĕmz) River in England.

You will see, as you begin the story, that Mr. Jerome (he calls it jĕr'rŭm) just as an excuse for telling the story of how " Uncle Podger " used to hang a picture, makes " Harris " pretend to be very busy and very useful while he is really doing nothing.

In " Uncle Podger," Mr. Jerome intends to tell us of a " type " of person who is not uncommon. Almost every family has an " Uncle Podger." Is there one in your family? Or possibly you yourself are an " Uncle Podger."

Mr. Jerome also means to teach a life lesson drawn from the desire of one of his friends to take along on their trip a lot of unnecessary things. This is the really important lesson. On this single trip up the Thames River a little over-crowding of the boat would be inconvenient but not serious. But on our trip on the river of life, it is very serious because we are constantly overloading the boat with things *we could do with* instead of limiting our load to the things that *we can't do without.* You should make a list of the unnecessary things with which Mr. Jerome says people overload the boat on this trip up the river of life and also a list of the wonderfully desirable things which he says are crowded entirely out of our lives because we have no time left for them.

The story of Uncle Podger begins with Mr. Jerome and his two friends meeting to plan their trip by boat up the Thames.

Mr. Jerome is an English writer, born May 2, 1859.

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The meanings of the following words will help you to enjoy the story:

charwoman: the English name for a woman hired for odd jobs or for single days.
precipitated: thrown against.
surveying: looking at or examining.
indispensable: could not be done without.
craft: here the word means *our* "ship of life."
formalities: stiff or formal social customs that tend to make one uneasy or uncomfortable.
ostentation: unnecessary show to impress others.
swamping: the sinking of a boat by too heavy a load.
cloy: this word means that too many good things make us grow weary of them.
lumber: here the word means unnecessary things.
Aeolian music (ē-ō'lĕ-ăn): sweet music made by the wind blowing over the strings of an instrument called an Aeolian harp.

Hanging a Picture

On the following evening, we again assembled, to discuss and arrange our plans. Harris said:

"Now, the first thing to settle is what to take with us. Now, you get a bit of paper and write down, Jerome, and you get the grocery catalogue, George, and somebody give me a bit of pencil, and then I'll make out a list."

That's Harris all over — so ready to take the burden of everything himself, and then put it on the backs of other people.

He always reminds me of my poor Uncle Podger. You never saw such a commotion up and down a house, in all your life, as when my Uncle Podger under-

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took to do a job. A picture would have come home from the frame-maker's and be standing in the dining room, waiting to be put up; and Aunt Podger would ask what was to be done with it, and Uncle Podger would say:

"Oh, you leave that to *me*. Don't you, any of you, worry yourselves about that. *I'll* do all that."

And then he would take off his coat and begin. He would send the girl out for nails, and then one of the boys after her to tell her what size to get; and, from that, he would gradually work down, and start the whole house.

"Now you go and get me my hammer, Will," he would shout; "and you bring me the rule, Tom; and I shall want the stepladder, and I had better have a kitchen chair, too; and, Jim! you run round to Mr. Goggles, and tell him, 'Pa's kind regards, and hopes his leg's better; and will he lend him his spirit level?' And don't you go, Maria, because I shall want somebody to hold me the light; and when the girl comes back, she must go out again for a bit of picture cord; and Tom — where's Tom? — Tom, you come here; I shall want you to hand me up the picture."

And then he would lift up the picture, and drop it, and it would come out of the frame, and he would try to save the glass, and would cut himself; and then he would spring round the room, looking for his handkerchief. He could not find his handkerchief, because it

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was in the pocket of the coat he had taken off, and he did not know where he had put the coat, and all the house had to leave off looking for his tools, and start looking for his coat, while he would dance round and hinder them.

"Doesn't anybody in the whole house know where my coat is? I never came across such a set in all my life — upon my word I didn't. Six of you! and you can't find a coat that I put down not five minutes ago! Well, of all the —"

Then he'd get up, and find that he had been sitting on it, and would call out: —

"Oh, you can give it up! I've found it myself now. Might just as well ask the cat to find anything as expect you people to find it."

And, when half an hour had been spent in tying up his finger, and a new glass had been got, and the tools, and the ladder, and the chair, and the candle had been brought, he would have another go, the whole family, including the girl and the charwoman, standing round in a semicircle, ready to help. Two persons would have to hold the chair, and a third would help him up on it, and hold him there, and a fourth would hand him a nail, and a fifth would pass him up the hammer, and he would take hold of the nail, and drop it.

"There!" he would say, in an injured tone, "now the nail's gone."

And we would all have to go down on our knees and

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grovel for it, while he would stand on the chair, and grunt, and want to know whether he was to be kept there all the evening.

The nail would be found at last, and by that time he would have lost the hammer.

"Where's the hammer? What did I do with the hammer? Seven of you, gaping round there, and you don't know what I did with the hammer!"

We would find the hammer for him, and then he would have lost sight of the mark he had made on the wall, where the nail was to go in, and each of us had to get up on a chair, beside him, and see whether we could find it; and we would each discover it in a different place, and he would call us all fools, and tell us to get down. And he would take the rule, and remeasure, and find that he wanted half thirty-one and three-eighths inches from the corner, and would try to do it in his head, and go mad.

And we would all try to do it in our heads, and all arrive at different results, and sneer at one another. And in the general row, the original number would be forgotten, and Uncle Podger would have to measure it over again.

He would use a bit of string this time, and at the critical moment, when he was leaning over the chair at an angle of forty-five degrees, and trying to reach a point three inches beyond what was possible for him to reach, the string would slip, and down he would slide on to the piano, a really fine musical effect being pro-

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duced by the suddenness with which his head and body struck all the notes at the same time.

And Aunt Maria would say that she would not allow the children to stand round and hear such language.

At last, Uncle Podger would get the spot fixed again, and put the point of the nail on it with his left hand, and take the hammer in his right hand; and, with the first blow, he would smash his thumb, and drop the hammer, with a yell, on somebody's toes.

Aunt Maria would mildly observe that next time Uncle Podger was going to hammer a nail into the wall, she hoped he'd let her know in time, so that she could make arrangements to go and spend a week with her mother while it was being done.

"Oh, you women! you make such a fuss over everything," Uncle Podger would reply, picking himself up. "Why, I *like* doing a little job of this sort."

And then he would have another try, and, at the second blow, the nail would go clear through the plaster, and half the hammer after it, and Uncle Podger would be precipitated against the wall with force nearly sufficient to flatten his nose.

Then we had to find the rule and the string again, and a new hole was made; and, about midnight, the picture would be up — very crooked and insecure, the wall for yards round looking as if it had been smoothed down with a rake, and everybody dead beat and wretched — except Uncle Podger.

"There you are," he would say, stepping heavily

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off the chair on to the charwoman's corns, and surveying the mess he had made with evident pride. "Why, some persons would have had a man in to do a little thing like that!"

Harris will be just that sort of man when he grows up, I know, and I told him so. I said I could not permit him to take so much labor upon himself. I said:

"No; *you* get the paper, and the pencil, and the catalogue, and George write down, and I'll do the work."

The first list we made out had to be discarded. It was clear that the upper reaches of the Thames would not allow of the navigation of a boat sufficiently large to take the things we had set down as indispensable; so we tore the list up, and looked at one another!

George said:—

"You know we are on a wrong track altogether. We must not think of the things we could do with, but only of the things that we can't do without."

George comes out really quite sensible at times. You'd be surprised. I call that downright wisdom, not merely as regards the present case, but with reference to our trip up the river of life, generally. How many people, on that voyage, load up the boat, till it is ever in danger of swamping, with a store of foolish things which they think essential to the pleasure and comfort of the trip, but which are really only useless lumber.

How they pile the poor little craft mast-high with

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fine clothes and big houses; with useless servants and with a host of swell friends that do not care twopence for them, and that they do not care three ha'pence for; with expensive entertainments that nobody enjoys, with formalities and fashions, with pretence and ostentation, and with — oh, heaviest, maddest lumber of all! — the dread of what will my neighbor think; with luxuries that only cloy, with pleasures that bore, with empty show that, like the criminal's iron crown of yore, makes to bleed and swoon the aching head that wears it!

It is lumber, man; all lumber! Throw it overboard. It makes the boat so heavy to pull, you nearly faint at the oars. It makes it so cumbersome and dangerous to manage that you never know a moment's freedom from anxiety and care, never gain a moment's rest for dreamy laziness; no time to watch the windy shadows skimming lightly o'er the shallows, or the glittering sunbeams flitting in and out among the ripples, or the great trees by the margin looking down at their own image, or the woods all green and golden, or the lilies white and yellow, or the somber-waving rushes, or the sedges, or the orchis, or the blue forget-me-nots.

Throw the lumber over, man! Let your boat of life be light, packed with only what you need, — a homely home and simple pleasures, one or two friends worth the name, some one to love and some one to love you, and enough to eat and enough to wear.

You will find the boat easier to pull then, and it will

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not be so liable to upset, and it will not matter so much if it does upset; good, plain merchandise will stand water. You will have time to think as well as to work; time to drink in life's sunshine; time to listen to the Æolian music that the wind of God draws from the human heartstrings around us.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What is this story about?
2. Have you ever known an "Uncle Podger"? If so, tell about him.
3. Do "Uncle Podgers" really think *they* are doing things?
4. What is taught in the last part of the story, beginning — "George said"? What life lesson is taught by overloading the boat with unnecessary things? P. 126.
5. What does Jerome think of "expensive entertainments" in private houses, or "formalities and fashions with pretence and ostentation"? What do you think of them?
6. What does "lumber" mean in the story?
7. What is meant by "boat" in the last two paragraphs?
8. What kind of life does Mr. Jerome think worth while? What do you think about it?
9. Do you think that *you* are loading *your* life boat properly?

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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NECESSITY

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Have you ever thought that we grow in the power to do things by simply doing them again and again? It is only by playing ball again and again that we can ever hope to play ball well. In fact, all of our precious skill has been acquired by doing the same things over and over. We thus gain much valuable skill even in our play.

But we really *want* to play. So in play we get practice in qualities without having to do what we do not want to do.

But we get our very *best* practice in our *work*. Yet most of us do not *want* to work. And we shirk it. So we miss the training by which we might grow big and strong and fine.

Now *necessity* is that thing which *makes* us work. If you were left on an island or in a forest with no one near to help you and you had to provide your own shelter and food and clothing, you would have little trouble in knowing and remembering what *necessity* means. But we need many things in this world besides shelter, food, and clothing. And all of these great needs are constantly urging us to do our best — our very best. Therefore necessity compels us to do the things which train us and which really make us grow big and strong and fine.

In art, Pleasure is pictured as a beautiful woman. But Necessity is pictured as a "hard-visaged dame," a woman with a hard, cruel face.

We hate her. She makes us do what we do not want to do. But as the poet says of her in this poem, —

"Thou wert my friend beyond reproach or blame."

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In this poem, which is easy to understand, the poet will tell you why necessity is our best friend.

Now read the poem over silently, trying hard to understand every thought.

Necessity compels us to work in order to live. If she did not do so, we should not plan great things, nor strive hard to attain them.

Necessity is our very best friend.

importunings: constant urgings.
chaplet: a wreath to crown a head. Here it is a "wreath" of verses.

Necessity

Necessity, whom long I deemed my foe,
Thou cold, unsmiling, and hard-visaged dame,
Now I no longer see thy face, I know
Thou wert my friend beyond reproach or blame.

My best achievements and the fairest flights
Of my winged fancy were inspired by thee;
Thy stern voice stirred me to the mountain heights;
Thy importunings bade me do and be.

But for thy breath, the spark of living fire
Within me might have smoldered out at length;
But for thy lash, which would not let me tire,
I never would have measured my own strength.

But for thine ofttimes merciless control
Upon my life, that nerved me past despair,
I never should have dug deep in my soul
And found the mine of treasures hidden there.

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And though we walk divided pathways now,
And I no more may see thee, to the end,
I weave this little chaplet for thy brow,
That other hearts may know, and hail thee friend.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What is "necessity"?
2. How is she represented in art?
3. How do we gain skill? How in play? How in work? Why do we fail to get the training from work that we should get?
4. What are "importunings"? Does your work ever "importune" you?
5. Make a list of the reasons why necessity was Mrs. Wilcox's best friend.
6. What does she mean by the first two lines in the last stanza?
7. Are you happy when necessity importunes you to work, and you shirk and "put it off"?
8. In reading the poem aloud, try to think that the poem is *your* story, and that you are telling it to your classmates.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, an American poet, was born in Wisconsin in 1855. In "Necessity," she tells how Necessity, her best friend, compelled her to succeed.

All through my life I have had occasion to observe that what seemed to be misfortunes have proved in the end to be the best things which could possibly have happened to me.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

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LITTLE NELL AND HER GRANDFATHER

CHARLES DICKENS

This selection is taken from Charles Dickens's famous story, "The Old Curiosity Shop." Have you ever read "The Old Curiosity Shop"? If you have not, you are to be envied, for you have before you a great joy. Yes, a great joy, and many tears. For no tender-hearted, sympathetic person can read "The Death of Little Nell" without shedding tears.

The story of the life and the death of this sweet girl is one of the most famous and the most pathetically beautiful stories ever told. Countless millions of people have loved her and wept over her.

"The Old Curiosity Shop," which suggested the title of the story, was a real "curiosity shop" in London. It was even in existence not so very long ago. But Nell and her grandfather who kept the "Old Curiosity Shop" will always live, for they are more real to millions of readers than are their neighbors.

If you want to read a book that will make you forget your dinner, that will make you forget cold and heat and time, go to your library, get "The Old Curiosity Shop," and read it.

The language of the story is so simple that you will need to learn the meanings of only a few words. Try to learn every new word that you find, so that you may be able to understand it when you see it and so that you may be able to use it to express your own thoughts.

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Little Nell and Her Grandfather

Part I

precarious subsistence: uncertain livelihood, or support.
congenial: agreeable.
profligate: wild, careless in spending money; not grateful to those who are kind.
privation: without the common necessities of life.
taken on execution: sold by the authority of the court.
unsullied: the brightness was undiminished.
seclusion: safety; a hiding place.
vigilance and sagacity: caution and sound judgment.
oriel window: a bay window.
cowering form: trembling figure.

About three weeks after Little Nell's father died, her mother died, leaving to her father, Little Nell's grandfather, the care of two orphans, one a boy of ten or twelve years of age; the other a girl, such another infant child (the same in helplessness, in age, in form, in feature) as she had been herself when her young mother died.

The grandfather of these two children was now a broken man, crushed and borne down less by the weight of years than by the hand of sorrow. With the wreck of his possessions he began to trade, in pictures first, and then in curious antique things. He had a fondness for such matters from boyhood; and the tastes he had cultivated then were now to yield him an anxious and precarious subsistence.

The boy grew like his father in mind and person; and the girl so like her mother that when the old man

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had her on his knee, and looked into her mild blue eyes, he felt as if awakening from a wretched dream, and as if his own daughter were a little child again. The wayward boy soon spurned the shelter of his roof, and sought associates more congenial to his taste. The old man and the child dwelt alone together.

It was then, when the love of two dead persons who had been nearest and dearest to his heart was all transferred to this slight creature; when her face, constantly before him, reminded him from hour to hour of the too early change he had seen in such another, of all the suffering he had watched and known, and all his child had undergone; when the young man's profligate and hardened course had drained him of money, as his father's had, and even sometimes had occasioned them temporary privation and distress, it was then that there began to beset him, and to be ever in his mind, a gloomy dread of poverty and want. He had no thought of himself in this. His fear was for the child. It was a specter in his house, and it haunted him night and day.

Feeling that fortune must finally favor him, he borrowed from time to time sums of money from Quilp, a cruel and ugly but rich dwarf, pledging his little stock as security for the debt. His resources, however, were soon all exhausted, his shop and its contents were taken on execution, and he himself was thrown upon the world, a beggar, shattered in intellect, and tottering on the verge of the grave.

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"Let us go away from this place, and never turn back or think of it again," said Little Nell, earnestly. "Let us wander barefoot through the world, rather than linger here."

"Let us steal away to-morrow, early and softly, so that we may not be seen or heard," said the old man, "and leave no trace or track for them to follow by. Poor Nell! thy cheek is pale, and thine eyes are heavy with watching and weeping for me, but thou wilt be well again, and merry, too, when we are far away. To-morrow morning, dear, we will turn our faces from this scene of sorrow, and be as free and happy as the birds."

The next morning Little Nell took her grandfather by the hand, and they trod lightly and cautiously down the stairs, trembling whenever a board creaked, and often stopping to listen. They got the door open without noise, and passing into the street, stood still.

"Which way?" said the child.

The old man looked, irresolutely and helplessly, first at her, then to the right and left, then at her again, and shook his head. It was plain that she was thenceforth his guide and leader. The child felt it, but had no doubts or misgivings, and putting her hand in his, led him gently away.

It was the beginning of a day in June; the deep blue sky, unsullied by a cloud, teemed with brilliant light. The streets were, as yet, nearly free from passengers, the houses and shops were closed, and the healthful

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air of morning fell like breath from angels on the sleeping town.

The old man and the child passed on through the glad silence, elate with hope and pleasure. They were alone together; and forth from the city, while it yet slumbered, went the two poor adventurers, wandering they knew not whither.

They came at length to the open country, and the freshness of the day, the singing of the birds, the beauty of the waving grass, the deep green leaves, the wild flowers, and the thousand scents and sounds that floated in the air, sank into their breasts and made them very glad. And in the seclusion of a quiet village, where they at last found a home, the old man's hopes and fears, and all his thoughts, were turned to the gentle object of his love, who soon began to sink under the effects of her past trials and sufferings.

In the meantime the old man's younger brother, who had left his home in early youth and had been a traveler in many countries, and had made his pilgrimage through life alone, began to dream of their young, happy life, and every night, a boy again, he was at his brother's side. With the utmost speed that he could exert, he settled his affairs; converted into money all the goods that he had, and with honorable wealth enough for both, with open heart and hand, with limbs that trembled as they bore him on, with emotion such as men can hardly bear and live, arrived

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Frank T. Merrill

LITTLE NELL AND HER GRANDFATHER

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one evening at his brother's door, only to find the wanderers gone.

By dint of such inquiries as the utmost vigilance and sagacity could set on foot, he at last discovered the place of the wanderers' retreat. And the grandfather's old servant, Kit Nubles, and the younger brother lost no time in starting on a journey to the peaceful village where Little Nell and her grandfather were hidden.

When they reached the quiet village very late one stormy night, they saw, among some ruined buildings at a distance, one single solitary light. It shone from what appeared to be an oriel window, and, being surrounded by deep shadows of overhanging walls, sparkled like a star.

Kit made his way to where the light was shining. He approached as softly as he could and listened. There was no sound inside. The church itself was not more quiet. Touching the glass with his cheek, he listened again; no: and yet there was such silence all around, that he felt sure he could have heard even the breathing of a sleeper, if there had been one there.

A strange circumstance it was, — a light in such a place at that time of night, with no one near it. A curtain was drawn across the lower part of the window, and he could not see into the room. But there was no shadow thrown upon it from the room. Again and again he listened; again and again the same wearisome blank.

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Leaving the spot with slow and cautious steps, he came at length to a door. He knocked. There was no answer, but there was a curious noise inside. It was difficult to determine what it was. It bore a resemblance to the low moan of one in pain, but it was not that, being far too regular and constant.

The listener's blood ran colder now than ever it had done in frost and snow, but he knocked again. There was no answer, and the sound went on without any interruption. He laid his hand softly upon the latch, and put his knee against the door. It was secured on the inside, but yielded to the pressure, and turned upon its hinges. He saw the glimmering of a fire upon the old walls, and entered.

The dull, red glow of a wood-fire showed him a figure seated on the hearth, with its back towards him, bending over the fitful light. The attitude was that of one who sought the heat. It was, and yet was not. The stooping posture and the cowering form were there, but no hands were stretched out to meet the grateful warmth, no shrug or shiver compared its luxury with the piercing cold outside. With limbs huddled together, head bowed down, arms crossed upon the breast, and fingers tightly clenched, it rocked to and fro upon its seat without a moment's pause, accompanying the action with the mournful sound he had heard.

The heavy door had closed behind him on his entrance with a crash that made him start. The figure

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neither spoke nor turned to look, nor gave in any other way the faintest sign of having heard the noise. The form was that of an old man, his white head akin in color to the moldering embers upon which he gazed. He, and the failing light and the dying fire, the time-worn room, the solitude, the wasted life, and the gloom, were all in fellowship. Ashes, and dust, and ruin!

Part II

momentary recollection: something recalled for the moment.
communing: talking.
wistfully: longingly.
console: to cheer or support.
solicitude: thoughtfulness.
deliberate: carefully considered.

Kit tried to speak, and did pronounce some words, though what they were he hardly knew. Still the same terrible low cry went on; still the same rocking in the chair; the same stricken figure was there, unchanged and heedless of his presence. He advanced a pace — another — another still. Another, and he saw the face. Yes! changed as it was, he knew it well.

"Master!" he cried, stooping on one knee and catching at his hand. "Dear Master! Speak to me!"

The old man turned slowly towards him, and muttered in a hollow voice, "This is another! How many of these spirits there have been to-night!"

"No spirit, Master. No one but your old servant. You know me now, I am sure? Little Nell! Where is she? Where is she?"

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"They all say that!" cried the old man. "They all ask the same question."

"Where is she?" demanded Kit. "Oh, tell me but that, — but that, dear Master!"

"She is asleep — yonder — in there."

"Thank God!"

"Aye! Thank God!" returned the old man. "I have prayed to Him many, and many, and many a livelong night, when she has been asleep; He knows. Hark! Did she call?"

"I heard no voice."

"You did. You hear her now. Do you tell me that you don't hear *that?*" He started up and listened again.

"Nor *that?*" he cried, with a triumphant smile; "can anybody know that voice so well as I! Hush! Hush!"

Motioning to him to be silent, he stole away into another chamber. After a short absence, during which he could be heard to speak in a soft, soothing tone, he returned, bearing in his hand a lamp.

"She is still asleep," he whispered. "You were right. She did not call — unless she did so in her slumber. She has called to me in her sleep before now, sir; as I have sat by, watching, I have seen her lips move, and have known, though no sound came from them, that she spoke of me. I feared the light might dazzle her eyes and wake her, so I brought it here."

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He spoke rather to himself than to the visitor, but when he had put the lamp upon the table, he took it up, as if impelled by some momentary recollection or curiosity, and held it near the visitor's face. Then, as if forgetting his motive in the very action, he turned away and put it down again.

"She is sleeping soundly," he said; "but no wonder. Angel hands have strewn the ground deep with snow, that the lightest footstep may be lighter yet; and the very birds are dead, that they may not wake her. She used to feed them, sir. Though never so cold and hungry, the timid things would fly from us. They never flew from her!"

Again he stopped to listen, and hardly drawing breath, listened for a long, long time. That fancy passed, he opened an old chest, took out some clothes as fondly as if they had been living things, and began to smooth and brush them with his hand.

"Why dost thou lie so idle there, dear Nell," he murmured, "when there are bright red berries out of doors waiting for thee to pluck them! Why dost thou lie so idle there, when thy little friends come peeping to the door, crying 'Where is Nell — sweet Nell?' — and sob, and weep, because they do not see thee. She was always gentle with children. The wildest would do her bidding; she had a tender way with them, indeed she had!"

Kit had no power to speak. His eyes were filled with tears.

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"Her little homely dress, — her favorite!" cried the old man, pressing it to his breast, and patting it with his shriveled hand. "She will miss it when she wakes. They have hid it here in sport, but she shall have it — she shall have it. I would not vex my darling, for the wide world's riches. See here — these shoes — how worn they are — she kept them to remind her of our last long journey. You see where the little feet went bare upon the ground. They told me, afterwards, that the stones had cut and bruised them. *She* never told me that. No, no, God bless her! and, I have remembered since, she walked behind me, sir, that I might not see how lame she was — but yet she had my hand in hers, and seemed to lead me still."

He pressed them to his lips, and having carefully put them back again, went on communing with himself, looking wistfully from time to time towards the chamber he had lately visited.

"We must have patience. When she is well again, she will rise early, as she used to do, and ramble abroad in the fresh morning time. I often tried to track the way she had gone, but her small footsteps left no print upon the dewy ground to guide me. Who is that? Shut the door. Quick! Have we not enough to do to drive away the cold, and keep her warm!"

The door was indeed opened for the entrance of Mr. Garland and the younger brother, accompanied by two other persons. These were the schoolmaster and the bachelor. The former held a light in his hand.

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He had, it seemed, but gone to his own cottage to replenish the exhausted lamp at the moment when Kit had come up and had found the old man alone.

He softened again at sight of these two friends; and, laying aside the angry manner, — if to anything so feeble and so sad the term can be applied, — in which he had spoken when the door opened, resumed his former speech, and subsided, little by little, into the old action, and the old, dull, wandering sound.

Of the strangers, he took no heed whatever. He had seen them, but appeared quite incapable of interest or curiosity. The younger brother stood apart. The bachelor drew a chair towards the old man, and sat down close beside him. After a long silence, he ventured to speak.

"Another night, and not in bed!" he said softly; "I had hoped you would be more mindful of your promise to me. Why do you not take some rest?"

"Sleep has left me," returned the old man. "It is all with her!"

They watched him as he rose and stole on tiptoe to the other chamber, where the lamp had been replaced. They listened as he spoke again within its silent walls. They looked into the faces of one another, and no man's cheek was free from tears. He came back, whispering that she was still asleep, but that he thought she had moved. It was her hand, he said — a little — a very, very little — but he was pretty sure she had moved it — perhaps in seeking his. He had

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known her to do that, before now, though in the deepest sleep the while. And when he had said this, he dropped into his chair again, and clasping his hands above his head, uttered a cry never to be forgotten.

"Let us not talk of her in her sleep, but as she used to be when you were journeying together, far away — as she was at home, in the old house from which you fled together — as she was in the old cheerful time," said the schoolmaster.

"She was always cheerful — very cheerful," cried the old man, looking steadfastly at him. "You do well to speak softly. We will not wake her. There was ever something mild and quiet about her, I remember, from the first; but she was of a happy nature."

"We have heard you say," pursued the schoolmaster, "that in this and in all goodness, she was like her mother. You can think of, and remember her?"

He maintained his steadfast look, but gave no answer.

"Or even before her," said the bachelor. "It is many years ago, and affliction makes the time longer, but you have not forgotten her whose death contributed to make this child so dear to you, even before you knew her worth or could read her heart? Say, that you could carry back your thoughts to very distant days — to the time of your early life — when, unlike this fair flower, you did not pass your youth alone. Say, that you could remember, long ago, another child who loved you dearly, you being but a child yourself. Say, that you had a brother, long for-

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gotten, long unseen, long separated from you, who now, at last, in your utmost need, came back to comfort and console you —"

"To be to you what you were once to him," cried the younger brother, falling on his knee before him; "to repay your old affection, Brother dear, by constant care, solicitude, and love; to be, at your right hand, what he has never ceased to be when oceans rolled between us. Give me but one word of recognition, Brother — and never — no never, in the brightest moment of our youngest days, when, poor silly boys, we thought to pass our lives together — have we been half so dear and precious to each other as we shall be from this time hence!"

By little and little, the old man had drawn back towards the inner chamber while these words were spoken. He pointed there, as he replied, with trembling lips.

"You plot among you to wean my heart from her. You never will do that — never while I have life. I have no relative or friend but her — I never had — I never shall have. She is all in all to me. It is too late to part us now."

Waving them off with his hand, and calling softly to her as he went, he stole into the room. They who were left behind drew close together, and after a few whispered words, — not unbroken by emotion, or easily uttered, — followed him. They moved so gently that their footsteps made no noise; but there were

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sobs from among the group, and sounds of grief and mourning.

For she was dead. There, upon her little bed, she lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now.

She was dead: no sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and had suffered death.

Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." Those were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird — a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed — was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child mistress was mute and motionless forever.

Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings and fatigues? All were gone. Sorrow was dead indeed in her, but peace and perfect happiness were born, imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes; the old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed, like a dream, through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace

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fire upon the cold wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild, lovely look.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and had the small hand tightly folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile; the hand that had led him on, through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips, then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and, as he said it, he looked in agony to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help, or need of it. The ancient room she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast — the garden she had tended — the eyes she had gladdened — the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour — the paths she had trodden, as it were, but yesterday — could know her nevermore.

"It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears full vent, "it is not on earth that Heaven's justice ends. Think what earth is, compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say, if one deliberate wish expressed in solemn terms above this bed could call her back to life, which of us would utter it!"

Part III

artless talk: childlike, sincere talk.

mortals: those who are alive, but who finally have to die.

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the Destroyer: Death.
artifice (är'tĭ-fĭs): a scheme to do indirectly something which cannot be done directly.
fervent: very earnest.
paroxysm (păr'ŏks-ĭz'm): a sudden burst of grief.
espied (ĕs-pīd'): discovered.

When morning came, and they could speak more calmly on the subject of their grief, they heard how her life had closed.

She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier part of the night, but as the hours crept on, she had sunk to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man; they were of no painful scenes, but of people who had helped and used them kindly, for she had often said "God bless you!" with great fervor. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was of beautiful music that she said was in the air. God knows. It may have been.

Opening her eyes at last, from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man with a lovely smile upon her face — such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget — and clung with both her arms about his neck. They did not know that she was dead, at first.

The child who had been her little friend came there,

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almost as soon as it was day, with an offering of dried flowers which he begged them to lay upon her breast. Up to that time, the old man had not spoken once, except to her, nor had he stirred from the bedside. But, when he saw her little favorite, he was moved as they had not seen him yet, and made as though he would have him come nearer. Then, pointing to the bed, he burst into tears for the first time; and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together.

Soothing him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad, to do almost as he desired him. And when the day came on, which must remove her in her earthly shape from earthly eyes forever, he led the old man away, that he might not know when she was taken from him.

They were to gather fresh leaves and berries for her bed. It was Sunday, a bright, clear, wintry afternoon; and, as they traversed the village street, those who were walking in their path drew back to make room for them, and gave them a softened greeting. Some shook the old man kindly by the hand, some stood uncovered while he tottered by, and many cried, "God bless him!" as he passed along.

And now the bell — the bell she had so often heard, by night and by day, and had listened to with solemn pleasure almost as to a living voice — rang its remorseless toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so good.

Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth,

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and helpless infancy, poured forth, — on crutches, in the pride and strength of health, and in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life, — to gather round her tomb.

Along the crowded path they bore her now; pure as the newly fallen snow that covered it, whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under the porch, where she had sat when Heaven in its mercy brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again; and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

They carried her to one old nook, where she had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the colored window, — a window, where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave.

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust! Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath, many a stifled sob was heard. Some, and they were not a few, knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow.

Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place, when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, and most of all (it seemed to them) upon her quiet grave, in that calm

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time, when outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them, then, with tranquil and submissive hearts they turned away, and left the child with God.

Oh! it is hard to take to heart the lesson that such deaths will teach, but let no man reject it, for it is one that all must learn, and is a mighty, universal Truth. When Death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues arise, in shapes of mercy, charity, and love, to walk the world, and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the Destroyer's steps there spring up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to Heaven.

It was late when the old man came home. The boy had led him to his own dwelling, under some pretense, on their way back; and, rendered drowsy by his long ramble and late want of rest, he had sunk into a deep sleep by the fireside. He was perfectly exhausted, and they were careful not to rouse him. The slumber held him a long time, and when he at length awoke the moon was shining.

His younger brother, uneasy at his protracted absence, was watching at the door for his coming, when he appeared in the pathway with his little guide. He advanced to meet them, and tenderly obliging the old

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man to lean upon his arm, conducted him with slow and trembling steps toward the house.

He repaired to her chamber, straight. Not finding what he had left there, he returned with distracted looks to the room in which they were assembled. From that, he rushed into the schoolmaster's cottage, calling her name. They followed close upon him, and when he had vainly searched it, brought him home.

With such persuasive words as pity and affection could suggest, they prevailed upon him to sit among them and hear what they should tell him. Then endeavoring by every little artifice to prepare his mind for what must come, and dwelling with many fervent words upon the happy lot to which she had been removed, they told him, at last, the truth. The moment it had passed their lips, he fell down among them like a murdered man.

For many hours, they had little hope of his surviving; but grief is strong, and he recovered.

If there be any who have never known the blank that follows death — the weary void — the sense of desolation that will come upon the strongest minds, when something familiar and beloved is missed at every turn — if there be any who have not known this, and proved it by their own experience, they can never faintly guess how, for many days, the old man pined and moped away his time, and wandered here and there as seeking something, and had no comfort.

Whatever power of thought or memory he retained,

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was all bound up in her. He never understood, or seemed to care to understand, about his brother. To every endearment and attention he continued listless. If they spoke to him on this, or any other thing, save one, he would hear them patiently for a while, then turn away, and go on seeking as before.

On that one theme, which was in his and all their minds, it was impossible to touch. Dead! He could not hear or bear the word. The slightest hint of it would throw him into a paroxysm like that he had had when it was first spoken. In what hope he lived, no man could tell; but that he had some hope of finding her again — some faint and shadowy hope, deferred from day to day, and making him from day to day more sick and sore at heart — was plain to all.

They bethought them of a removal from the scene of this last sorrow; of trying whether change of place would rouse or cheer him. His brother sought the advice of those who were accounted skillful in such matters, and they came and saw him. Some of the number stayed upon the spot, conversed with him when he would converse, and watched him as he wandered up and down, alone and silent. Move him where they might, they said, he would ever seek to get back there. His mind would run upon that spot. If they confined him closely, and kept a strict guard upon him, they might hold him prisoner, but if he could by any means escape, he would surely wander back to that place, or die upon the road.

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At length they found, one day, that he had risen early, and, with his knapsack on his back, his staff in hand, her own straw hat, and a little basket full of such things as she had been used to carry, was gone. As they were making ready to pursue him far and wide, a frightened schoolboy came who had seen him, but a moment before, sitting in the church upon her grave he said.

They hastened there, and going softly to the door espied him in the attitude of one who waited patiently. They did not disturb him then, but kept a watch upon him all that day. When it grew quite dark, he arose and returned home, and went to bed, murmuring to himself, "She will come to-morrow!"

Upon the morrow he was there again from sunrise until night; and still at night he laid him down to rest, and murmured, "She will come to-morrow!"

And thenceforth, every day, and all day long, he waited at her grave for her. How many pictures of new journeys over pleasant country, of resting places under the free broad sky, of rambles in the fields and woods, and paths not often trodden; how many tones of that one well-remembered voice, how many glimpses of the form; the fluttering dress, the hair that waved so gayly in the wind; how many visions of what had been, and what he had hoped was yet to be — rose up before him, in the old, dull, silent church! He never told them what he thought, or where he went. He would sit with them at night, pondering with a secret

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satisfaction, they could see, upon the flight that he and she would take before night came again; and still they would hear him whisper in his prayers, "Lord! Let her come to-morrow!"

The last time was on a genial day in spring. He did not return at the usual hour, and they went to seek him. He was lying dead upon the stone.

They laid him by the side of her whom he had loved so well; and, in the church where they had often prayed and mused, and lingered hand in hand, the child and the old man slept together.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. From what story is this selection taken? Who wrote it?
2. Who are the chief characters in the story?
3. What had brought the old man to poverty and grief?
4. Upon whom had all his love become fixed?
5. How did Nell and her grandfather try to escape from all that had broken their hearts?
6. Who came at this time to help them?
7. Where had they gone?
8. How were they found?
9. In what condition were they found?
10. What prevented the old man from knowing his brother?
11. Tell of the death of Little Nell by reading aloud again that part of the story.
12. How did the old man spend his days after her death?
13. Describe the death of the old man.
14. Have you read "The Old Curiosity Shop"?

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CHARLES DICKENS

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Charles Dickens, one of the greatest novelists that England has produced, and one of the most popular writers that the world has ever known, was born in Landport, in 1812, but was reared in London. A child of poverty, he rose through his own efforts to comfort and fame.

His father had a small collection of books which the small boy read again and again. They kept alive his fancy and his hope of something beyond that time and place. Among these books were "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Robinson Crusoe," and the "Arabian Nights." This literature did not fall into the little boy's mind as seed upon stony ground. It found congenial soil and grew and blossomed into his own beautiful stories.

Charles Dickens's father was industrious and honest, but he was thriftless and a poor manager. He was always in debt. At that time, in England, if a man owed debts which he did not pay, he could be sent to prison and kept there until he did pay them.

At twelve years of age, Charles Dickens was pasting labels on boxes of shoe blacking for six shillings a week, and his father was in prison for debt. At sixteen, he was spending odd hours in the reading room of the British Museum. At twenty-six, publishers were at his feet. At the height of his fame, the *New York Ledger* paid him ten thousand dollars for one story which he wrote in two weeks.

He died in 1870, at Gadshill Place, the beautiful house which he admired as a boy, which he bought in 1856, and which had been his home since 1859. Here he worked, and walked, and saw his friends, and was loved and almost worshiped by his poor neighbors for miles around. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

He has not only pleased us — he has softened the hearts of a whole generation.

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THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

In order that you may the more easily understand the beautiful story, " The Vision of Sir Launfal," we shall first tell it to you in the simplest form that is possible.

The poem consists of four parts; namely, —

1. The Prelude to Part I.
   A prelude (prĕl'ūd) is a performance intended to lead up to, or introduce, the principal performance.
2. Part I, in which the first half of Sir Launfal's story is told.
3. The Prelude to Part II.
4. Part II, the conclusion of the story of Sir Launfal.

In the very first lines of the Prelude to Part I, the poet tells us how an organist first lets his fingers wander aimlessly over the keys,

" And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay."

This organist first begins by touching random chords, one after another, without much connection. But as he plays on, chords of new music flash up in his brain just as the blades of Northern Light flash up and disappear. Nearer and nearer comes the air or the tune until he finally is playing the beautiful music that his brain has just created. His " bridge from Dreamland " is completed, and he can now give his whole attention to perfecting his lay or theme.

Lowell has a wonderful vision or story to tell us. His story is easily and naturally divided into two parts. But he does not think best to start right out with Part I of this vision. He feels that it really needs an introduction, — that he should lead up to the

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main theme by showing that the season and all of the conditions surrounding Sir Launfal were in harmony with this bold undertaking. Like the organist he feels his way, —

" And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay."

He first tells us that heaven lies about us not only in our infancy but through all of our lives; that daily, without knowing it, we reach points from which we can come into very close communion with God; that the winds, the mountains, the woods, and the sea are daily calling to us to live more nobly. Then he tells us that we have to *pay* for everything we get in this world, and that even if we do foolish things we still have to pay a price for doing them. He then tells us that,—

" 'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer."

The poet then tells us that there is nothing so wonderfully perfect as a day in June; that it " is the hightide of the year," and that " every clod feels a stir of might," and " climbs to a soul in grass and flowers." Everything is happy in June,—

" Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue, —
'Tis the natural way of living."

" What wonder if Sir Launfal now
Remembered the keeping of his vow? "

Now the poet is ready for the real story, and he has Sir Launfal, who was master of a great castle in " the North Countree," remember that he had made a vow to go in search of the " Holy Grail."

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The Holy Grail, according to an old story, was the emerald cup out of which the Savior drank at the last supper with his disciples.

After his death, the cup was placed in the care of Joseph of Arimathea (ăr-ĭ-mȧ-thē′ä) who took it to England, where it remained for many years, with pious pilgrims coming to see and worship it.

The keeper of the cup had to be sinless. But one of the keepers committed a sin, and the cup vanished.

Throughout the Middle Ages, it was a common thing for knights to take a vow to search for the Holy Grail and not to sleep in a bed till they had found it.

Sir Launfal had made such a vow. And now the spirit of June, that makes everything want to do and to be, makes Sir Launfal determine to keep his vow.

And this brings us to the real story, in Part I.

Sir Launfal, who is a young knight, — the poet calls him a " maiden knight," which means an inexperienced knight, — calls for his shining armor.

But meanwhile, in keeping with his vow, he lies down on a bed of rushes, hoping that a vision will come to him in his sleep, for knights in search of the Holy Grail always looked for a vision to tell them what to do and where to search.

A vision is a kind of dream in which, usually, something is foretold or in which one is directed how to do certain things.

Sir Launfal falls asleep on his rushes, and a vision comes to him, for you must know that the whole story is just a *vision* that Sir Launfal had, and that the things told did not really happen to him.

It will help you to understand this poem if you keep in mind that the poet is really telling us two stories. First, — the story of the real Sir Launfal who goes to sleep a young knight and dreams this whole story, and wakes in the morning only one night older. This dream or vision is so real to him and makes such a lasting impression on him that he learns in a single night the wonderful lessons that the imaginary Sir Launfal would learn in a lifetime

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of wandering and suffering. Secondly, — the story of the imaginary Sir Launfal who starts out young, and full of life and hope, but returns a bent old man after a lifetime of wandering and suffering in a vain search for the Holy Grail, only to find that the Holy Grail could have been found right at home.

What *is* the vision?

First it is of a great, dark stone castle, of which Sir Launfal is master. Everything around it is gay and glad with June. But Sir Launfal is a proud and haughty knight, and the castle does not respond to June, but, —

"gloomed by itself apart."

And out of the great gate of the castle, Sir Launfal, in his vision, rides in armor so bright that he looks like a sheaf of sunbeams. Sir Launfal is very proud and haughty. And remember, that he is going in search of the Holy Grail, or the cup out of which the gentle Savior drank, the Savior who was so humble, and meek, and kindly, and loving.

Just outside the castle gate, Sir Launfal sees a leper. A leper is a person who has the disease called leprosy, a horrible disease in which the skin and flesh die and peel off, leaving the poor victim a white and horrible object.

Sir Launfal scornfully tosses the leper a piece of gold.

But the leper will not pick it up, for Sir Launfal has given it in haughty pride, and not in loving sympathy, as the Christ would have done.

And this is the first part of the "Vision of Sir Launfal."

Prelude to Part II. — In the Prelude to Part I, the poet uses the perfection of summer with its bird song and blossoms and breath of June, to put us in sympathy with the youthful Sir Launfal starting out on a hopeful mission; but in the Prelude to Part II, he uses a perfect picture of winter with its ice and snow and bleak winds, and its wail of "shelterless" to bring us into sympathy

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with Sir Launfal's return, a bent old man, disheartened, and discouraged, and disowned.

In the castle, the people are preparing for Christmas. But no one on the great estate has been invited to the castle, for Sir Launfal and his people are too proud to associate with common folk.

He approaches the castle to find the light streaming from the slits in its towering walls.

Expecting to be again the lord of the castle, he knocks. But the seneschal (sĕn'ĕ-shăl), or gate keeper, sees only an old beggar, and drives Sir Launfal away from his own gate just as he had once driven beggars away. For his people, after long years, had believed him dead, and another earl had inherited his castle. And now, in his vision, Sir Launfal finds himself in just the same circumstances as the poor old leper was to whom he had tossed a piece of gold in scorn. *And he sits down a rejected beggar, in the snow outside his own gate.*

You see that he cannot learn to be good and kind and gentle and all-loving until he, too, has suffered. And so the vision brings to him his suffering in his sleep, to make him see how cold and proud and cruel he has been.

And now as he sits in the snow outside his own gate, he muses, or thinks dreamily, of a sunny country where a caravan of camels and men are crossing a desert, and parched with thirst, are hurrying to reach an oasis where there is a spring: —

> "As over the red-hot sands they pass
> To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
> The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
> And with its own self like an infant played,
> And waved its signal of palms."

In his musing, he dreams that the caravan has almost reached the spring on the oasis, when again the horrible leper rises before him and begs alms.

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But now, in his vision, he too has suffered, and now he understands, and instead of throwing the leper "a piece of gold in scorn," he tells the leper that in him he sees the image of the suffering of the Savior, and that, to be like the Savior, and to be sinless and fit to seek the Holy Grail, Sir Launfal must not give what he himself does not need to the leper, but he must *share* his last morsel of food with him. So he breaks in two his last crust of bread and gives half to the leper, and he brings the leper cold water from the spring.

And then the leper changes to the Savior, and tells Sir Launfal,—

> "Not what we *give*, but what we *share*, —
> For the gift without the giver is bare;
> Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
> Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me."

He means that he who gives with his heart full of sympathy, feeds the one to whom he gives, and makes himself happy, and carries out in his deeds the words of Christ.

> "For I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink:
>
> "I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.
>
> "Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?
>
> "Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."
>
> St. Matthew xxv. 42–45.

And suddenly, Sir Launfal, as he slept on his bed of rushes on the night before he was to start out on his search for the Holy Grail, is awakened by this beautiful ending of his dream or vision.

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He sees that " finding the Holy Grail" is only doing to every one who is near him the good, kind, loving deed that Christ would have done to him, and that he does not need to go out as a mailed knight on horseback on a foolish chase after a real emerald cup, but that he finds the Holy Grail when he gets into his heart Christ's real, gentle, kindly love to every one, even the poor around his castle.

And he leaps to his feet, and shouts that the Grail is found right in his castle.

He opens the castle to poor and rich alike.

You will read in the poem that the summer had besieged the castle for " three hundred summers " without success. But now she goes right in with " the first poor outcast " that went in at the door, and —

> " No longer scowl the turrets tall,
> The Summer's long siege at last is o'er;
> When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
> She entered with him in disguise,
> And mastered the fortress by surprise;
> There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
> She lingers and smiles there the whole year round;
> The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
> Has hall and bower at his command;
> And there's no poor man in the North Countree
> But is lord of the earldom as much as he."

Now this is a beautiful story, this tale of " The Vision of Sir Launfal." But it is intended to be more than just a beautiful story. The poet's hope was to teach you and me, and every one who should read the tale, that we also are seeking the Holy Grail, and often seeking it just as proudly, and as haughtily, and as mistakenly as did Sir Launfal. He means to tell us to make our piety real to those right around us, by good, kindly, gentle, and loving deeds

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to them, not only in some far country of dreams, but right at home.

Is it not possible that *you* are Sir Launfal, that your castle may be the schoolhouse, and that some less well-dressed boy or girl is *your* " leper "? Do you " toss him or her some words in scorn "? Or do you try to be to the other boy or girl as was Sir Launfal to the leper, not at the gate of his castle but at the spring in the desert? Think it over.

There are so many beautiful lines and so many beautiful thoughts in this long poem, that to explain them all to you would take too much space. But you must try hard to find out their meanings. For example, what does line 16 mean, —

" With our faint hearts the mountain strives "?

It means this: Suppose that when we are trying to do something difficult, we get faint-hearted. And suppose that, just as we are about to give up or fall down in our faint-heartedness, we should see a great, towering mountain. Now a mountain is like a pyramid or a cone, standing on its base. And a pyramid or a cone, standing on its base, is the most stable of things; that is, you cannot easily tip it over, or make it fall down. And so the great mountain, pyramid-like, stands there, upright and brave, and says to us, " Look at me, I cannot fall over weakly. Why should you do so? " It " strives with our faint heart."

Study the lines thus to find their meanings. You will enjoy doing so.

To know the meanings of the following words will make the story more delightful to you:

faint auroral flushes: first faint signs of the dawn, or possibly of the Northern Lights.

wavering vista of his dream: the dim wavering first-coming of the story to the poet's brain.

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Sinajs (sī′nīz): Sinai is the mountain in Arabia where Moses talked with God and was given the ten commandments. What do the lines 11–12, p. 169, mean then?

Druid wood: the Druid priests were aged men, who practiced a strange religion in England more than a thousand years ago. In these lines the aged trees, with limbs (arms) outstretched, seem like priests blessing us.

benedicite (bĕn-ē-dĭs′ĭ-tē): a blessing.

shrives: grants forgiveness of sins.

the devil's booth: the place where attractive, but evil, things are secured. Line 4, p. 170, means that we have to pay in pain for doing what we should not do.

dross: the worthless material left after precious metals are extracted from ore. Hence, the useless pleasures that we seek.

a cap and bells: a king's fool, or jester, wore, as a mark of his office, a cap and jingling small bells. Here it means the foolish things in which we indulge at the cost of good and noble things.

chanticleer: a rooster.

sulphurous rifts: fierce angers.

churlish: impolite, refusing to be friendly. Here "churlish stone" means that the people who lived in the castle would not associate with the common folk around it.

drawbridge: around a castle was a "moat," or deep ditch filled with water. A drawbridge was a bridge hinged on the castle side of the moat, and lifted by chains and pulleys to keep the people out, or lowered to let the people in.

charger: a horse ridden by a knight.

unscarred mail: armor unmarked by sword, battle ax, or lance, showing that the knight had not been in battle.

rebuffed: refused rudely.

pitcher plant's cup: a pitcher plant has at its top a cup or "pitcher" that holds about a dessert-spoonful of water.

'ware: aware; here it means *saw*.

wold: an open plain.

groined: built up.

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forest-crypt (krĭpt): a vault or room under a floor. Here a room under the ice, of course.

Arabesques (ăr-*à*-bĕsks′): inlaid or carved patterns.

elfin-builders: fairy builders; the frost spirits who build palaces under the ice.

corbel: a projection from a wall to support a weight above it.

yule log: a large log put in a fireplace on Christmas Eve as the foundation of the fire.

Earldom: the landed estate of an earl, a nobleman of very high rank.

sate (sāt): an old form of *sat*.

surcoat: an outer coat or cloak.

blazoned: put on in bright colors.

caravan: a number of persons, usually on camels, traveling together for protection or company across a desert.

brine: salt water. Here it means the surface of the ocean.

shaggy unrest: the rough surface of the ocean, due to waves.

climes: countries, or regions of the earth.

Holy Supper: the last supper of Jesus with his disciples. Here referring to the "Sacrament" in the Christian churches, at which the members are expected to vow to follow the example of conduct set by the Savior.

hangbird: a bird that suspends or hangs its nest from a bough of a tree.

serf: a person who is almost, but not quite, as subject to the will of another as is a slave.

hall: here meaning the great room of a castle.

bower: a place of pleasure in a flower garden, usually made in the form of a shelter fashioned of woven boughs and vines.

The pictures in the poem. — In reading the poem try hard to see the marvelous pictures, — the pictures of June; the pictures of the castle and of Sir Launfal as a young knight and as an old man on his return; the pictures of the leper; the pictures of winter and of the work of the frost; and the joyous picture of Sir Launfal as he learns the great truth as to what the Grail really is.

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The Vision of Sir Launfal

Prelude to Part First

Over his keys the musing organist,
  Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
  And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay:
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
  Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
  Along the wavering vista of his dream.

Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not.
Over our manhood bend the skies;
  Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
  With our faint hearts the mountain strives;
Its arm outstretched, the Druid wood
  Waits with its benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
  Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us;
  The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
  We bargain for the graves we lie in;

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At the Devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;

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His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest, —
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the hightide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing, —
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

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Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue, —
'Tis the natural way of living:
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.
What wonder if Sir Launfal now
Remembered the keeping of his vow?

Part First

I

"My golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail;
Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true

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Ere day create the world anew."
  Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
  Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

II

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,
  The little birds sang as if it were
  The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees:
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray:
'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,
And never its gates might opened be,
Save to lord or lady of high degree;
Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults defied;
She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though around it for leagues her pavilions tall
Stretched left and right,
Over the hills and out of sight;
  Green and broad was every tent,
  And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

III

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,

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Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
In his siege of three hundred summers long;
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
Had cast them forth; so, young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust-leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

IV

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
And morning in the young knight's heart;
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
And gloomed by itself apart;
The season brimmed all other things up
Full as the rain fills the pitcher plant's cup.

V

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came;
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
The flesh 'neath his armor did shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
Like a frozen waterfall;

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For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn, —
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

VI

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:
"Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door;
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
  Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives but a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
  That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite, —
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

PRELUDE TO PART SECOND

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
  From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hilltop bleak
  It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;

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It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;
The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars;
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through; and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond-drops,
That crystaled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one:
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter-palace of ice;
'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,

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Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter,
The cheeks of Christmas grow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
With lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule log's roaring tide;
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap
And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,
Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks
Like herds of startled deer.

But the wind without was eager and sharp,
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
And rattles and wrings
The icy strings,
Singing, in dreary monotone,
A Christmas carol of its own,
Whose burden still, as he might guess,
Was — "Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"
The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch
As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch;

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And he sat in the gateway and saw all night
The great hall-fire, so cheery and bold,
Through the window-slits of the castle old,
Build out its piers of ruddy light
Against the drift of the cold.

Part Second

I

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was dumb and could not speak,
For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;
A single crow on the tree-top bleak
From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun;
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitly
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

II

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom sate;
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

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III

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air,
For it was just at the Christmas time;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long-ago;
He sees the snakelike caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small;
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
And with its own self like an infant played,
And waved its signal of palms.

IV

"For Christ's sweet sake I beg an alms;"—
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees naught save the grewsome thing,
The leper, lank as the rain-blanched bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

V

And Sir Launfal said, "I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;

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Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns, —
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns, —
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to Thee!"

VI

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal; and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink;
'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl, —
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

VII

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight

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As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate, —
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

VIII

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
That mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here, — this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for Me but now;
This crust is My body broken for thee;
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share, —
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me."

IX

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swound: —
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor up on the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall;

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He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

X

The castle gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough;
No longer scowl the turrets tall,
The Summer's long siege at last is o'er;
When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
She entered with him in disguise,
And mastered the fortress by surprise;
There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
She lingers and smiles there the whole year round;
The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there's no poor man in the North Countree
But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What is "the Holy Grail"? Tell the story of the traditions about it.
2. Tell how the knights used to go in search of the Holy Grail.
3. What is a prelude?
4. What are the four parts in the poem?
5. What is the meaning of the first eight lines of the poem in regard to Lowell's writing the poem?
6. What is meant by our climbing Sinais? Lines 11–12, p. 169.
7. How can a "great wind" as it destroys a tall forest

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foretell what will happen to him who lives an ignoble life? Lines 14–15, p. 169.

8. How can a mountain "strive" to teach us? Line 16, p. 169.
9. Why is a wood with outstretched arms likened to a Druid priest?
10. How can the sea, which is always at work, shout encouragement to us? Lines 19–20, p. 169.
11. Can a man get corn or gold from the earth without working for it? Then what does line 21, p. 169, mean?
12. What other statements are made in lines 22, p. 169, to 4, p. 170, to show that we have to pay for what we get? Try to explain each statement.
13. What beautiful things, however, can be had for the asking? Lines 5–8, p. 170.
14. What wonderful things happen in June? Lines 10, p. 170, to 14, 172. Answer this by reading aloud the lines.
15. How does writing about June help the poet to begin his real story? What effect did June have on Sir Launfal? Lines 15–16, p. 172.
16. What vow did Sir Launfal make? Lines 17, p. 172, to 4, 173.
17. Do the incidents of the story really happen, or does Sir Launfal dream them? Why is the story called "The *Vision* of Sir Launfal"?
18. Why was the castle different from the world about it in June? Lines 5–23, p. 173.
19. What were the "pavilions" and "tents" of summer? Lines 18–23, p. 173.
20. What relation does the resistance of the castle to the summer have to Sir Launfal's feeling toward the common people?
21. Describe Sir Launfal's dream of his start on his search for the Grail. Lines 24–25, p. 173, to line 10, p. 174. How did his coat of mail look?
22. Tell the story of Sir Launfal and the leper outside the gate. Lines 18, p. 174,

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to 19, p. 175. What was wrong in Sir Launfal's heart that made him treat the leper thus?

23. Why did the leper refuse the gold? Lines 5–19, p. 175.

24. Try to see the wonderful pictures in the Prelude to Part Second.

25. If June suggests the joyous start of Sir Launfal on his search, what does winter in the second prelude suggest?

26. In Sir Launfal's dream, he traveled in many countries for many, many years in search of the Grail. What did he dream that he found when he came back to his castle as an old man? Lines 16–23, p. 178. How, on his return, did he differ from "the maiden knight," who went forth in the search for the Grail? Why was this?

27. As Sir Launfal sat in the cold outside of his own gate, what picture of his wanderings did he see as he "mused"? Lines 4–15, p. 179.

28. Whom did he see again at the spring in the desert? Lines 16–22, p. 179. How did Sir Launfal treat him this time? What made him treat the leper differently this time? Could Sir Launfal, without having suffered himself, have appreciated the leper's sufferings? How, then, does our own suffering help us?

29. What did Sir Launfal say to the leper this time? Lines 23, p. 179, to 6, p. 180. Do you remember that Jesus said, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me"?

30. What did the leper this time say to Sir Launfal? Lines 9–21, p. 181.

31. What do those lines mean: 9–21, p. 181. What especially does this mean: "Not what we *give*, but what we *share*"? How can any one, by giving to *one*, "feed three"?

32. How did Sir Launfal waken? How long had he been asleep?

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33. What did his vision teach him? What is the *real* "Holy Grail"? Lines 23, p. 181, to 2, p. 182.
34. What change did Sir Launfal make in his attitude toward the people around his castle? Lines 3–16, p. 182.
35. In regard to your own self as a Sir Launfal, what does this poem teach you? What may your "castle" be? How may you be like Sir Launfal when he was so proud? Who may your "leper" be? How do you treat *your* "leper"?

If you have really read this great poem, it should make you think very seriously about how you treat others.

James Russell Lowell, one of the group of the great New England poets, among whom were Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier and Holmes, was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, February 22, 1819. Very early in life, he chose literature as his profession. For many years he was professor of modern languages and literature in Harvard College. Later in life, he was American Minister to Spain and Great Britain, where he honored his native land by his splendid services. Mr. Lowell died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on August 12, 1891, in the same house in which he was born.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and broader view.

J. G. HOLLAND

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THE CULPRIT FAY STARTS ON HIS MISSION

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

One of the most delightful fairy stories that has ever been written in verse in the English language is called " The Culprit Fay." It was written by Joseph Rodman Drake, the American poet who wrote the poem, "The American Flag." He was born in New York City in 1795, and died there at the early age of twenty-five, in 1820.

Some of Drake's literary friends had said that American rivers could not furnish the scene for a good fairy story, such as the Rhine River in Germany had furnished, for example. So Drake wrote his famous fairy story, "The Culprit Fay," with the scene on the Hudson River, to disprove what his friends had said.

This selection is a part of the fairy story, "The Culprit Fay."

A " fay " is just a fairy. A " *culprit* fay " is a fairy who has broken the laws of the fairies.

This " culprit fay " had committed an offense against the laws of the fairies, and so he was sentenced to " follow far the fiery trail of the rocket-star," or the comet.

In the part of the story given here, he is getting ready to start on his mission.

First, you must try to imagine a dainty little chap not two inches high.

Now read the first division and see how he was awakened to start on his mission.

Now he puts on his armor (second division). Notice how all of his armor is taken from nature along the Hudson River.

Can you see the brave little fellow as " he puts his *acorn* helmet on"? Think of an acorn shell as a helmet, with the spike on the top.

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Note what his plume was.

What was his " corselet plate," or breastplate, made of?

Note his cloak. Then his shield.

Find out what his lance was.

And try to see him on his steed.

Then try to picture his little sword of a " blade of the bent grass blue."

Now can you see him thus armored and mounted, as he drove in his spurs of " cockle seed," and as —

" — away like a glance of thought he flew,
To skim the heavens and follow far
The fiery trail of the rocket-star."

Now read division 3, trying to see each picture of the frightened insects as they hid from the fierce and terrible fairy. You know each one of them, and you can surely see each one as he is described.

Learn the meanings of the following words before reading the poem:

courier ouphe (ouf): a fairy on a mission or errand.
hunter-sprite: a fairy hunter.
elfin ground: the country where the fairies live and hunt.
the roof that canopies the world around: the sky.
covert lair: a hiding place.

You will surely enjoy the pictures in this wonderful story if you try hard to see them.

The Culprit Fay Starts on His Mission

1

Up, Fairy! quit thy chickweed bower,
The cricket has called the second hour,

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Twice again, and the lark will rise
To kiss the streaking of the skies —
Up! thy charméd armor don,
Thou'lt need it ere the night be gone.

2

He put his acorn helmet on;
It was plumed of the silk of the thistle down;
The corselet plate that guarded his breast
Was once the wild bee's golden vest;
His cloak, of a thousand mingled dyes,
Was formed of the wings of butterflies;
His shield was the shell of a ladybug queen,
Studs of gold on a ground of green;
And the quivering lance, which he brandished bright,
Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.
Swift he bestrode his firefly steed;
He bared his blade of the bent grass blue;
He drove his spurs of the cockle seed,
And away like a glance of thought he flew,
To skim the heavens and follow far
The fiery trail of the rocket-star.

3

The moth fly, as he shot in air,
Crept under the leaf, and hid her there;
The katydid forgot its lay,
The prowling gnat fled fast away,
The fell mosquito checked his drone
And folded his wings till the Fay was gone,

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And the wily beetle dropped his head,
And fell on the ground as if he were dead;
They crouched them close in the darksome shade,
They quaked all o'er with awe and fear,
For they had felt the blue-bent blade,
And writhed at the prick of the elfin spear;
Many a time on a summer's night,
When the sky was clear and the moon was bright,
They had been roused from the haunted ground,
By the yelp and bay of the fairy hound;
They had heard the tiny bugle horn,
They had heard the twang of the maize-silk string,
When the vine-twig bows were tightly drawn,
And the nettle shaft through the air was borne,
Feathered with down of the hum-bird's wing.
And now they deemed the courier ouphe
Some hunter sprite of the elfin ground;
And they watched till they saw him mount the roof
That canopies the world around;
Then glad they left their covert lair,
And freaked about in the midnight air.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who wrote this story? Tell what you have learned about him. Why was the story written?
2. What is a "culprit fay"? What was this "culprit fay" sentenced to do for his crime?
3. Describe his armor. What was his helmet? His plume? His breastplate? His cloak? His shield?

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His lance? His steed? His sword? His spurs?

4. Tell what each of the following frightened insects did when he appeared in his armor: the moth fly; the katydid; the gnat (năt); the mosquito; the beetle. Have you ever seen a beetle do this? Why were they afraid of the culprit fay? When did they come out from their hiding places?
5. Now, having seen the pictures, read the story aloud just as if you were actually telling the story to some children who had never heard it.

THE BUTTERFLY

Leafless, stemless, floating flower,
From a rainbow's scattered bower,
Like a bubble of the air
Blown by fairies, tell me where
Seed or scion I may find
Bearing blossoms of thy kind.

JOHN BANISTER TABB

The butterfly, all green and gold,
To me hath often flown,
Here in my blossoms to behold
Wings lovely as his own.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

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THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY

In this selection, Mr. Grady tells a great truth. It is this:

No nation is great because it has grand buildings and cathedrals, or great cities, or mighty armies and navies. These are beautiful and impressive, and often necessary, but a nation with all these still may not be a great nation. A nation can be great only when the hearts of its people are good, and noble, and home-loving, and fair and just to others.

The *home* is the basis of a nation. A man who loves his home, no matter how humble it is, will fight to protect it and his loved ones. The reason why the English-speaking people who came to America succeeded, and why the other colonizing nations failed, was because the Englishman, when he came to America in early colonial times, brought with him his wife and children. For them he built a cabin home, and cultivated and learned to love, a patch of ground. The French and Spaniards did not do this, and so they failed. And that is why we speak the English language in America, — because the English-speaking colonists made *homes* here.

"*The homes of the people,*" and not its grand cities and buildings and its armies and navies, are the safety of a nation. If the homes be right, the nation will be right; and if the homes be right, the great cities and the cathedrals, and the armies and the navies will be right; for with the homes right, the armies and the navies will never wrong other nations — they will protect not only the homes of their owners but also homes in other lands.

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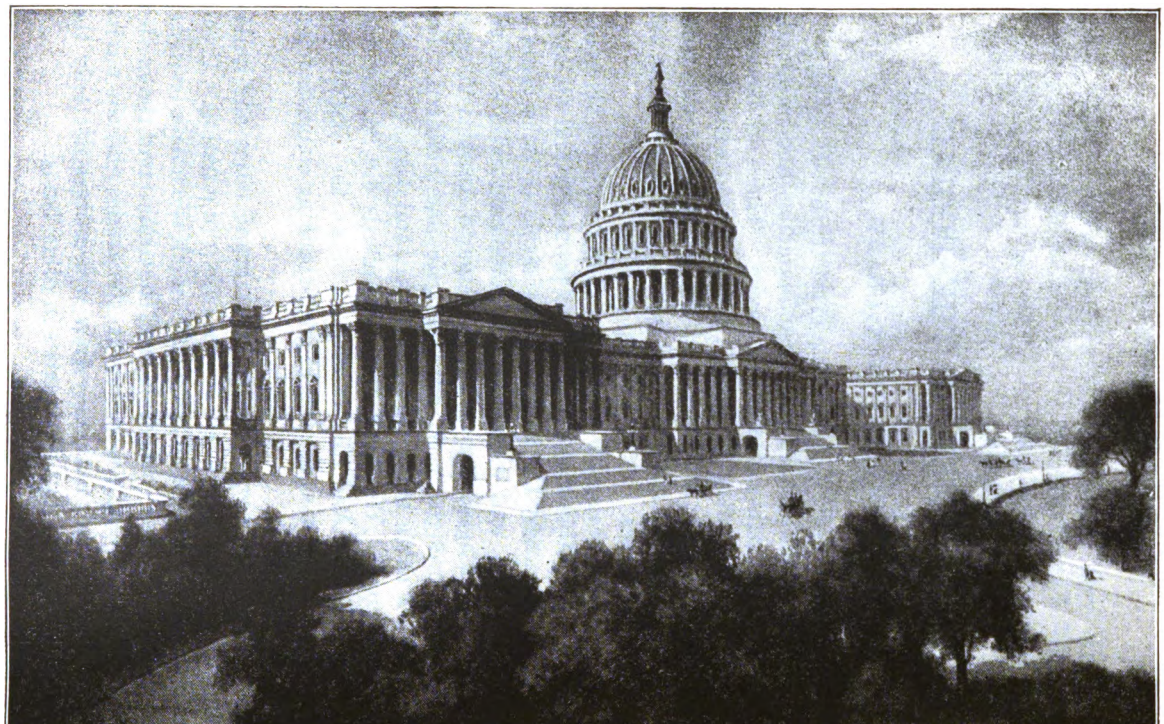

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON

John Ross Key

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The little, beloved *home* is the *real* basis of every nation that is great and good.

Learn these words before you read the selection:

mortgage (môr′gāj): a document given to a money lender by a borrower, in which it is provided that the lender can take possession of certain property and sell it if the borrower does not pay back the money.

lien (lē′ĕn): Farmers often borrow money in order to be able to plant their crops. The lender of the money takes a "lien" on the crops. It is a document providing that the lender can seize the crop and sell it to get his money if the farmer does not pay.

fifth commandment: "Honor thy father and thy mother."

requiem (rē′kwĭ-ĕm): solemn music in honor of the dead.

annals: here, the record of births and deaths in a family Bible.

The Homes of the People

I went to Washington the other day, and I stood on the Capitol Hill; my heart beat quick as I looked at the towering marble of my country's Capitol, and a mist gathered in my eyes as I thought of its tremendous significance; the armies and the treasury; the judges and the President; the Congress and the courts, and all that was gathered there. And I felt that the sun in all its course could not look down on a better sight than that majestic home of a republic, which had taught the world its best lessons of liberty. And I felt that if honor and wisdom and justice abided therein, the world would at last owe that great house

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in which the ark of the covenant of our country is lodged, its final uplifting and its regeneration.

But a few days later, I visited a quiet country home. It was just a simple, modest house, sheltered by big trees and encircled by meadow and field, rich with the promise of harvest. The fragrance of the pink and of the hollyhock in the front yard was mingled with the aroma of the orchard and of the garden, and resonant with the cluck of poultry and the hum of bees.

Inside the house were thrift, comfort, and that cleanliness which is next to godliness. There was the old clock that had held its steadfast pace amid the frolic of weddings, that had welcomed in steady measure every newcomer to the family, that had kept company with the watches at the bedside, and that had ticked the solemn requiem of the dead. There were the big, restful beds and the open fireplace, and the old family Bible, thumbed with the fingers of hands long since still, and blurred with the tears of eyes long since closed, holding the simple annals of the family and the heart and the conscience of the home.

Outside the house stood the master, a simple, upright man, with no mortgage on his roof, and no lien on his growing crops; master of his lands and master of himself. Near by stood his aged father, happy in the heart and home of his son. And as they started to the house, the old man's hand rested on the young man's shoulder, laying there the unspeakable blessing

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of the honored and grateful father and ennobling it with the knighthood of the fifth commandment.

And as they reached the door, the old mother came with the sunset falling fair on her face, and lighting up her deep, patient eyes, while her lips, trembling with the rich music of her heart, bade her husband and her son welcome to their home. Beyond was the good wife, happy amid her household cares, clean of heart and conscience, the buckler and the helpmeet of her husband. Down the lane came the children, trooping home after the cows, seeking as truant birds do the quiet of their home nest.

And I saw the night descend on that home, falling gently as from the wings of the unseen dove. And the old man, while a startled bird called from the forest, and the trees thrilled with the cricket's cry, and the stars were swarming in the bending sky, called the family around him and took the Bible from the table and read the old, old story of love and faith. He then called them to their knees in prayer, and the little baby hid in the folds of its mother's dress while he closed the record of that simple day by calling down God's blessing on their simple home.

And while I gazed, the vision of the great marble Capitol faded from my brain. Forgotten were its treasure and its splendor. And I said, "Oh, surely here in the homes of the people are lodged at last the strength and the responsibility of this government, the hope and the promise of this Republic."

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell what you know of the author of this selection.
2. What did he see at Washington?
3. What thoughts did it bring to him?
4. How did the greatness of America make him feel?
5. Describe the country home that he saw.
6. Describe the family in the country home.
7. Why was this farmer a free man?
8. Repeat the fifth commandment.
9. How did the old mother do her part?
10. Describe how the family closed the evening.
11. Where does Mr. Grady say the hope and the promise of the Republic are lodged?
12. Do you think it true? Why?

Henry Woodfin Grady, a famous Southern editor and orator, was born at Athens, Georgia, May 24, 1851. As editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, a great newspaper of Atlanta, and in many now famous speeches, he strove successfully to restore between the North and the South the old-time feeling of friendship. He did more than any other man to promote the good will and brotherhood that now exists between the two former sections of our country, winning in both south and north undying love and admiration. Mr. Grady died, December 23, 1889. His early death was a national loss and bereavement.

The glory of a country is in its homes, which contain the true elements of national vitality, and are the embodied type of heaven.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

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MRS. LOFTY AND I

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

To read this poem you must imagine a young woman trundling a baby carriage along the sidewalk. In the baby carriage is a fine, laughing baby boy. This woman lives in a very simple cottage, and has but little money to live on. But she has a kind, loving husband, and she has her precious baby boy. Try hard to see her, her home, her baby, and especially her happy, contented face.

Now try to see this: As she trundles her baby along the sidewalk, there comes by a fine carriage, with a pair of shiny, prancing, dapple-gray horses, driven by a coachman in a suit of clothes called a livery. In the carriage is a beautiful lady. Her name is Mrs. Lofty, which, of course, means that she is very "lofty" and proud of her riches. But she has no baby. She does not speak to the woman trundling the baby carriage. She is too lofty and proud to do so.

But the other woman does not care. She smiles, for she knows that although she has not as much money as Mrs. Lofty, she has her precious "cherub boy," while Mrs. Lofty has none.

"I hide his face lest she should see
My cherub boy, and envy me."

And she has a kind husband who loves her and his home, and his baby boy, and who hurries home from his daily work to be with them.

But Mrs. Lofty's husband does not care to come home early to be with his wife, and he has no laughing baby boy to love; and Mrs. Lofty does not care at all.

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Mrs. Lofty has many fine diamonds and other jewels which she wears upon her bosom. The other woman has jewels also. They are not diamonds and rubies, but they are the love, the goodness, and the noble thoughts that she keeps in her heart.

Mrs. Lofty is a "society woman" and has many acquaintances who "love her station." That is, they love her only because she is rich.

The other woman has no such friends, and she does not care to have them, for she knows that such friends are of no value. But she has "one true heart beside her," her loving husband, and she "would not change it for a kingdom."

Remember that in the poem the woman who lives in the cottage is speaking. As you read the story aloud, try to speak as you think she would say the stanzas.

Mrs. Lofty and I

Mrs. Lofty has a carriage;
So have I;
She has dapple-grays to draw hers,
None have I;
But she's no prouder with her coachman
Than am I
With my blue-eyed, laughing baby
Trundling by;
I hide his face lest she should see
My cherub boy, and envy me.

Her fine husband has white fingers,
Mine has not;
He could give his bride a palace, —
Mine a cot;

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Hers comes home beneath the starlight,
Ne'er cares she;
Mine comes in the purple twilight,
Kisses me,
And prays that He who turns life's sands
Will hold His loved ones in His hands.

Mrs. Lofty has her jewels,
So have I;
She wears hers upon her bosom, —
Inside I;
She will leave hers at Death's portals,
By and by;
But I shall bear my treasure with me
When I die,
For I have love, and she has gold;
She counts her wealth; — mine can't be told.

She has those who love her station,
None have I;
But I have one true heart beside me —
Glad am I;
I'd not change it for a kingdom,
No, not I;
God will weigh it in His balance,
By and by;
And then the difference define
'Twixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine.

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What does the name "Mrs. Lofty" mean in this poem?
2. Describe Mrs. Lofty. Describe the other woman.
3. Make a list of the things which Mrs. Lofty has. Make a list of the things which the other woman has.
4. Now read the poem aloud to show which has the most valuable possessions.
5. Remember that no one is rich unless he is happy. Which of these women do you think is the happier? Why?

My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is called content;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

The noblest mind the best contentment has.

EDMUND SPENSER

If Happiness has not her seat
And center in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest.

ROBERT BURNS

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THE RUNAWAY CANNON

VICTOR HUGO

This selection is taken from a book called "Ninety-Three," by Victor Hugo, a great French novelist. The selection is a story of how a cannon got loose in an old-time warship, and, as the ship tossed on the waves, was rolled in every direction and smashed everything that came in its way.

But to understand and "see" the story, you should know something about a warship of 1793. A warship of that time had little resemblance to a warship of to-day. To-day a warship is made of steel and is propelled by steam or electricity. In 1793, a warship was made of wood. The sides of the ship were made of planks spiked fast to great oaken ribs. Sometimes there were several decks with low ceilings, while along the side of a deck square holes were cut at intervals out of which pointed old-fashioned short cannon, mounted on four low, heavy wheels. Sometimes a great warship of that time had more than a hundred cannon, tier above tier, pointing out from its sides.

In a storm, or when not engaged in battle, the guns were chained to great rings in the deck and in the sides of the ship.

Now picture such a ship, not of the largest size, — for the ship in the story was only a sloop of war — her tall masts, one hundred and fifty feet high or more, holding up her great white sails. Her guns were chained fast, and the portholes closed by thick doors. She was tossing and rolling on the great waves.

Suddenly, — but you had better read in the story the rest of what happened. As you read it, try to *see*, — the "runaway cannon," the frightened men, and hear the crashing as the cannon, with frightful force, ran against the side of the ship.

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It would be well to read over the meanings of the following words before reading the story:

twenty-four pounder: a heavy cannon throwing a twenty-four pound ball.
moorings: fastenings.
sinister life: a life that menaces, or that threatens unknown dangers.
meanderings: uncertain movements.
breach: here an opening broken in the side of the ship by the cannon.
stupendous: extremely large; enormous.

The Runaway Cannon

On the first day of June, 1793, about an hour before sunset, a vessel set sail from a little lonely British bay in that kind of foggy weather which is favorable to flight because pursuit is rendered dangerous. The crew of this vessel was French, but it belonged to the English fleet stationed on the lookout at the eastern point of the island.

This vessel was, to all appearances, a merchant ship, but in reality it was a sloop of war. It had the clumsy, peaceful look of a merchantman; but this was a mere blind. It had been built for a double purpose, deception and strength; to deceive if possible; to fight if necessary.

It was evident that this vessel had some extraordinary service before her. Indeed, a man had just gone on board who had every appearance of starting on an adventure. He was a tall, old man, straight and sturdy, with a stern face, whose age it would have been difficult

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to tell exactly, because he seemed at once old and young; one of those men, full of years and strength, with white locks on their brow and fire in their eye; forty years in point of vigor, and eighty in point of authority.

This great man had boarded the vessel disguised as a peasant. The peasant costume which he wore was threadbare at the elbows and knees, and appeared to have been in use a long time, and his cloak, made of coarse material, resembled that of a fisherman. He had on the round hat of the day, with high crown and broad brim, which when turned down has a rustic appearance, and when caught up with a cord has a military air. He wore this hat after the peasant fashion, with the rim flattened out.

"The peasant" was the name by which the crew began at once to designate their passenger, in the short conversations seamen have together; but without knowing more about him, they understood that this peasant was no more a peasant than the man-of-war was a merchantman.

The vessel headed north, then turned to the west. The sun had set, the night was dark, more so than is usual in summer; there was a moon, but heavy clouds more like autumn than summer covered the sky like a ceiling, and to judge from all appearances, the moon would not be visible till she touched the horizon just before setting. Clouds hung low over the sea, and covered it with fog. All this darkness was favorable.

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All was going well; about nine o'clock the weather began to grow sulky, as the sailors say, and there was some wind and sea; but the wind was favorable, and the sea strong without being violent. However, occasionally a heavy sea swept over the bow of the vessel. About ten o'clock the sea grew rougher. The officers were discussing the state of affairs in France, when the last speaker's words were suddenly cut short by a cry of despair, and at the same time a noise was heard wholly unlike any other sound. This cry and this sound came from within the vessel. The officers rushed towards the gun deck, but could not get down. All the gunners were hurrying frantically up. Something terrible had just happened.

One of the short cannons of the battery, a twenty-four pounder, had broken loose.

This is perhaps the most dangerous accident that can possibly take place on shipboard. Nothing more terrible can happen to a ship of war in open sea and under full sail.

A cannon that breaks its moorings suddenly becomes some strange, supernatural beast. It is a machine transformed into a monster. This short mass on wheels moves like a billiard ball, rolls with the rolling of the ship, plunges with the pitching, goes, comes, pauses, seems to meditate, starts on its course again, shoots like an arrow from one end of the vessel to the other, whirls around, slips away, rears, breaks, kills. It is a battering-ram assaulting a wall. Add

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to this, the fact that the ram is of metal, the wall of wood.

This mad mass leaps like a panther, it has the clumsiness of an elephant, the nimbleness of a mouse, the uncertainty of the billows, the zigzag of the lightning, the deafness of the grave. It weighs ten thousand pounds, and it rebounds like a child's ball.

And what is to be done? How to end this? A tempest ceases, a cyclone passes over, a wind dies down, a broken mast can be replaced, a leak can be stopped, a fire extinguished, but what will become of this enormous brute of bronze? How can it be captured? You can reason with a bulldog, astonish a bull, frighten a tiger, tame a lion; but you have no resource against this monster, a loose cannon. You cannot kill it, it is dead; and at the same time it lives. It lives with a sinister life which comes to it from the infinite. The deck beneath it gives it full swing. It is moved by the ship, which is moved by the sea, which is moved by the wind. This destroyer is a toy. The ship, the waves, the winds all play with it; hence, its frightful animation.

What is to be done with it? How fetter this stupendous engine of destruction? How anticipate its comings and goings, its returns, its shocks? Any one of its blows on the side of the ship may stave it in. How foretell its frightful meanderings? It is dealing with a projectile which alters its mind, which seems to have ideas, and changes its direction every instant.

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How check the course of what must be avoided? The horrible cannon struggles, advances, recoils, strikes to the right, strikes to the left, retreats, passes by, grinds up obstacles, crushes men like flies.

In an instant the whole crew was on foot. It was the fault of the gun captain, who had neglected to fasten the mooring-chain and had insecurely clogged the four wheels of the gun carriage. A heavy sea struck the port, and the cannon, insecurely fastened, had recoiled and broken its chain, and had begun its terrible course over the deck.

To form an idea of this strange sliding, let one imagine a drop of water running over a glass.

At the moment when the fastening gave way, the gunners were in the battery. Some in groups, others scattered about, busied with the customary work among sailors getting ready for a signal for action. The cannon, hurled forward by the pitching of the vessel, dashed into this crowd of men and crushed four at the first blow; then sliding back and shooting out again as the ship rolled, it cut in two a fifth unfortunate, and knocked a piece of the battery against the larboard side with such force as to unship it. This caused the cry of distress which had just been heard. All the men rushed to the ladder. The gun deck was vacated in the twinkling of an eye.

The enormous cannon was left alone. It was given up to itself. It was its own master, and master of the ship. It could do what it pleased. The whole crew,

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accustomed to laugh in time of battle, trembled now.

The captain and the lieutenant, although both brave men, stopped at the head of the stairs, and dumb, pale, and hesitating, looked down on the deck below. Some one elbowed past and went down. It was their passenger, the peasant, the man of whom they had just been speaking a moment before. When he reached the foot of the ladder, he stood still.

The cannon was rushing back and forth on the deck. The marine lantern swinging overhead added a dizzy shifting of light and shade to the picture. The shape of the cannon could not be distinguished, so rapid was its course. It looked now black in the light, now mysteriously white in the darkness. The whole ship was filled with the awful tumult.

The captain promptly recovered his presence of mind and ordered everything that could check and impede the cannon's mad course to be thrown through the hatchway down on the gun deck, — mattresses, hammocks, spare sails, rolls of cordage, and bales of paper, of which the ship carried a full cargo.

But what could these rags do? No one dared to go below to arrange them properly, and they were reduced to lint in a few minutes.

There was just sea enough to make the accident as bad as possible. A tempest would have been desirable, for it might have upset the cannon, and with its four wheels once in the air there would be some hope of getting it under control.

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Meanwhile, the havoc increased. There were splits and fractures in the masts. The battery was being ruined. Ten pieces out of thirty were disabled; the breaches in the side of the vessel were increasing and the ship was beginning to take in water.

The old passenger, having gone down to the gun deck, stood like a man of stone at the foot of the steps. He cast a stern glance over this scene of devastation. He did not move. It seemed impossible to take a step forward. Every movement of the loose cannon threatened the ship's destruction. A few moments more and shipwreck would be inevitable.

They must perish or put a speedy end to the disaster; some course must be decided on; but what? What an opponent was this cannon! Something must be done to stop this terrible madness, to capture this flash of lightning, to overthrow this thunderbolt.

"Do you believe in God?" said the captain to the lieutenant.

"Yes; no; sometimes," was the reply.

"During a tempest?"

"Yes; and in moments like this."

"God alone can save us from this," said the captain.

Everybody was silent; but the cannon kept up its horrible din.

Outside, the waves beating against the ship responded with their blows to the shocks of the cannon. It was like two hammers alternating.

Suddenly, in the midst of this inaccessible ring,

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where the escaped cannon was leaping, a man was seen to appear, with an iron bar in his hand. He was the gun captain, whose criminal carelessness had caused the accident. Having been the means of bringing about the misfortune, he was anxious to repair it. He had seized the iron bar in one hand, a rope with a slip-noose in the other hand, and had jumped down the hatchway to the gun deck.

Then began an awful sight; the contest between a gun and a gunner; a battle between matter and intelligence; a duel between man and the inanimate.

The man stationed himself in a corner, and with bar and rope in his hands, he waited for the cannon to pass him. The gunner knew his gun, and it seemed to him as if the gun ought to know him. He had lived long with it. How many times he had thrust his hand into its mouth! It was his own tame monster. He began to speak to it as if it were his dog.

"Come!" he said. Perhaps he loved it. He seemed to wish it to come to him. But to come to him was to come upon him. And then he would be lost. How could he avoid being crushed? That was the question. All looked on in terror.

No one breathed freely except perhaps the old man who stood in his place at the foot of the ladder. He might be crushed himself by the cannon. He did not stir. Beneath them the sea blindly directed the contest.

At the moment when the gunner came near to challenge the cannon, some chance movement of the waves

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caused the cannon to remain for an instant motionless, as if stupefied.

"Come on!" the man said to it. It seemed to listen. Suddenly it leaped towards him. The man dodged the blow. The battle began, an unheard-of battle. The gladiator of flesh attacking the beast of brass. On one side blind force; on the other a human soul.

All this was taking place in semi-darkness. It was like the shadowy vision of a miracle.

A soul — strange to say; one would have thought the cannon also had a soul; but a soul full of hatred and rage. This sightless thing seemed to have eyes. The monster appeared to lie in wait for the man. One would have at least believed that there was craft in this mass. It also chose its time. It was a strange, gigantic insect of metal, having or seeming to have the will of a demon. For a moment it would beat against the low ceiling overhead, then it would come down on its four wheels like a tiger on its four paws, and begin to run at the man. He, supple, nimble, expert, glided away like a snake from all these lightning movements. He avoided the blows, but they fell upon the vessel, and continued their work of destruction.

A piece of broken chain had been left hanging to the cannon. One end of the chain was fastened to the carriage. The other end, left loose, whirled desperately about the cannon, making all its blows more dangerous. An iron lash in a fist of brass. This chain complicated the contest.

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However, the man went on fighting. Occasionally, it was the man who attacked the cannon. He would creep along the side of the vessel, bar and rope in hand; and the cannon, as if it understood, and as though suspecting some snare, would flee away. The man, bent on victory, pursued it. Such a duel could not last long. The cannon seemed to say to itself all of a sudden, "Come now! Make an end of it!" and it paused. One felt that the crisis was at hand.

The cannon made a sudden, quick dash at the gunner. The gunner sprang out of the way, let it pass by, and cried out to it with a laugh, "Try it again!" The cannon, as if enraged, smashed another cannon on the port side; then, again seized by the invisible sling which controlled it, it was hurled at the man, who made his escape. Three other cannons gave way under the blows of this one; then, as if blind and not knowing what more to do, it turned its back on the man, rolled from stern to bow, injured the stern, and made a breach in the planking of the prow.

The gunner took refuge at the foot of the steps, not far from the old man who was looking on. The gunner held his iron bar in rest. The cannon seemed to notice it, and without taking the trouble to turn around, slid back on the man, swift as the blow of an ax. The gunner, if driven back against the side of the ship, was lost. The whole crew cried out with horror.

But the old passenger, till this minute motionless, darted forth more quickly than any of this wildly

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? A bull? A tiger?
nes 13–14, page

was done by
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ney were reduced
Lines 23–24,
1.
'An iron lash in a
brass"? Line 28,
210.
the fight between the
ion and the gun cap-
1.
did the strange pas-
nger help him?
l how the gunner over-
turned the gun.
What do you think of the
conduct of the gunner?
Of the passenger?
What is said about "a
pebble"? "The branch
of a tree"? Lines 4–5,
page 212.
19. What is said about "the
ant"? "The pygmy"?
Lines 15–16, page 212.

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s circumstance allows,
; angels could no more.

EDWARD YOUNG

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DROP YOUR BUCKET WHERE YOU ARE

SAM WALTER FOSS

Turn to the map of South America in your geography, and find the great Amazon River. Note how big and wide its mouth is. A ship can be in the mouth of this great river and still be out of sight of land.

Now imagine a ship — a sailing ship — out of sight of land, apparently in mid ocean. There is no water on the ship, and as the water of the sea is salt, it is not fit for drinking water.

Another ship comes near, and the captain of the first ship calls across the water through his megaphone, —

> " ' Oh, ship ahoy ! . . .
> Oh, give us water or we die ! ' "

> " A voice came o'er the waters far,
> ' Just drop your bucket where you are.' "

Now these poor thirsty sailors did not know that they were in the broad mouth of the Amazon, whose fresh waters push back the salt water very far, and so, while their ship was sailing in fine fresh drinking water, they thought that they were dying of thirst.

Of course, the poet means to teach us a lesson by this story. He means that if we happen to live in a place that we do not like and grieve that we are not somewhere else, if we " just drop our bucket where we are " we shall find our present place a good place, a place where everything we need for work and growth will be found. The trouble is in *us* and not in the place where we happen to be.

Just as the sailors could not see that the fresh water they thirsted

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for was all around them, so we can not see that opportunities are all around us, and not far away as we dream they are.

" Just drop your bucket where you are."

The opportunity is right at home, in your school, in your books, and at your own seat.

" Just drop your bucket where you are."

Along the eastern coast of the United States, tank boats go out to supply water to coasting vessels. A coasting vessel or a pleasure craft, which wants a supply of water, hangs a bucket at the top of the mainmast as a signal to the tank boat that it wants fresh water.

Now read the poem silently and slowly to get the pictures and the thought.

The second stanza, of course, does not mean a real ship sailing on " tossing wastes." It means you, or any one, sailing through life lamenting that you are not in some other place, when right where you are is all that you want if you can only see it.

The third stanza expresses the same thought in another way.

The fourth stanza warns us not to despair, but to look around ourselves and find a place to do good work and to find happiness. To *you*, it means that school and chores, and home work, and music practice, and all other duties are your " Amazon."

" Just drop your bucket where you are."

Learn the meanings of these words before reading the poem:

mead (mēd): a meadow.

relentless waves: waves that do not spare those who sail upon them; but in stanza 2 it means those difficult places in our daily lives where all efforts seem certain to meet defeat.

arid climates for the soul: the hard days of suffering and disappointment, which are as difficult to pass through as is a hot and waterless desert.

smit: stricken.

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Drop Your Bucket Where You Are

1

"Oh, ship ahoy!" rang out the cry,
"Oh, give us water or we die!"
A voice came o'er the waters far,
"Just drop your bucket where you are."
And then they dipped and drank their fill
Of water fresh from mead and hill;
And then they knew they sailed upon
The broad mouth of the Amazon.

2

O'er tossing wastes we sail and cry,
"Oh, give us water or we die!"
On high, relentless waves we roll
Through arid climates for the soul;
'Neath pitiless skies we pant for breath,
Smit with the thirst that drags to death,
And fail, while faint for fountains far,
To drop our buckets where we are.

3

Oh, ship ahoy! you're sailing on
The broad mouth of the Amazon,
Whose mighty current flows and sings
Of mountain streams and inland springs,
Of night-kissed morning's dewy balm,
Of heaven-dropt evening's twilight calm,
Of nature's peace in earth or star —
Just drop your bucket where you are.

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4

Seek not for fresher founts afar,
Just drop your bucket where you are;
And while the ship right onward leaps
Uplift it from exhaustless deeps;
Parch not your life with dry despair,
The stream of hope flows everywhere.
So, under every sky and star,
Just drop your bucket where you are.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell the story of the ship in the mouth of the Amazon.
2. What does the second stanza mean? What is meant by "high, relentless waves"? By "arid climates for the soul"? By "pitiless skies"?
3. What is meant by the Amazon in stanza 3? Does the "mighty current" in this stanza mean the real current of the Amazon? If not, what does it mean? What can this current bring us? Answer by reading aloud the last six lines of stanza 3.
4. What good advice is given us in stanza 4? What is meant by "exhaustless deeps"? Where are they in your case?
5. What does this poem mean for *you?*

Sam Walter Foss, the author of "Drop Your Bucket Where You Are," and many other fine poems, was born at Candia, New Hampshire, in 1858. He was a librarian by profession. Mr. Foss died in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1911.

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.

CHARLES LAMB

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A BUILDER'S LESSON

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

Have you ever thought what a *habit* is?

A *habit* is that quality of your mind that makes you do certain things without having to think of doing them or having to *try* to do them. For example, some evening you "put off" doing your chores. The next evening you do the same, and so on. Finally you always put off your chores. Then you have acquired a *habit* of putting off your chores.

Allowing yourself to sit stooped over in your chair or seat soon becomes a habit. So with everything else. All the time we are acquiring either good or bad habits.

Now let us imagine a boy with habits as follows:

Bad Habits	*Good Habits*
He stoops.	He is kind-hearted.
He puts off things.	He is "fair" in play.
He is not polite.	He works hard at what he likes.
He gets angry quickly.	
He says things that he afterwards regrets.	
He is inattentive.	
He does not keep clean and neat.	
He "slouches" when he walks or sits.	
He eats greedily.	
He shirks what he does not like to do.	

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This boy does not amount to much as a boy, and will not amount to much as a man. He will always be "looking for a job."

But he need not have been this way. He simply *allowed* himself to acquire his bad habits by not fighting them as they grew upon him.

Now let us imagine a boy like this:

Bad Habits	*Good Habits*
He sometimes "forgets," but is fighting this bad habit.	He sits and walks erect.
	He makes himself do his work promptly.
	He is polite.
	He is attentive.
	He keeps neat and clean.
	He has good table manners.
	He bravely tackles a hard job.
	He tries to control his temper.
	He is "fair" at play.
	He is kind.

This boy will be happy and he will "succeed." He will not need to "look for a job" because business men are always looking for such a boy.

The difference between the boys is that one *tries* to fight bad habits and *tries* to acquire good ones. The other "lets himself go," and "does not care."

A bad habit is acquired by "just letting one's self do the easiest thing." Every time we indulge it, it grows a little.

Few persons are as fine as they might have been, not only because they did not *try intentionally* to acquire good habits, but because they did not think at all about the matter, and just let themselves do things that finally led to bad habits.

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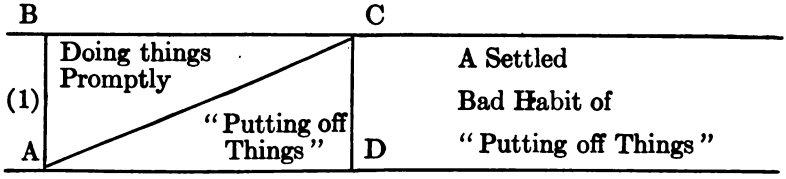
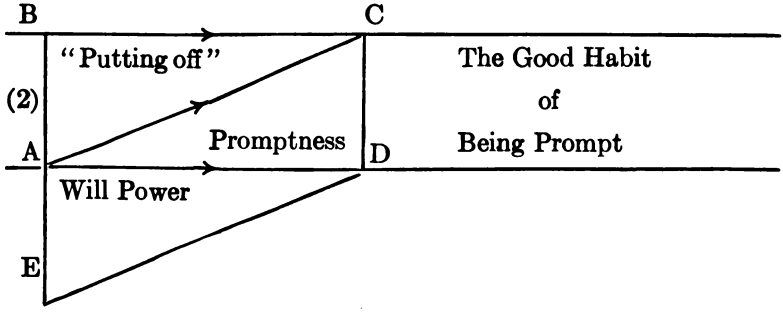
The following diagram will show how bad habits grow:



When we are at the line *BA*, we have only a little tendency to "put off" our tasks. But if we keep on "putting off," it grows easier to "put off," and harder to "go at it" and do the task. So, as the diagram shows, the bad habit grows wider from *A* to *CD* till it becomes "a settled bad habit of putting off things."

The following diagram shows how bad habits may be overcome:



You see we start at the line *BA* with the bad habit of "putting off." "Promptness," at *A*, is reduced to nothing.

But when we feel like putting off a task, we say to ourselves: "I *will* not. I *will* do it. I will do it *now*."

And we *do* it. We have now "started" back to the *good* habit, or to widening the triangle *CAD*. We are now leaving behind the bad habit, and we are on the straight road to the good habit.

The only thing that can help us is will power (see diagram 2). Our small portion of "promptness" plus our "will power" is stronger than the bad habit, and will in time master it.

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By and by, it gets easier and easier to do the right thing. And at last, as you see, the "putting off" triangle narrows, then is lost entirely, while the "promptness" triangle widens, and less "will power" is needed.

At last the new habit acts without any necessity of *making* ourselves prompt, and then we have the reward of "a new and a good habit."

This is what the poet means in the poem. It is a wonderful lesson if we learn it and use it.

Now study the poem, trying hard to master the meaning of every sentence.

Above all, try to think *about yourself and your own habits.*

Make a list of your:

Good Habits.

Bad Habits.

And make up your mind to try hard to destroy the bad ones that you have, and to form new and good ones.

A Builder's Lesson

"How shall I a habit break?"
As you did the habit make.
As you gathered, you must lose;
As you yielded, now refuse.
Thread by thread the strands we twist
Till they bind us, neck and wrist;
Thread by thread the patient hand
Must untwine, ere free we stand.
As we builded, stone by stone,
We must toil, unhelped, alone,
Till the wall is overthrown.

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But remember, as we try,
Lighter every test goes by;
Wading in, the stream grows deep
Toward the center's downward sweep;
Backward turn, each step ashore
Shallower is than before.

Ah, the precious years we waste
Leveling what we raised in haste:
Doing what must be undone
Ere content or love be won!
First, across the gulf we cast
Kite-borne threads, till lines are passed,
And habit builds the bridge at last!

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What is a habit?
2. How do we acquire a habit?
3. How do we break a habit?
4. What is meant by lines 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7–11, p. 221?
5. By lines 1–6, p. 222?
6. By lines 7 and 8, p. 222?
7. By lines 9 and 10, p. 222?
8. By lines 11–13, p. 222?
9. Make a list of your own bad and good habits, being fair and honest with yourself.
10. Has this poem done you any good?

John Boyle O'Reilly was born in Ireland in 1844. He rebelled against the rule of England over Ireland, was captured, tried, and sentenced to death. But his sentence was changed to imprisonment in Australia, from which he escaped to America in 1869. He rose to fame and prosperity in America as poet and editor. He died at Hull, Massachusetts, in 1890.

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FIGHTING YOUR PACK

DAN BEARD

It is very interesting to watch a group of men or boys who are compelled to undergo a prolonged hardship or to keep on and on at a tiresome task. All of them will start out bravely, but when the way grows long or the task tiresome, it is easy to pick out the *real men or boys*, — the men or boys who are too proud to weaken. It is also easy to pick out the "quitters," or those who have too little pride to keep from grumbling and from showing to their companions what a "quitter" really is. The longer the journey, the harder the task, the greater the determination of a brave man or boy to set his teeth and show that he is not a "quitter." A brave man or boy would rather die in his tracks than let his companions see that he lacks the courage and the determination to "carry on."

It is said that, in one of Napoleon's great battles, a dispatch rider who was only a lad dashed up to Napoleon and handed him a dispatch. Napoleon took it and read it. Then, looking at the lad, he saw that he was pale and bleeding. Napoleon said to the lad, "You're wounded."

The boy replied quietly, "Nay, Sire, I'm killed," and dropped dead at Napoleon's feet. He was too brave and too proud to *quit*. He died in his tracks without "fighting his pack."

The Boy Scouts of America are taught to "carry on," not to "fight their packs," never to get a "grouch," and to be ashamed to be a "quitter." It is a noble institution, and one to which every live boy should belong.

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"Fighting Your Pack" was written by Dan Beard, the famous artist, and National Commissioner of The Boy Scouts of America. Beneath his snowy crown is a great brain and a boy's heart, a brave heart that has never fought its pack. Read what he says to you, boys, and the next time you feel like "fighting your pack," think of this selection, set your teeth, and "carry on," no matter what the task, till you reach the end of it or drop in your tracks. Be ashamed to be a "quitter." "Don't fight your pack, put on your Scout smile, and hit the trail like a man!"

Learn the meanings of the following words:

duffel (dŭf'ĕl): food supplies, bedding, etc., carried in a pack sack by hunters or explorers.

portage (pōr'tăj): land between lakes or rivers or past rapids, over which duffel and canoes must be carried.

The Grand Portage: the passage from life to death, or from this life to the Hereafter.

Fighting Your Pack

Fellow Scouts, don't fight your pack! Do you know what "fighting your pack" means? I will go into the subject and explain.

In all new countries, when we carry a load, we say we are "packing." We have pack horses and we carry packs on our own backs. This is so universal that the word "carry" is almost forgotten in the wilderness; there a man will ask you if you won't "pack that letter" to the settlements for him, and a pioneer woman will ask you if you won't "please pack a pail of water up from the spring." Consequently, when we say we are "fighting our pack" we mean we

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are fighting our load. That does not mean setting your load up against a tree and punching it with your fists, but it means that you are complaining and fretting because your load is heavy and the straps chafe your shoulders.

There are two kinds of packs, the pack that you carry day after day on a long hike, and the pack that you carry when on a canoe trip and you are compelled to leave the water and carry your canoe and duffel overland around some bad rapids or falls. The first-named pack should be as light as possible, for on a long tramp every pound counts, because *you know* that you have to carry it as long as you keep going and there is no relief ahead except when you stop for your meals or to camp for the night. But the last-named pack, the "portage pack," the kind you carry around bad pieces of water, may be as heavy as you can with safety load upon your back, because your mind is buoyed up by the fact that *you know* you will not have to carry that load very far. The work will end when you reach the water again, and strange to say, fellow Scouts, the mind has as much to do with carrying the load as the body. If the mind gives up, you will fall helpless even under a small load; if the mind is strong, you will stagger along under a very heavy load.

Now that you know what a pack is and what "fighting a pack" means, remember that if your studies at school are hard, that's your pack. If the work you

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are doing is hard, difficult, or tiresome, that is your pack. If your boss is cross and exacting, that is your pack. If your parents are worried and forget themselves in their worry and speak sharply to you, that is your pack. Don't fight your pack, remember that you are a Scout, put on your Scout smile, and hit the trail like a man! Some of us are carrying portage packs which we can dump off our shoulders at the end of the "carry"; some of us are carrying hiking packs which we must carry through life and can never dump from our shoulders until we cross The Grand Portage from which no voyagers ever return.

All of our packs vary in weight, but none of them are easy to carry if we fret and fume and complain under the load. Belmore Browne, a great friend of the Boy Scouts, wilderness man, climber of Mt. McKinley, explorer, hunter, and naturalist, will bear to his grave the marks on his body made by the straps of the pack he carried over the frozen Northland. When I asked Belmore how he carried the load, he replied that he soon found that to "fight the pack" meant to perish; so when the pack wearied him and the straps rubbed the skin off his body he forced himself to think of one of the good dinners he had at the Camp Fire Club of America, or of all the jolly stories that the toastmaster told, or of the fun he had at some other entertainment; and all this time he was trudging along and forgetting the pack on his back. In this way he learned how not to "fight the pack," but to *forget it.* He braced him-

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self up, looked at the snow-capped mountain range ahead, hummed a little tune, and "mushed" on over the frozen snow at a Scout's pace.

The whole North Country is sprinkled with the bones of the men who fought their packs. Our whole country is sprinkled with "misfits" and failures, who are really the men who fought their packs. But every post of eminence in the United States is occupied by a man who forgot his pack. This country was built by men who forgot their packs. George Washington carried a portage pack in weight all through his life, but it was a proud burden and he was proud of it. Good old Abe Lincoln had even a heavier pack to carry, but in spite of the weight of it he had a pleasant Scout smile for every one, and also a merry story to send the visitor away smiling. If Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton had fought their packs, we should never have heard of them!

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What does "fighting your pack" mean?
2. Can a boy "fight his pack" while doing chores or getting a lesson as well as while on a "hike"?
3. What two kinds of "packs" are there? Define each.
4. How does the mind have as much to do with carrying a pack as does the body?
5. Have you ever been on a trip with a "quitter"? How did you like him?
6. Did *you* ever "quit"? If so, how did you feel afterwards? Did you feel the scorn of the other boys? What did it make you determine to do next time?

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ELNORA GOES TO HIGH SCHOOL

GENE STRATTON-PORTER

This selection is taken from the novel, "A Girl of the Limberlost," by Gene Stratton-Porter. The heroine of the novel is Elnora Comstock, a young girl living with her widowed mother on an undeveloped farm in eastern Indiana, near the great swamp called "The Limberlost."

The girl's mother, on account of a great grief, had become soured in disposition, and showed no love or sympathy for the splendid girl. However, Elnora had two noble and sympathetic friends in Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Sinton, a couple who lived on a neighboring farm. These good people made up to the girl the love which her mother did not give her.

Elnora is ambitious and wants to secure an education; so she determines to go to the high school in the neighboring town of Onabasha.

This selection begins with Elnora ready to start to the town for her first day in high school. There is no situation in life more filled with suffering than that of a sensitive girl, knowing that she is not properly dressed, who has to go alone among a large number of thoughtless girls who unconsciously inflict great suffering by their attitude towards her. They do not mean to be cruel. They do not even know what suffering they are inflicting. They do not know how to put themselves in the other's place. This selection will tell you how Elnora Comstock, with a heart

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full of agony over her dowdy clothes, first went among such a group of strange girls, how she suffered, and yet how brave she was. No better description was ever written of the mental suffering of a sensitive girl who had to meet for the first time a large body of students, who were well dressed and who knew one another intimately. Possibly you have had this experience. If you have, you will surely sympathize with Elnora.

You will enjoy this story, and it is to be hoped that sometime you may read "A Girl of the Limberlost," from which this selection is taken.

You must not blame Elnora's mother, for, in the complete story, she at last finds herself, and becomes a splendid and delightful mother to her noble daughter. It may please you to know that Elnora, before she graduates, becomes the favorite of both teachers and pupils in the high school.

As you read the story, try to see and to hear all that is told about Elnora's experience on her first day at high school. And if a strange girl or a boy less well-dressed than yourself comes to your school, let this story make you set the suffering stranger at ease by the best and kindest help that you can give. Nothing will ever make you happier in all your life, and you will rarely do a nobler thing.

Before you read the story, learn the meanings of the following words:

instinct: here, the power to do a thing without thinking about it.

Limberlost: a great swamp near Elnora's home.

snake fence: a fence made of rails crossing each other at the ends.

drudgery (drŭj'ĕr-ĭ): constant, uninteresting work.

Onabasha: the large town where Elnora went to high school.

frantically: with wild terror.

proposition: here, an "example" in the study called Algebra.

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Elnora Goes to High School

Part I

"Elnora Comstock, have you lost your senses?" demanded the angry voice of Katharine Comstock as she glared at her daughter.

"Why, mother?" faltered the girl.

"Don't you 'why mother' me!" cried Mrs. Comstock. "You know very well what I mean. You've given me no peace until you've had your way about this going to school; I've fixed you up good enough, and you're ready to start. But no child of mine walks the streets of Onabasha looking like an actress. You wet your hair and comb it down modest and decent and then be off, or you'll have no time to find out where you belong when you get to school."

Elnora gave one despairing glance at the white face, framed in a most becoming riot of reddish-brown hair, which she saw in the little kitchen mirror. Then she untied the narrow black ribbon, wet the comb and plastered the waving curls close to her head, bound them fast, pinned on the skimpy black hat and started for the back door.

"You are forgetting your dinner," jeered her mother.

"I don't want anything to eat," replied Elnora without stopping.

"You'll take your dinner or you'll not go one step. Are you crazy? Walk nearly three miles and no food from six in the morning until six at night. A pretty

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figure you'd cut if you had your way about things! And after I've bought you this nice new pail and filled it specially for the first day!"

Elnora came back with a face still whiter and picked up the lunch. "Thank you, mother! Good-by!" she said. Mrs. Comstock did not reply. She watched the girl go down the long walk to the gate and out of sight on the road in the bright sunshine of the first Monday of September.

"She'll get enough of it by night!" Mrs. Comstock said positively.

Elnora walked by instinct, for her eyes were blinded with tears. She left the road where it turned south at the corner of the Limberlost, climbed a snake fence and entered a path worn by her own feet. Dodging under willow and scrub oak branches, she at last came to the faint outline of an old trail made in the days when the precious timber of the swamp was guarded by armed men. This path she followed until she reached a thick clump of bushes. From the end of a hollow log she took a key that unlocked the padlock of a large weatherbeaten old box, inside of which lay several books and an old cracked mirror. She set up the mirror, and once more pulling the ribbon from her hair, she shook the bright mass of hair over her shoulders, tossing it dry in the sunshine. Then she straightened it, bound it loosely, and replaced her hat. She tugged vainly at the low brown calico collar and gazed despairingly at the generous length of the narrow skirt.

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She lifted it as she would have liked it to be cut if possible. That disclosed the heavy leather high shoes, at sight of which she looked positively ill, and hastily dropped the skirt. She opened the pail, took out the lunch, wrapped it in the napkin, and placed it in a small pasteboard box. Locking the case again, she hid the key and hurried down the trail.

She followed it around the north end of the swamp and then struck into a footpath crossing a farm in the direction of the spires of the city to the northeast. Again she climbed a fence and was on the open road. For an instant she leaned against the fence, staring before her, then turned and looked back. Behind her lay the land on which she had been born to drudgery and a mother who made no pretense of loving her; before her lay the city through whose schools she hoped to find means of escape and the way to reach the things for which she cared. When she thought of how she looked, she leaned more heavily against the fence and groaned; when she thought of turning back and wearing such clothing in ignorance all the days of her life, she set her teeth firmly and went hastily toward Onabasha.

At the bridge, crossing a deep ditch at the suburbs, she glanced around; and then kneeling, she thrust the lunch box between the foundation and the flooring. This left her empty-handed as she approached the great stone high school building. She entered bravely and inquired her way to the office of the superin-

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tendent. There she learned that she should have come the week before and arranged for her classes. There were many things incident to the opening of a school, and one man was unable to cope with all of them.

"Where have you been attending school?" he asked, as he advised the teacher of the cooking department not to telephone for groceries until she saw how many she would have in her classes; wrote an order for chemicals for the students of science; and advised the leader of the orchestra to try to get a professional to take the place of the bass violist, reported suddenly ill.

"I finished last spring at Brushwood School, district number nine," said Elnora. "I have been studying all summer. I am quite sure I can do the first-year work, if I have a few days to get started."

"Of course, of course," assented the superintendent. "Almost invariably country pupils do good work. You may enter first year, and if you don't fit, we shall find it out speedily. Your teachers will tell you the list of books you must have, and if you will come with me I will show you the way to the auditorium. It is now time for opening exercises. Take any seat you find vacant." He was gone.

Elnora stood before the entrance and stared into the largest room that she had ever seen. The floor sloped down to a yawning stage on which a band of musicians, grouped around a grand piano, were tuning

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their instruments. She had two fleeting impressions. That it was all a mistake; this was no school, but a grand display of enormous ribbon bows; and the second, that she was sinking, and had forgotten how to walk. Then a burst from the orchestra nerved her while a bevy of daintily clad, sweet-smelling things that might have been birds, or flowers, or possibly gayly dressed, happy young girls, pushed her forward. She found herself plodding across the back of the auditorium, praying for guidance to an empty seat.

As the girls passed her, vacancies seemed to open to meet them. Their friends were moving over, beckoning and whispering invitations. Every one else was seated, but no one paid any attention to the white-faced girl stumbling half-blindly down the aisle next the farthest wall. So she went on to the very end, facing the stage. No one moved, and she could not summon courage to crowd past others to several empty seats she saw. At the end of the aisle she paused in desperation, as she stared back at the whole forest of faces, most of which were now turned upon her.

In one burning flash came the full realization of her scanty dress, her pitiful little hat and ribbon, her big, heavy shoes, her ignorance of where to go or what to do; and from a sickening wave which crept over her, she felt she was going to become very ill. Then out of the mass she saw a pair of big, brown boy eyes, three seats from her, and there was a message in them. Without moving his body he reached forward and

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with a pencil touched the back of the seat before him. Instantly Elnora took another step which brought her to a row of vacant front seats.

She heard the giggle behind her; the knowledge that she wore the only hat in the room burned her; every matter of moment, and some of none at all, cut and stung. She had no books. Where should she go when this was over? What would she give to be on the trail going home! She was shaking with a nervous chill when the music ceased, and the superintendent arose and, coming down to the front of the platform, opened a Bible and began to read. Elnora did not know what he was reading, and she felt that she did not care. Wildly she was racking her brain to decide whether she should sit still when the rest left the room, or follow and ask some one where the Freshmen went first.

In the midst of the struggle one clean-cut sentence fell on her ear: "Hide me under the shadow of Thy wings."

Elnora began to pray frantically, "Hide me, O God, hide me, under the shadow of Thy wings."

Again and again she prayed that prayer, and before she realized what was coming, every one had risen and the room was emptying rapidly. Elnora hurried after the nearest girl and in the press at the door touched her sleeve timidly.

"Will you please tell me where the Freshmen go?" she asked huskily.

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The girl gave her one surprised glance, and drew away.

"Same place as the fresh women," she answered, and those nearest her laughed.

Elnora stopped praying suddenly and the color swept into her face. "I'll wager you are the first person I meet when I find it," she said, and stopped short. "Not that! Oh, I must not do that!" she thought in dismay. "Make an enemy the first thing I do. Oh, not that!"

She followed with her eyes as the young people separated in the hall, some climbing stairs, some disappearing down side halls, some entering doors near by. She saw the girl overtake the brown-eyed boy and speak to him, and he glanced back at Elnora and now there was a scowl on his face. Then she stood alone in the hall.

Presently a door opened and a young woman came out and entered another room. Elnora waited until she returned, and hurried to her. "Would you tell me where the Freshmen are?" she panted.

"Straight down the hall, three doors to your left," was the answer, as the girl passed.

"One minute, please, oh, please," begged Elnora. "Do I knock or just open the door?"

"Go in and take a seat," replied the teacher.

"What if there aren't any seats?" gasped Elnora.

"Classrooms are never half-filled, there will be plenty," was the answer.

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Elnora removed her hat. There was no place to put it, so she carried it in her hand. She looked infinitely better without it. After several efforts she at last opened the door and, stepping inside, faced a smaller and more concentrated battery of eyes.

"The superintendent sent me. He thinks I belong here," she said to the professor in charge of the class, but she never before heard the voice with which she spoke. As she stood waiting, the girl of the hall passed on her way to the blackboard, and suppressed laughter told Elnora that her thrust had been repeated.

"Be seated," said the professor, and then, because he saw Elnora was desperately embarrassed, he proceeded to lend her a book and to ask her if she had studied algebra. She said she had a little, but not the same book they were using. He asked her if she felt that she could do the work they were beginning, and she said she did.

That was how it happened, that three minutes after entering the room she was compelled to take her place beside the girl who had gone last to the board, and whose flushed face and angry eyes avoided meeting Elnora's. Being compelled to concentrate on her proposition she forgot herself. When the professor asked that all pupils sign their work she firmly wrote "Elnora Comstock" under her demonstration. Then she took her seat and waited with white lips and trembling limbs, as one after another the professor called the names on the board while their owners

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arose and explained their propositions, or flunked if they had not found a correct solution. She was so eager to catch their forms of expression and prepare herself for her recitation, that she never took her eyes from the work on the board, until clearly and distinctly, "Elnora Cornstock," called the professor.

The dazed girl stared at the board. One tiny curl added to the top of the first curve of the *m* in her name had transformed it from a good old English name that any girl might bear proudly, to Cornstock. Elnora stared speechless. When and how did it happen? She could feel the wave of smothered laughter in the air around her. A rush of anger turned her face scarlet and her soul sick. A hot answer was on her lips. The voice of the professor addressed her.

"This proposition seems to be beautifully demonstrated, Miss Cornstock. Surely, you can tell us how you did it."

That word of praise saved her. She could do good work. They might wear their pretty clothes, have their friends, and make life a greater misery than it ever before had been for her, but not one of them should do better work or be more womanly. She was tall, straight, and handsome as she arose.

"Of course, I can explain my work," she said in natural tones. "What I can't explain is how I happened to be so stupid as to make a mistake in writing my own name. I must have been a little nervous. Please excuse me."

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She went to the board, swept off the signature with one stroke, then without a tremor she rewrote it clearly. "My name is Comstock," she said distinctly. She returned to her seat and following the formula used by the others made her first high school recitation.

The face of Professor Henley was a study. As Elnora took her seat he looked at her steadily. "It puzzles me," he said deliberately, "how you can write such a beautiful demonstration, and explain it as clearly as it has ever been done in any of my classes, and still be so disturbed as to make a mistake in your own name. Are you very sure you did that yourself, Miss Comstock?"

"It is impossible that any one else should have done it," answered Elnora steadily.

"I am very glad you think so," said the professor. "Being Freshmen, all of you are strangers to me. I should hate to begin the year feeling there was one among you small enough to do a trick like that. The next proposition, please."

Part II

township trustee: a person elected by the people to have charge of the business affairs of a township. Elnora's embarrassment in the story at the mention of a township trustee was caused by the fact that such trustees pay for the books for the pupils who are too poor to pay for them.

insane: utterly out of her mind; very foolish.

tuition: here money paid by a

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pupil for the right to go to a school in a town where she does not live.

hysterical laughter: unnatural laughter due to great excitement, pain, or grief.

panic-stricken: stricken with excited fear or terror.

trivet: a three-legged stand which holds a kettle near the fire.

When the hour was gone the class filed back to the study room and Elnora followed in desperation, because she did not know where else to go. She could not study, as she had no books, and when the class again left the room to go to another professor for the next recitation, she went also. At least they could put her out if she did not belong there. Noon came at last, and she kept with the others until they dispersed on the sidewalk. She was so self-conscious she fancied all the hundreds of that laughing throng saw her and jested at her. When she passed the brown-eyed boy walking with the girl of her encounter she knew, for she heard him say, "Did you really let that girl get ahead of you?" The answer was indistinct.

Elnora hurried from the city. She intended to get her lunch, eat it in the shade of the first tree, and then decide whether she would go back or go home. She knelt on the bridge and reached for her box, but it was so very light that she was prepared for the fact that it was empty before opening it. There was just one thing for which to be thankful. The boy or tramp who had seen her hide it had left the napkin. She would not have to face her mother and account

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for its loss. She put it into her pocket and threw the box into the ditch. Then she sat on the bridge and tried to think, but her brain was confused.

So she returned to the high school, followed some other pupils to the coat room, hung up her hat, and found her way to the study room where she had been in the morning. Twice that afternoon, with aching head and empty stomach, she faced strange professors in different branches. Once she escaped notice, the second time the worst happened. She was asked a question she could not answer.

"Have you not decided on your course, and secured your books?" inquired the professor.

"I have decided on my course," replied Elnora, "but I do not know whom to ask for my books."

"Ask?" said the professor. He was bewildered.

"I understood the books were furnished free," faltered Elnora.

"Only to those bringing an order from the township trustee," replied the professor.

"No! oh, no!" cried Elnora. "I will get them to-morrow," and gripped her desk for support, for she knew that was not true. Four books, costing perhaps a dollar and a half apiece; would her mother get them? Of course she would not.

Did not Elnora know the story by heart. There was enough land, but no one to do the clearing and the farming. Taxes on all these acres, and recently the new gravel road added, the expense of living, and

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the work of only two women to meet all of it. She was insane to think she could come to the city to school. Her mother had been right. The girl decided that if she lived to get home, she would stay there and lead any sort of life to avoid more of this torture. Bad as what she wished to escape had been, it was nothing like this. She never could live down the movement that went through the class when she revealed the fact that she had expected her books to be furnished free. Her mother would not get them; that settled the question.

But the end of misery is never in a hurry to come, for before the day was over the superintendent entered the room and explained that pupils from the country were charged a tuition of twenty dollars a year. That really was the end. Previously Elnora had canvassed a dozen wild plans for securing the money for the books. This additional expense made the thing so wildly impossible that there was nothing to do now but to hold up her head until she was out of sight.

Down the long corridor alone among hundreds, down the long street alone among thousands, out into the country she came at last. Across the fence and field, along the old trail now stumbled a white-faced girl, sick at heart. She sat on a log and began to sob in spite of her efforts at self-control. At first it was a physical breakdown, later, thoughts came crowding.

Oh, the shame, the humiliation! Why had she not known of the tuition! How did she happen to think

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that, in the city, books were furnished free? Perhaps it was because she had read that they were furnished free in several states. But why did she not know? Why did not her mother go with her? Other mothers — but when had her mother ever done anything at all like other mothers? Because she never had, it was useless to blame her now. Elnora felt she should have gone to town the week before, and called on some one, and learned all these things herself. She should have known how her clothing would look, before she wore it in public places. Now she knew, and her dreams were over. She must go home to feed chickens, calves, and pigs, wear calico and coarse shoes, and pass a library with averted head all her life. She sobbed again.

"For pity's sake, what's the matter?" asked the voice of the nearest neighbor, Wesley Sinton, as he seated himself by Elnora. "There, there," he continued, smearing tears all over her face in an effort to dry them. "Was it as bad as that, now? Maggie has been just about wild over you all day. She's got more nervous every minute. She said we were foolish to let you go. She said your clothes were not right, that you ought not to carry that tin pail, and that they would laugh at you. I see they did!"

"Oh, Uncle Wesley," sobbed the girl, "why didn't she tell me?"

"Well, you see, Elnora, she didn't like to. You have such a way of holding up your head, and going

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through with things. She thought someway that you'd make it, till you got started, and then she began to see a hundred things we should have done. You hadn't reached that building before she remembered that your skirt should have been pleated instead of gathered, that your shoes should have been low, and lighter for hot September weather, and that you should have had a new hat. Were you dressed right, Elnora?"

The girl broke into hysterical laughter. "Right!" she cried. "Right! Uncle Wesley, you should have seen me among them! I was a picture! They'll never forget me. No, they won't get the chance, for they'll see the same things to-morrow!"

"Now, that is what I call spunk, Elnora! Downright grit," said Wesley Sinton. "Don't you let them laugh you out. You've helped Margaret and me for years at harvest and busy times; what you've earned must amount to quite a sum. You can get yourself a good many clothes with it."

"Don't mention clothes, Uncle Wesley," sobbed Elnora. "I don't care how I look. If I don't go back all of them will know it's because I am so poor that I can't buy my books."

"Oh, I don't know as you are so poor," said Sinton meditatively. "There are three hundred acres of good land, with as fine timber on it as ever grew."

"It takes all we can earn to pay the taxes, and mother wouldn't cut a tree to save her life."

"Well, then, maybe I'll be compelled to cut one for

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her," suggested Sinton. "Anyway, stop tearing yourself to pieces and tell me. If it isn't clothes, what is it?"

"It's books and tuition. More than twenty dollars in all."

"Humph! First time I ever knew you to be stumped by twenty dollars, Elnora," said Sinton, patting her hand.

"It's the first time you ever knew me to want money," answered Elnora. "This is different from anything that ever happened to me. Oh, how can I get it, Uncle Wesley?"

"Drive to town with me in the morning and I'll draw it from the bank for you. I owe you every cent of it."

"You know you don't owe me a penny, and I wouldn't touch one from you, unless I really could earn it. I owe you and Aunt Margaret for all the home life and love I've ever known. I know how you work, and I'll not take your money."

"Just a loan, Elnora, just a loan for a little while until you can earn it. You can be proud with all the rest of the world, but there are no secrets between us, are there, Elnora?"

"No," said Elnora, "there are none. You and Aunt Margaret have given me all the love there has been in my life. That is the one reason above all others why you shall not give me charity. Hand me money because you find me crying for it! This isn't the first time this old trail has known tears and heartache.

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"I'll ask mother, but I can't take your money, Uncle Wesley, indeed I can't. I'll wait a year, and earn some, and enter next year."

"There's one thing you don't consider, Elnora," said the man earnestly. "And that's what you are to Maggie. When we buried our second little girl the light went out of Maggie's eyes, and it's not come back. The only time I ever see a hint of it is when she thinks she's done something that makes you happy, Elnora. Now, be careful about refusing her anything she wants to do for you. There are times in this world when it's our duty to forget ourselves, and think only of what will help other people. Young woman, you owe Maggie and me all the comfort we can get out of you. There are the two of our own we can't ever do anything for. Don't you get the idea into your head that a fool thing you call pride is going to cut us out of all the pleasure we have in life besides ourselves."

"Uncle Wesley, you are a dear," said Elnora. "Just a dear. If I can't possibly get that money any other way, I'll come and borrow it from you, and then I'll pay it back if I have to dig ferns from the swamp and sell them from door to door in the city. I'll even plant them, so that they will be sure to come up in the spring. I have been panic-stricken all day and couldn't think. I can gather nuts and sell them. Of course, I am going back to-morrow! I can find a way to get the books. Don't you worry about me. I am all right!"

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"Now, what do you think of that?" inquired Wesley Sinton of the swamp in general. "Here's our Elnora come back to stay. Head high and right as a trivet! You've named two ways in three minutes that you could earn ten dollars, which I figure would be enough to start you. Let's go to supper and stop worrying!"

Elnora unlocked the case, took out the pail, put the napkin in it, pulled the ribbon from her hair, binding it down tight again, and followed out to the road. From afar she could see her mother in the doorway. She blinked her eyes, and tried to smile as she answered Wesley Sinton, and indeed she did feel better. She knew now what she had to expect, where to go, and what to do. Get the books she must; when she got them, she would show those city girls and boys how to prepare and recite lessons, how to walk with a brave heart; and they could show her how to wear pretty clothes and have good times.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. From what longer story is this selection taken?
2. Who wrote the story?
3. What is it about?
4. Describe Elnora's dress, shoes, and hat. Why should they make the sensitive girl ashamed? Is such a feeling very real and terrible, or is it foolish?
5. Why did Elnora hide her lunch?
6. Why did the superintendent fail to see that Elnora needed his kindly help?
7. Tell of Elnora's first sight of the assembly hall. Can you put yourself in her place? Try to imagine it.
8. What made her realize how badly she was dressed?

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9. Tell how she found a seat. Should you have felt a like terror if you had had to walk down the aisle dressed as Elnora was?
10. Tell of the incident when Elnora asked the girl where the Freshmen should go. What do you think of the other girl's conduct?
11. Did the teacher in the hall whom Elnora asked where she should go realize how much Elnora needed her help? How could the teacher have done a most kindly deed then and there?
12. Can you imagine how embarrassing it was to Elnora when she had to open the door and enter the classroom with all the pupils looking at her? Do pupils in such cases realize how thoughtlessly cruel they are?
13. Tell the cruel incident of the changing of Elnora's name. What do you think of the way in which Elnora acted in this incident?
14. How do you like the conduct of the teacher in the same incident?
15. What became of Elnora's lunch?
16. Why was the statement of the teacher about the township trustee so embarrassing and so thoughtlessly cruel? Why should he not have said it to her there?
17. What was Elnora's desperate situation when she found out that she had to buy books and pay tuition?
18. Describe Elnora's feelings as she walked home after school.
19. Who were the Sintons?
20. What did Elnora say to Wesley Sinton about her experience at school?
21. Why did she refuse Wesley Sinton's offer to lend her the needed money? Was this creditable to her or not?
22. By what wise plan did good old Wesley Sinton persuade her to take the loan?
23. What was Elnora's determination as she left Wesley Sinton?

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A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

ROBERT BURNS

This is one of the most famous poems in the English language. It is a poem of the *common people.* It tells us that a " lord " or nobleman, no matter how he struts or how many persons bow down to him, may be just a " coof " or fool, if we look at him rightly; and that a common man who dines on " hamely fare " (homely food) and who wears " hodden grey " (homespun clothes) may be a better man than the foolish " lord." It is a poem that expresses exactly what America stands for, and it should be memorized by every American boy and girl.

Robert Burns, the author of this poem, is one of the most famous poets who ever wrote in the English language.

Most of his poems are written in the Scotch dialect, but they are not hard to read, as the Scotch words are easy to learn. Most of his poems are about common life and the common people.

Robert Burns was born near Ayr, Scotland, in 1759. It is said that more than thirty thousand persons annually visit the low, whitewashed cottage with its quaint windows and thatched roof in which the great poet first saw the light. He was the son of a poor farmer who was, however, a very good man. Sometime you will read about his father in Burns's poem, " The Cotter's Saturday Night."

Burns had only a fairly good education in books, but he had a splendid education in his great knowledge of the life and the feelings of the common people. Indeed, he knew every rank of life from the lowest to the highest. He knew the best and the worst in the human heart and was able to detect the really true values in life. Through failure and success, pain and pleasure, his sym-

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pathy went out to his fellow men, and he had a very high regard for the real worth of man. He died in 1796, at the early age of thirty-seven years. Near the banks of the Doon, upon a lovely hillside, stands a fine monument to his memory. It cost nearly seventeen thousand dollars, and was paid for largely by sixpenny and shilling contributions from the poor.

His birthday, the 25th of January, is celebrated every year in all English-speaking cities the world over.

Now let us try to understand the poem.

The title, "A Man's a Man for A' That," simply means that a man may be a very fine man even though he be very poor.

Now read the first stanza silently, trying hard to get the thoughts. He asks, " Is there any man who, just because he is poor, is ashamed of it, and hangs his head because of it? " He says such a man is a " coward slave."

" For a' that " (for all that) means *without regard for all that* (poverty).

What do the last two lines of stanza 1 mean?

You know that, if you should take a ten-dollar gold piece, and pound it into shapelessness, the gold in it would still be worth ten dollars. The " stamp " on it (the printing and pictures) does not make its value at all. So the rank of " lord " is only a *stamp* on a man, and may not indicate that he is much of a man after all, just as a counterfeit coin may have a correct " stamp," but still be of no value. The real value is in the " gowd " (gold) itself, stamp or no stamp. And so, " for a that and a' that," the value of a man is not marked by the " stamp " of " lord," but by his real worth or character as a man. As you read the last two lines of stanza 1, put the emphasis on " stamp."

Now read the second stanza. It is not hard. "Gie" means *give.*

" Tinsel show " means the fine clothes of the " noble " class. He says it is "*tinsel,*" meaning worth nothing in showing manhood.

Now read his picture of " yon birkie ca'd (called) a *lord.*" A " birkie " is a *forward, conceited fellow.*

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The lord's "ribband," "star, and a' that," are emblems of honors conferred on the "lord" by his king. Burns says truly that —

"The man o' independent mind —
He looks and *laughs* at a' that."

Read stanza 4 silently. He means that a king can take any kind of man and declare him a knight, a marquis, or a duke, but to make "an *honest* man" is "aboon" (above) his power. "He maunna fa' that," or he cannot pretend to do that.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Then in stanza 5, Burns prays for the time when good sense and worth, everywhere, shall bear away the "gree" (prize).

This is just what all good Americans believe in. Our forefathers who made America believed in it too. And, —

"It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that."

But Burns does not mean that any worthless fellow, who is not honest, and who has not "sense and worth," will "bear the gree," or win the prize. He means that the really worthy man, no matter if he be poor, is —

"A man for a' that."

A Man's a Man for A' That

1

Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by —
We dare be poor for a' that!

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For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that:
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

2

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden gray, and a' that?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine —
A man's a man for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that,
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

3

Ye see yon birkie ca'd "a lord,"
Wha struts, an' stares, and a' that:
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
His ribband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

4

A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might —
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!

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For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are higher rank than a' that.

5

Then let us pray that come it may —
As come it will for a' that —
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth
May bear the gree and a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What is meant by — "A man's a man for a' that"?
2. Tell what you know about Robert Burns.
3. Try to explain to the class, in your own way, what this poem means. Does it mean that a dishonest, *worthless* man is a "man for a' that"? Does it mean that, just because a man is a "lord," he cannot be a real man? And does it mean a man "is king of men" merely because he is poor?
4. What do the following words mean?

a'.	wha
gowd	coof
hamely fare	aboon
tinsel show	maunna
birkie	gree

5. What is meant by the last two lines of stanza 1?
6. Read in silence, and then explain to the class the meaning of stanza 2.

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7. Stanza 3.
8. Stanza 4.
9. Explain the prayer in the last stanza.
10. What, according to Burns, are the true tests of manhood?
11. Why is this poem good Americanism?
12. What does Burns call a man who is ashamed of honest poverty?
13. Which line shows that the poet is certain that his prayer will be answered?

A man's value and progress in this life must be measured, not by what he gets outwardly, but by what he gains inwardly. The beauty of a rose lies not in its encasements, but in the delicacy of its leaf-tinting and the delicious sweetness which rises out of its blushing bosom. So with man. It is the color and fragrance of his nature within, it is the richness of his inward experience, and not the grandeur and quality of his surroundings, which constitute his real glory and charm.

W. H. H. MURRAY

Keep your face always towards the sunshine and the shadows will fall behind you.

M. B. WHITMAN

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THE TOURNAMENT AT ASHBY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

The following splendid story is taken from Sir Walter Scott's famous novel called "Ivanhoe," which is also the name of the hero.

The scene is the town of Ashby in England at the time of Prince John, afterward the wicked King John, about the year 1194.

A "tournament" (tōōr'nȧ-mĕnt) was to the knights of the time their great sport, just as to-day football is the great sport between universities. The nature of the sport is told in the story. You will see that it was somewhat "rough" and very exciting.

Imagine a large open field, at one side of which was an immense grand stand, in which sat the king or prince and his court, surrounded by the nobles, with the common people in less favored seats.

Surrounding the field of battle were a multitude of gorgeous tents, in which were housed hundreds of knights, with their squires and other attendants.

The usual sport was for two knights, completely inclosed in steel armor, armed with long heavy wooden spears, and on huge prancing horses, to rush at each other from opposite ends of the field, each trying to dash the other from his horse with the spear. The crash as they came together may be imagined.

The story occurs in the time of the celebrated English King, Richard the Lion-Hearted. He had gone on a crusade to help take from the Saracens or Mohammedans the holy city of Jerusalem. On this crusade he performed many deeds of bravery and

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nobility. But while returning through what is now Austria, he was captured and imprisoned in a castle.

Meanwhile, his wicked younger brother, Prince John, was planning to seize the throne. Richard the Lion-Hearted, who was the bravest and strongest knight of his time, was supposed to be dead, but he had escaped from his prison, and had returned in disguise to England. He was the disguised "Black Knight" who, in his great fight, rescued Ivanhoe in the tournament.

Lady Rowena is the heroine of the novel "Ivanhoe." She was the lady whom Ivanhoe loved.

The story tells itself, but you should learn something about the difficult words before reading it.

The *marshals* were the managers of the tournament.

The *heralds* were the announcers of the combats.

A lady, called the Queen of Love and Beauty, sat beside the prince or king and awarded the prizes to the victors.

Note the following pronunciations and definitions:

Brian de Bois-Guilbert: (brē-aN′ dĕ bwä-gēl-bâr′).

Ralph de Vipont: (rălph dĕ vē-pŏN′).

Cedric (sĕd′rĭk): the father of "The Disinherited Knight."

Rowena (rō-ē′nȧ): the heroine of the novel, "Ivanhoe."

Laissez aller! (lā-sā′zȧ-lā): (French), meaning "let go." A signal like the pistol shot to start a foot race.

lists: the field where the combats of a tournament were fought.

due formality: the following out of the rules for a combat.

retinue: the immediate following of a king or prince.

Beau-seant (bō-sā-ăN′): the battle cry of the knights called Templars.

Desdichado (dās-dē-chä′dō): (Spanish), poor, outcast, wretched, Ivanhoe's war cry to signify that he was disinherited.

Front de Boeuf: (frôN dē bûf′).

springal: a youth.

Le Noir Faineant (lē nwär fā-nā-äN′): "The Black Sluggard."

chamfron (chăm′frŏn): armor for the head of a horse.

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truncheon (trŭn'shŭn): a small staff carried in the hand of the prince or king. To throw it down meant that the fighting was to cease.
dexterity: skillful use.
buffets: blows.
crests: the tops of the helmets.
to cope: to contest, to fight.
apathy: sluggishness.
doffed his bonnet: removed his head covering.
palisade: the fence shutting in the field of combat.
unhelmed: removed his helmet.
casque (kåsk): a helmet.
chaplet: a wreath of flowers or leaves for the head of a victor.

The Tournament at Ashby

Part I

Morning arose in unclouded splendor, and ere the sun was much above the horizon, the idlest or the most eager of the spectators appeared on the common, moving to the lists as to a general center, in order to secure a favorable situation for viewing the continuation of the expected games.

The marshals and their attendants appeared next on the field, together with the heralds, for the purpose of receiving the names of the knights who intended to joust, with the side which each chose to espouse. This was a necessary precaution, in order to secure equality betwixt the two bodies who should be opposed to each other.

According to due formality, the Disinherited Knight was to be considered as leader of the one body, while Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who had been rated as having done second best in the preceding day, was named first champion of the other band. Those who had con-

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curred in the challenge adhered to his party of course, excepting only Ralph de Vipont, whom his fall had rendered unfit so soon to put on his armor. There was no want of distinguished and noble candidates to fill up the ranks on either side.

In fact, although the general tournament, in which all knights fought at once, was more dangerous than single encounters, they were, nevertheless, more frequented and practiced by the chivalry of the age. Many knights, who had not sufficient confidence in their own skill to defy a single adversary of high reputation, were, nevertheless, desirous of displaying their valor in the general combat, where they might meet others with whom they were more upon an equality. On the present occasion, about fifty knights were inscribed as desirous of combating upon each side, when the marshals declared that no more could be admitted, to the disappointment of several who were too late in preferring their claim to be included.

About the hour of ten o'clock, the whole plain was crowded with horsemen, horsewomen, and foot-passengers, hastening to the tournament; and shortly after, a grand flourish of trumpets announced Prince John and his retinue, attended by many of those knights who meant to take share in the game, as well as others who had no such intention.

About the same time arrived Cedric the Saxon, with the Lady Rowena, unattended, however, by Athelstane. This Saxon lord had arrayed his tall

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and strong person in armor, in order to take his place among the combatants; and, considerably to the surprise of Cedric, had chosen to enlist himself on the part of the Knight Templar. The Saxon, indeed, had remonstrated strongly with his friend upon the injudicious choice he had made of his party; but he had received only that sort of answer usually given by those who are more obstinate in following their own course than strong in justifying it.

His best, if not his only reason, for adhering to the party of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Athelstane had the prudence to keep to himself. Though his apathy of disposition prevented his taking any means to recommend himself to the Lady Rowena, he was, nevertheless, by no means insensible to her charms, and considered his union with her as a matter already fixed beyond doubt, by the assent of Cedric and her other friends. It had therefore been with smothered displeasure that the proud though indolent Lord of Coningsburgh beheld the victor of the preceding day select Rowena as the object of that honor which it became his privilege to confer. In order to punish him for a preference which seemed to interfere with his own suit, Athelstane, confident of his strength, and to whom his flatterers, at least, ascribed great skill in arms, had determined not only to deprive the Disinherited Knight of his powerful succor, but, if an opportunity should occur, to make him feel the weight of his battle-ax.

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De Bracy, and other knights attached to Prince John, in obedience to a hint from him, had joined the party of the challengers, John being desirous to secure, if possible, the victory to that side. On the other hand, many other knights, both English and Norman, natives and strangers, took part against the challengers, the more readily that the opposite band was to be led by so distinguished a champion as the Disinherited Knight had approved himself.

As soon as Prince John observed that the destined Queen of the day had arrived upon the field, assuming that air of courtesy which sat well upon him when he was pleased to exhibit it, he rode forward to meet her, doffed his bonnet, and, alighting from his horse, assisted the Lady Rowena from her saddle, while his followers uncovered at the same time, and one of the most distinguished dismounted to hold her palfrey.

"It is thus," said Prince John, "that we set the dutiful example of loyalty to the Queen of Love and Beauty, and are ourselves her guide to the throne which she must this day occupy. Ladies," he said, "attend your Queen, as you wish in your turn to be distinguished by like honors."

So saying, the Prince marshaled Rowena to the seat of honor opposite his own, while the fairest and most distinguished ladies present crowded after her to obtain places as near as possible to their temporary sovereign.

No sooner was Rowena seated than a burst of music,

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C. E. Brock

LADY ROWENA

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half drowned by the shouts of the multitude, greeted her new dignity. Meantime, the sun shone fierce and bright upon the polished arms of the knights of either side, who crowded the opposite extremities of the lists, and held eager conference together concerning the best mode of arranging their line of battle, and supporting the conflict.

The heralds then proclaimed silence until the laws of the tourney should be rehearsed. These were calculated in some degree to abate the dangers of the day — a precaution the more necessary as the conflict was to be maintained with sharp swords and pointed lances.

The champions were therefore prohibited to thrust with the sword, and were confined to striking. A knight, it was announced, might use a mace or battle-ax at pleasure; but the dagger was a prohibited weapon. A knight unhorsed might renew the fight on foot with any other on the opposite side in the same predicament; but mounted horsemen were in that case forbidden to assail him. When any knight could force his antagonist to the extremity of the lists, so as to touch the palisade with his person or arms, such opponent was obliged to yield himself vanquished, and his armor and horse were placed at the disposal of the conqueror. A knight thus overcome was not permitted to take further share in the combat. If any combatant was struck down, and unable to recover his feet, his squire or page might enter the lists, and

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drag his master out of the press; but in that case the knight was adjudged vanquished, and his arms and horse declared forfeited. The combat was to cease as soon as Prince John should throw down his leading staff, or truncheon; another precaution usually taken to prevent the unnecessary effusion of blood by the too long endurance of a sport so desperate. Any knight breaking the rules of the tournament, or otherwise transgressing the rules of honorable chivalry, was liable to be stripped of his arms, and, having his shield reversed, to be placed in that posture astride upon the bars of the palisade, and exposed to public derision, in punishment of his unknightly conduct. Having announced these precautions, the heralds concluded with an exhortation to each good knight to do his duty, and to merit favor from the Queen of Beauty and of Love.

This proclamation having been made, the heralds withdrew to their stations. The knights, entering at either end of the lists in long procession, arranged themselves in a double file, precisely opposite to each other, the leader of each party being in the center of the foremost rank, — a post which he did not occupy until each had carefully arranged the ranks of his party, and stationed every one in his place.

It was a goodly, and at the same time an anxious sight, to behold so many gallant champions, mounted bravely and armed richly, stand ready prepared for an encounter so formidable, seated on their war-

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PREPARED FOR THE COMBAT.

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saddles like so many pillars of iron, and awaiting the signal of encounter with the same ardor as their generous steeds, which, by neighing and pawing the ground, gave signal of their impatience.

PART II

As yet the knights held their long lances upright, their bright points glancing to the sun, and the streamers with which they were decorated fluttering over the plumage of the helmets. Thus they remained while the marshals of the field surveyed their ranks with the utmost exactness, lest either party had more or fewer than the appointed number. The tale was found exactly complete. The marshals then withdrew from the lists, and William de Wyvil, with a voice of thunder, pronounced the signal words, — *Laissez aller!* The trumpets sounded as he spoke, the spears of the champions were at once lowered and placed in the rests, the spurs were dashed into the flanks of the horses, and the two foremost ranks of either party rushed upon each other in full gallop, and met in the middle of the lists with a shock, the sound of which was heard at a mile's distance. The rear rank of each party advanced at a slower pace to sustain the defeated, and follow up the success of the victors, of their party.

The consequences of the encounter were not instantly seen, for the dust raised by the trampling of so many steeds darkened the air, and it was a min-

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ute ere the anxious spectators could see the fate of the encounter. When the fight became visible, half the knights on each side were dismounted — some by the dexterity of their adversary's lance, some by the superior weight and strength of opponents, which had borne down both horse and man, some lay stretched on earth as if never more to rise, some had already gained their feet, and were closing hand to hand with those of their antagonists who were in the same predicament, and several on both sides, who had received wounds by which they were disabled, were stopping their blood with their scarfs, and endeavoring to extricate themselves from the tumult. The mounted knights, whose lances had been almost all broken by the fury of the encounter, were now closely engaged with their swords, shouting their war cries and exchanging buffets, as if honor and life depended on the issue of the combat.

The tumult was presently increased by the advance of the second rank on either side, which, acting as a reserve, now rushed on to aid their companions. The followers of Brian de Bois-Guilbert shouted, "*Ha! Beau-seant! Beau-seant!* For the Temple, For the Temple!" The opposite party shouted in answer, "*Desdichado! Desdichado!*" which watchword they took from the motto upon their leader's shield.

The champions thus encountering each other with the utmost fury, and with alternate success, the tide of battle seemed to flow now toward the southern,

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now toward the northern, extremity of the lists, as the one or the other party prevailed. Meantime the clang of the blows and the shouts of the combatants mixed fearfully with the sound of the trumpets, and drowned the groans of those who fell, and lay rolling defenseless beneath the feet of the horses. The splendid armor of the combatants was now defaced with dust and blood, and gave way at every stroke of the sword and battle-ax. The gay plumage, shorn from the crests, drifted upon the breeze like snowflakes. All that was beautiful and graceful in the martial array had disappeared, and what was now visible was only calculated to awake terror or compassion.

Yet such is the force of habit, that not only the vulgar spectators, who are naturally attracted by sights of horror, but even the ladies of distinction, who crowded the galleries, saw the conflict with a thrilling interest certainly, but without a wish to withdraw their eyes from a sight so terrible. Here and there, indeed, a fair cheek might turn pale, or a faint scream might be heard, as a lover, a brother, or a husband was struck from his horse. But, in general, the ladies around encouraged the combatants, not only by clapping their hands and waving their veils and kerchiefs, but even by exclaiming, "Brave lance! Good sword!" when any successful thrust or blow took place under their observation.

Such being the interest taken by the fair sex in this bloody game, that of the men is the more easily

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understood. It showed itself in loud acclamations upon every change of fortune, while all eyes were so riveted on the lists that the spectators seemed as if they themselves had dealt and received the blows which were there so freely bestowed. And between every pause was heard the voice of the heralds, exclaiming, "Fight on, brave knights! Man dies, but glory lives! Fight on; death is better than defeat! Fight on, brave knights! for bright eyes behold your deeds!"

Amid the varied fortunes of the combat, the eyes of all endeavored to discover the leaders of each band, who, mingling in the thick of the fight, encouraged their companions both by voice and example. Both displayed great feats of gallantry, nor did either Bois-Guilbert or the Disinherited Knight find in the ranks opposed to them a champion who could be termed their unquestioned match. They repeatedly endeavored to single out each other, spurred by mutual animosity, and aware that the fall of either leader might be considered as decisive of victory. Such, however, was the crowd and confusion that, during the earlier part of the conflict, their efforts to meet were unavailing, and they were repeatedly separated by the eagerness of their followers, each of whom was anxious to win honor, by measuring his strength against the leader of the opposite party.

But when the field became thin by the numbers on either side who had yielded themselves vanquished,

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had been compelled to the extremity of the lists, or been otherwise rendered incapable of continuing the strife, the Templar and the Disinherited Knight at length encountered hand to hand, with all the fury that mortal animosity, joined to rivalry of honor, could inspire. Such was the address of each in parrying and striking that the spectators broke forth into a unanimous and involuntary shout, expressive of their delight and admiration.

But at this moment the party of the Disinherited Knight had the worst; the gigantic arm of Front-de-Bœuf on the one flank, and the ponderous strength of Athelstane on the other, bearing down and dispersing those immediately exposed to them. Finding themselves freed from their immediate antagonists, it seems to have occurred to both these knights at the same instant that they would render the most decisive advantage to their party by aiding the Templar in his contest with his rival. Turning their horses, therefore, at the same moment, the Norman spurred against the Disinherited Knight on the one side, and the Saxon on the other. It was utterly impossible that the object of this unequal and unexpected assault could have sustained it, had he not been warned by a general cry from the spectators, who could not but take interest in one exposed to such disadvantage.

"Beware! beware! Sir Disinherited!" was shouted so universally that the knight became aware of his danger; and, striking a full blow at the Templar, he

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reined back his steed in the same moment, so as to escape the charge of Athelstane and Front-de-Bœuf. These knights, therefore, their aim being thus eluded, rushed from opposite sides betwixt the object of their attack and the Templar, almost running their horses against each other ere they could stop their career. Recovering their horses, however, and wheeling them round, the whole three pursued their united purpose of bearing to the earth the Disinherited Knight.

Nothing could have saved him, except the remarkable strength and activity of the noble horse which he had won on the preceding day.

This stood him in the more stead as the horse of Bois-Guilbert was wounded, and those of Front-de-Bœuf and Athelstane were both tired with the weight of their gigantic masters, clad in complete armor, and with the preceding exertions of the day. The masterly horsemanship of the Disinherited Knight, and the activity of the noble animal which he mounted, enabled him for a few minutes to keep at sword's point his three antagonists, turning and wheeling with the agility of a hawk upon the wing, keeping his enemies as far separate as he could, and rushing now against the one, now against the other, dealing sweeping blows with his sword, without waiting to receive those which were aimed at him in return.

But although the lists rang with the applauses of his dexterity, it was evident that he must at last be

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overpowered; and the nobles around Prince John implored him with one voice to throw down his warder, and to save so brave a knight from the disgrace of being overcome by odds.

"Not I, by the light of heaven!" answered Prince John; "this same springal, who conceals his name and despises our proffered hospitality, hath already gained one prize, and may now afford to let others have their turn." As he spoke thus, an unexpected incident changed the fortune of the day.

Part III

There was among the ranks of the Disinherited Knight a champion in black armor, mounted on a black horse, large of size, tall, and to all appearance powerful and strong, like the rider by whom he was mounted. This knight, who bore on his shield no device of any kind, had hitherto evinced very little interest in the event of the fight, beating off with seeming ease those combatants who attacked him, but neither pursuing his advantages, nor himself assailing any one. In short, he had hitherto acted the part rather of a spectator than of a party in the tournament, a circumstance which procured him among the spectators the name of *Le Noir Fainéant*, or the Black Sluggard.

At once this knight seemed to throw aside his apathy when he discovered the leader of his party so hard bestead; for, setting spurs to his horse, which was

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quite fresh, he came to his assistance like a thunderbolt, exclaiming in a voice like a trumpet call, "*Desdichado*, to the rescue!" It was high time; for, while the Disinherited Knight was pressing upon the Templar, Front-de-Bœuf had got nigh to him with his uplifted sword, but ere the blow could descend, the Sable Knight dealt a stroke on his head which, glancing from the polished helmet, lighted with violence scarcely abated on the chamfron of the steed, and Front-de-Bœuf rolled on the ground, both horse and man equally stunned by the fury of the blow. *Le Noir Fainéant* then turned his horse upon Athelstane of Coningsburgh; and his own sword having been broken in his encounter with Front-de-Bœuf, he wrenched from the hand of the bulky Saxon the battle-ax which he wielded, and, like one familiar with the use of the weapon, bestowed him such a blow upon the crest that Athelstane also lay senseless on the field. Having achieved this double feat, for which he was the more highly applauded that it was totally unexpected from him, the Knight seemed to resume the sluggishness of his character, returning calmly to the northern extremity of the lists, leaving his leader to cope as he best could with Brian de Bois-Guilbert. This was no longer matter of so much difficulty as formerly. The Templar's horse had bled much, and gave way under the shock of the Disinherited Knight's charge. Brian de Bois-Guilbert rolled on the field, encumbered with the stirrup, from which he was unable

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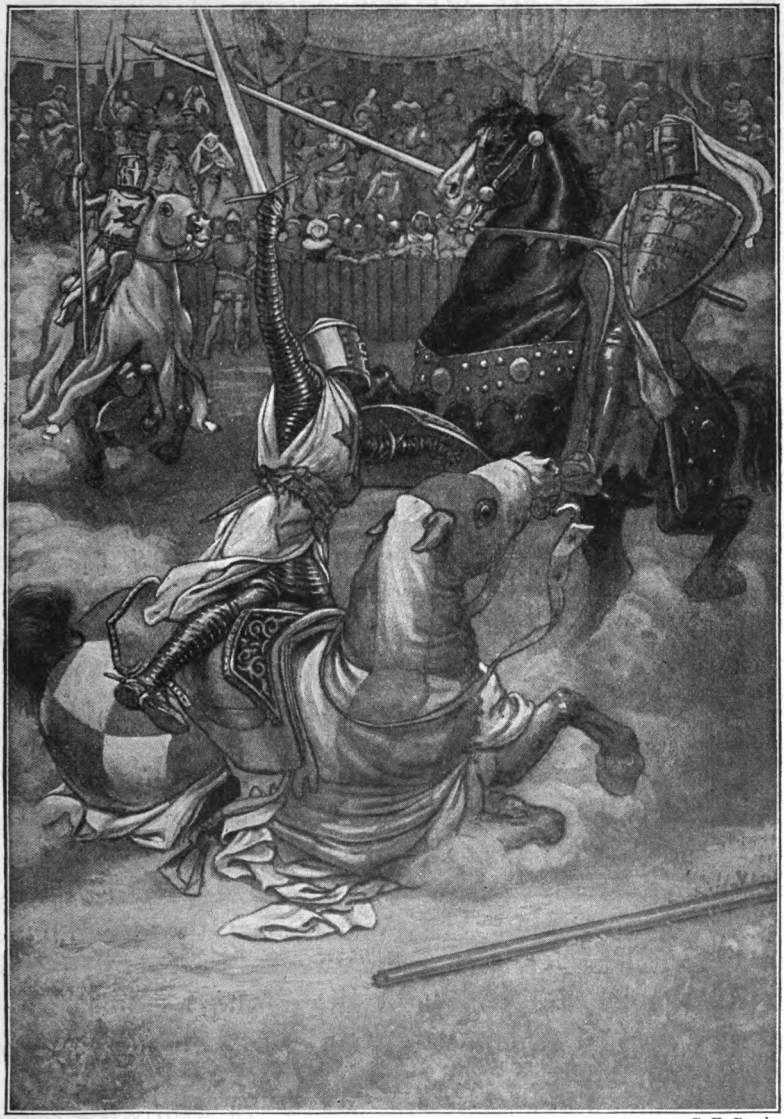

C. E. Brock

THE DISINHERITED KNIGHT AND THE TEMPLAR

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to draw his foot. His antagonist sprung from horseback, waved his fatal sword over the head of his adversary, and commanded him to yield himself; when Prince John, more moved by the Templar's dangerous situation than he had been by that of his rival, saved him the mortification of confessing himself vanquished, by casting down his warder, and ending the conflict.

It was, indeed, only the relics and embers of the fight which continued to burn; for of the few knights who still continued in the lists, the greater part had, by tacit consent, forborne the conflict for some time, leaving it to be determined by the strife of the leaders.

The squires, who had found it a matter of danger and difficulty to attend their masters during the engagement, now thronged into the lists to pay their dutiful attendance to the wounded, who were removed with the utmost care and attention to the neighboring pavilions, or to the quarters prepared for them in the adjoining village.

Thus ended the memorable field of Ashby, one of the most gallantly contested tournaments of that age; for although only four knights, including one who was smothered by the heat of his armor, had died upon the field, yet upwards of thirty were desperately wounded, four or five of whom never recovered. Several more were disabled for life; and those who escaped best carried the marks of the conflict to the grave with them. Hence it is always mentioned in the old records as the "Gentle and Joyous Passage of Arms of Ashby."

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It being now the duty of Prince John to name the knight who had done best, he determined that the honor of the day remained with the knight whom the popular voice had termed *Le Noir Fainéant.* It was pointed out to the Prince, in impeachment of this decree, that the victory had been in fact won by the Disinherited Knight, who, in the course of the day, had overcome six champions with his own hand, and who had finally unhorsed and struck down the leader of the opposite party. But Prince John adhered to his own opinion, on the ground that the Disinherited Knight and his party had lost the day but for the powerful assistance of the Knight of the Black Armor, to whom, therefore, he persisted in awarding the prize.

To the surprise of all present, however, the knight thus preferred was nowhere to be found. He had left the lists immediately when the conflict ceased, and had been observed by some spectators to move down one of the forest glades with the same slow pace and listless and indifferent manner which had procured him the epithet of the Black Sluggard. After he had been summoned twice by sound of trumpet, and proclamation of the heralds, it became necessary to name another to receive the honors which had been assigned to him. Prince John had now no further excuse for resisting the claim of the Disinherited Knight, whom, therefore, he named the champion of the day.

Through a field slippery with blood, and encumbered with broken armor and the bodies of slain and

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wounded horses, the marshals of the lists again conducted the victor to the foot of Prince John's throne.

"Disinherited Knight," said Prince John, "since by that title only you will consent to be known to us, we a second time award to you the honors of this tournament, and announce to you your right to claim and receive from the hands of the Queen of Love and Beauty, the Chaplet of Honor which your valor has justly deserved." The Knight bowed low and gracefully, but returned no answer.

While the trumpets sounded, while the heralds strained their voices in proclaiming honor to the brave and glory to the victor, while ladies waved their silken kerchiefs and embroidered veils, and while all ranks joined in a clamorous shout of exultation, the marshals conducted the Disinherited Knight across the lists to the foot of that throne of honor which was occupied by the Lady Rowena.

On the lower step of this throne the champion was made to kneel down. Indeed his whole action, since the fight had ended, seemed rather to have been upon the impulse of those around him than from his own free will; and it was observed that he tottered as they guided him a second time across the lists. Rowena, descending from her station with a graceful and dignified step, was about to place the chaplet which she held in her hand upon the helmet of the champion, when the marshals exclaimed with one voice, "It must not be thus; his head must be bare." The knight muttered

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faintly a few words, which were lost in the hollow of his helmet; but their purport seemed to be a desire that his casque might not be removed.

Whether from love of form, or from curiosity, the marshals paid no attention to his expressions of reluctance, but unhelmed him by cutting the laces of his casque, and undoing the fastening of his gorget. When the helmet was removed, the well-formed yet sunburnt features of a young man of twenty-five were seen, amidst a profusion of short fair hair. His countenance was as pale as death, and marked in one or two places with streaks of blood.

Rowena had no sooner beheld him than she uttered a faint shriek; but at once summoning up the energy of her disposition, and compelling herself, as it were, to proceed, while her frame yet trembled with the violence of sudden emotion, she placed upon the drooping head of the victor the splendid chaplet which was the destined reward of the day, and pronounced, in a clear and distinct tone, these words: "I bestow on thee this chaplet, Sir Knight, as the meed of valor assigned to this day's victor." Here she paused a moment, and then firmly added, "And upon brows more worthy could a wreath of chivalry never be placed."

The knight stooped his head, and kissed the hand of the lovely sovereign by whom his valor had been rewarded; and then, sinking yet farther forward, lay prostrate at her feet.

There was a general consternation. Cedric, who

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had been struck mute by the sudden appearance of his banished son, now rushed forward, as if to separate him from Rowena. But this had been already accomplished by the marshals of the field, who, guessing the cause of Ivanhoe's swoon, had hastened to undo his armor, and found that the head of a lance had penetrated his breastplate and inflicted a wound in his side.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who wrote this story? In what famous novel is it? When are the incidents of the story said to have happened?
2. Describe a tournament.
3. Describe a knight, in armor and on horseback.
4. Describe a combat between two mounted knights.
5. Describe the scene before the tournament.
6. Describe the rôle of the Queen of Love and Beauty.
7. Give the rules governing the great fight.
8. Can you imagine the two groups of knights as they started to rush upon each other? Describe them.
9. Describe the fight between Ivanhoe, the "Disinherited Knight," and his three opponents.
10. Who aided Ivanhoe at this time? Who was he?
11. How did the fight end?
12. How was the mean spirit of Prince John shown in choosing the victor?
13. Describe the awarding of the prize to the victor.
14. It is hard for us of to-day to believe that such combats as that described in this story ever happened, but they were not uncommon from the eleventh to the fifteenth centuries. If you wish to know how people lived, fought, and were governed in the twelfth century, read "Ivanhoe." If you try, you can *live* in that time and learn all about it while you read the story.

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HIGHLAND CATTLE

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK

Study the picture on the next page.

Study first these splendid, fierce-looking, shaggy cattle.

Now study the scene in the mountains of Scotland where the " Highland Cattle " are coming down the glen.

Read the poem first in silence and very slowly. You must *give yourself time to see the pictures.*

Note the time of the year. How do you know? (Lines 1–4.)

Hear the sound of the great hoofs on the hard rock. (Lines 5–8.)

See the snow falling around the cattle and settling on their great shaggy backs. (Lines 9–13.)

See their play and see them " hook " each other. (Line 17.)

See winter on the mountains, and the peaks hidden by mist. (Lines 1–4, p. 282.)

Note the swift flight of the ptarmigan (tär'mĭ-găn), or grouse; hear the curlew's cry. A curlew is a "shore bird." Hear the roar of the waterfall.

Now the cattle come off the hard rocks into the pass where the Scotch heather grows. Heather is a small evergreen shrub famous in Scotland. Its beautiful little flower is much beloved by the people of Scotland.

But now the heather bushes are frozen. Can you hear the hoofs as they, — " crash, crash, crash " through the frozen heather? (Lines 5–8, p. 282.)

Now stop and think of great waves dashing on the shore. Now

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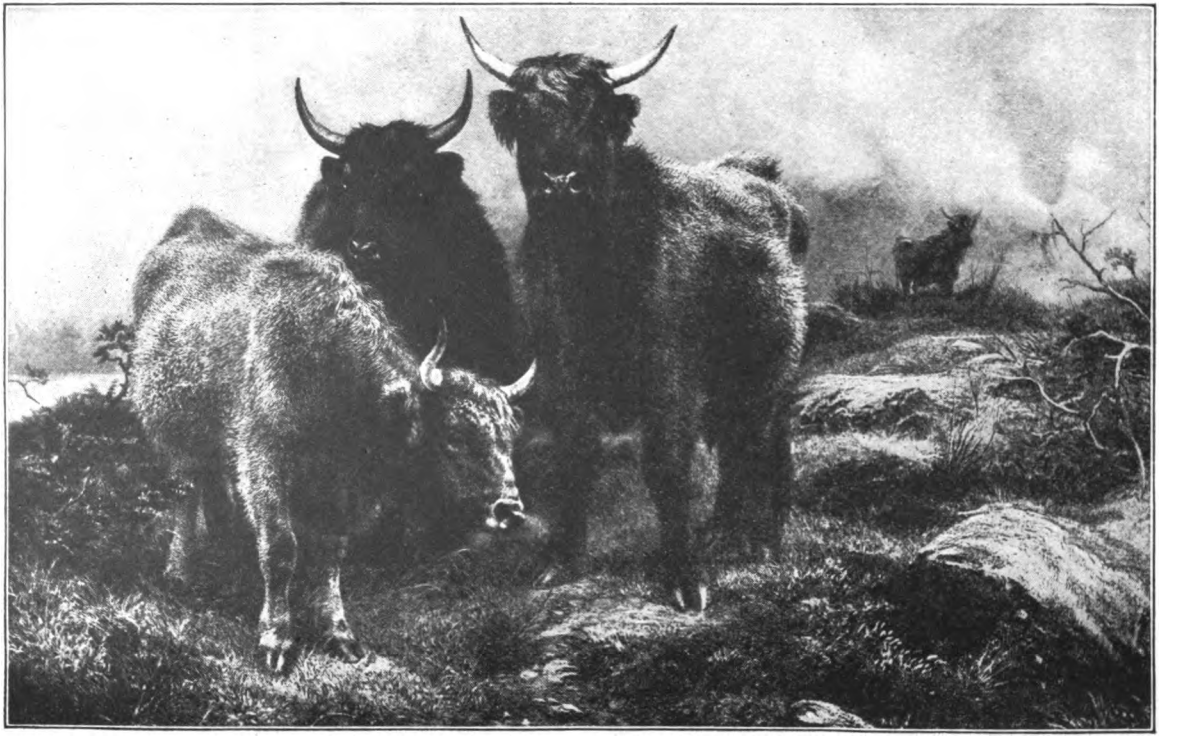

HIGHLAND CATTLE

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of " wind howling o'er reedy grass." Now think of the great herd of shaggy cattle as coming like the waves or the wind. (Lines 14–19, p. 282.)

" Amethyst " is a semiprecious stone of purple or blüish violet color. Try to think of the peaks as of this color.

A "battalion" is a large body of soldiers. Think of the charging of the cattle down from the heights into the plain as resembling the charging of a battalion of soldiers.

Highland Cattle

Down the wintry mountain
  Like a cloud they come,
Not like a cloud in its silent shroud
  When the sky is leaden and the earth all dumb,
But tramp, tramp, tramp,
  With a roar and a shock,
And stamp, stamp, stamp,
  Down the hard granite rock,
With the snowflakes falling fair
Like an army in the air
Of white-winged angels leaving
Their heavenly homes, half grieving,
And half glad to drop down kindly upon earth so bare:
With a snort and a bellow
Tossing manes dun and yellow,
Red and roan, black and gray,
In their fierce, merry play,
Though the sky is all leaden and the earth all dumb —
Down the noisy cattle come!

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Throned on the mountain
Winter sits at ease:
Hidden under mist are those peaks of amethyst
That rose like hills of heaven above the amber seas.
While crash, crash, crash,
Through the frozen heather brown,
And dash, dash, dash,
Where the ptarmigan drops down
And the curlew stops her cry
And the deer sinks, like to die —
And the waterfall's loud noise
Is the only living voice —
With a plunge and a roar
Like mad waves upon the shore,
Or the wind through the pass
Howling o'er the reedy grass —
In a wild battalion pouring from the heights unto the plain,
Down the cattle come again!

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Where are these great, shaggy cattle found?
2. What time of the year is it? Read aloud the passages that prove this.
3. To what are the snowflakes likened?
4. Of what colors are the cattle? Can you see these colors?
5. What is heather?
6. When your eyes are closed, are you able to see these great, fierce-looking cattle coming down from the mountain to the plain? Are you able to hear the sound of their hoofs on the hard rock?

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JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

ROBERT BURNS

Picture to yourself a little old Scotch house made of clay and with a roof of straw, called thatch.

It is evening. In the large old fireplace, called the *inglenook*, burns a fire of peat, or half-formed coal.

In front of the fireplace, in a heavy old chair, sits an old man. He is bald except for a ring of snowy white hair around his head. The fingers of his large, toil-worn hands are interlaced before him. He sits very quietly, thinking, and looking into the fire.

At his left sits his gentle old wife, her gray hair parted in the middle and smoothed down at the sides. She is looking at her husband.

It is very quiet, except for the ticking of the old clock.

They are very old. She is thinking, as she looks at him, with his bald head and his ring of snowy hair, his tanned old face, his bent heavy shoulders, and his gnarled old hands, of how handsome he was when he was her "jo," or sweetheart, long, long ago; how "brent," or smooth and unwrinkled, his forehead was then; how thick and raven-black was then his hair; of what a splendid, joyous lover he was.

Then, in the silence as the old clock ticks slowly on, she thinks of how the children came to them; of how they grew up and finally went away; of how she and her *jo* had toiled so hard to wring a living from the bleak Scotch moor; of how the many long years had passed by, leaving them old and alone. But with it all, how happy they had been!

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They had "clamb" (climbed) the hill of life "thegither" (together) and had come down its western slope toward the sunset of life. And now they were "at the foot" of the hill, and life for them was almost over.

At length, overcome by her thoughts and emotions, she rises, and walks softly over to the old man, and gently lays her hand on his shoulder.

You should learn the meanings of the following words:

jo: sweetheart or lover, in a most tender sense.
acquent: acquainted.
locks: hair.
bonnie: beautiful.
brent: smooth; unwrinkled.
pow: poll or head.
clamb: climbed.
mony: many.
canty: happy, joyous.
maun: must.
thegither: together.

As she stands beside his chair, trembling with the emotion of her thoughts, she softly speaks to him thus:—

"John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven, John,
Your bonnie brow was brent;"

Now she pauses, hardly able to speak for emotion. Then she begins again:—

"But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow;—"

Then she throws her arm lovingly around his head, and sobs,—

"But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo!"

Old Scotchmen do not like to show their feelings. This tender-hearted old man tries hard to hide his emotions now, but it is all in vain. So he sits still, saying nothing. His hands are gripped

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hard, and the tears are flowing down his cheeks, for he has been thinking the same things that his dear old wife has thought.

Finally, controlling herself, she goes on, —

" John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither; — "

Another pause.

" And monie a canty day, John,
We had wi' ane anither."

Then she smiles through her tears as she looks far away, while pictures of happy times pass before her mind.

Then with a rush of tears she realizes that the happy times for them are almost over and that she and her dear "jo" have traveled together down almost to the foot of the hill of life, and she says,—

" Now we maun totter down, John; "

She trembles, and holds him closer, while the tears fall fast as she closes with, —

" But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot—
John Anderson, my jo! "

Remember that you are not reading the poem unless you are seeing the room where the old couple are sitting in the dim light of the fire. Then you must, in your imagination, see them, and hear the old wife as she speaks to her husband.

Now read the poem entire, trying all the time to think you are the old Scotch wife talking to John Anderson. That is, think the story all over, and *just talk it to him.*

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JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven, John,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo!

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And monie a canty day, John,
We had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John;
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot —
John Anderson, my jo!

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell what you know of Robert Burns.
2. Describe the scene of this poem.
3. Describe the two characters in it.
4. What were the old people doing as the poem begins?
5. Who is speaking in the poem?
6. Tell what she was thinking before she began to speak.
7. What does she do just before she begins to speak?
8. What is her first thought in the poem? Read aloud the lines telling it. (Lines 1–3.)
9. What is her second thought?

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Read aloud the line that tells it. (Line 4.)

10. What is her third thought? Read the line telling it. (Line 5.)
11. What is her fourth thought? Read the line telling it. (Line 6.)
12. What is her fifth thought? Read the lines telling it. (Lines 7 and 8.)
13. What is her sixth thought? Read the lines telling it. (Lines 9 and 10.)
14. What is her last thought? (Lines 13–16.) Why does she weep?
15. Now, imagine that you are the old Scotch wife, and speak the story for her by reading aloud the entire poem.

Tribute to Robert Burns

New light on home-seen Nature beamed,
  New glory over Woman;
And daily life and duty seemed
  No longer poor and common.

O'er rank and pomp, as he had seen,
  I saw the Man uprising;
No longer common or unclean,
  The child of God's baptizing!

With clearer eye, I saw the worth
  Of life among the lowly;
The Bible at his Cotter's hearth
  Had made my own more holy.

John Greenleaf Whittier

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ELI WHITNEY AND HIS COTTON GIN

GEORGE ILES

Not every one stops to think what the world owes to its great inventors. When we think that it took almost a year of hard and dangerous travel to go overland from New York to San Francisco before the days of railroads, and that, by means of Stephenson's invention of the locomotive, the trip may be made in comfort in four days, we see that Stephenson and his fellow inventors saved to the traveler *361 out of 365 days of his life in a single trip.*

What made life so hard in early days was this: *One had to work so long to produce so little.* What makes inventions of value to man is that he has to toil so much less to produce what he needs, thus having more time for reading and the true pleasures of life. Any inventor who can reduce the hours needed to produce some necessity is a benefactor of man.

When you see a modern sewing machine, run by an electric motor, dash along a seam, sewing it more perfectly than a human hand can sew it, think of the slow progress of a seamstress of olden times, as she sewed the seam, stitch by stitch, with a needle. All this saving of time, we owe to Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine.

We owe more to those who *add* to what the world possesses, that is, the inventors, than we do to those who *destroy* things, that is, the famous warriors. We cannot honor sufficiently our great inventors.

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It should be a matter of great pride to American boys and girls that *almost all* the great labor-saving inventions were made by Americans. Among them are the following: the steamship; the sewing machine; the telegraph; the telephone; the reaper and the binder; the hardening of rubber; the steam shovel; the threshing machine; the cotton gin; the electric light; the airplane; and indeed, nearly every one of the great labor-saving inventions. Only a few have been produced in other lands, among them, the steam engine, the locomotive, the spinning jenny, the power loom, and the wireless telegraph. Thousands of American inventions may be named, while it is not easy to make a long list of foreign inventions.

Thus America, through her inventors, has actually made over the whole industrial world.

The world can never pay its debt to these noble men, who usually were very poor and had to work out their inventions in dire poverty. Many of them, sad to say, were cheated out of their reward by an ungrateful public.

Among the truly great inventors was Eli Whitney, the subject of the following interesting story. When we think that his invention of the cotton gin, a machine for separating the fiber from the seeds of cotton, actually and immediately multiplied the value of the cotton laborer by one hundred, it is easy to see what a benefactor he was to the world. Yet he was one of the great inventors who were cheated out of the reward of their immortal inventions.

His story is told so simply and so interestingly in the following selection that you will not need help in reading it. But in reading the story, think that the cotton grows in "bolls" or almost round pods, in which the seeds stick tightly to the long, snowy fibers. Before Whitney's time, the seeds had to be picked out by hand, a most tedious and slow process. Try to imagine how the short wires in his machine pulled the fibers through narrow slots in a piece of steel, thus leaving the seeds behind.

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cotton gin (jĭn): a machine for separating the fiber of cotton from the tightly clinging seeds.

making nails: in early days in America all nails were hammered out by hand, making them very costly. Now they are made by machinery with great rapidity and cheapness.

experimental apparatus (ăp-ȧ-rā'tŭs): an instrument or machine for making experiments.

profession: one's calling or life work, usually applied to the work of a lawyer, teacher, preacher, physician, surveyor, expert in electricity, machinery, etc.

engineering: here the profession which applies its skill and knowledge to the making and use of machinery.

a hundred guineas: a little more than five hundred dollars.

seed-cotton: the fiber of cotton still fastened to the seeds.

protruding: extending or sticking out.

breastwork: a sheet of metal through which are sawed narrow slits. In a cotton gin the short wires mentioned in the story pass through the slits, catch the cotton fiber, and pull it through, leaving the seeds behind. This is the simple principle of the cotton gin.

rotary brush: a brush in the form of a cylinder.

prongs: the short steel wires for pulling the cotton fibers through the slits in the breastwork of a cotton gin.

devastated: laid waste; made desolate.

keystone: the central or locking stone of an arch.

Eli Whitney

Part I

Eli Whitney, famous as the inventor of the cotton gin, was born on December 8, 1765, in Westboro, a pleasant little village of Massachusetts, sixteen miles east of Worcester. Eli soon preferred tasks in the

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shop to tasks on the farm; his handiness with hammers, chisels, and saws proved him right. It was at his workbench that he excelled. Additions to his tool chest enabled him to earn a decent profit at making nails, then in active demand, owing to the Revolutionary War. He was quick, too, at other tasks: he sharpened knives and axes, replaced old knife-blades with new, and gave every job so good a finish that, boy though he was, no mechanic in town surpassed him. When peace with England was declared, nailmaking was no longer worth while, but fashion smiled on our young mechanic, and gave him as good a market as had war. Just then ladies fastened their bonnets with long metal pins, and in their manufacture Whitney built up a profitable business. Not only ladies, but men, now became his customers: at odd times his lathe was a-whirl to turn out walking-canes. Plainly enough here stood a born mechanic, and a young fellow of energy and enterprise.

As Whitney passed into youth he felt within him a pulse of power which called for the best training: at nineteen he resolved to enter Yale College. This project his stepmother warmly opposed, and Eli was twenty-three before his father said yes, decisively. In the meantime he taught school at intervals, finding, as many another teacher has found, that teaching is a capital method of learning. At Yale he paid his expenses partly by a loan from his father, whom he repaid within three years after graduation. At college he

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wrote essays like those of his classmates, ambitious of topic, and rather flowery in language. In debating he acquitted himself with credit. Meanwhile his mechanical aptitudes were not gathering rust. One day a tutor found a piece of experimental apparatus out of order. Said he: "It must go abroad for repair to the shop it came from." "I think I can mend it," promised Whitney. Within a week he mended it so thoroughly that it worked as well as ever. Not long afterward he espied a carpenter busy in a house near the college, plying tools of a new kind, which Whitney asked to borrow. "No," said the carpenter, "students always spoil good tools. The owner of this house is your landlord, get him to go bail for you, and then I'll lend you these tools." Bail was given, and Whitney began work. At once the carpenter exclaimed: "There was a good mechanic spoiled when you came to college."

In 1792, in his twenty-seventh year, Whitney was graduated. To-day students of the Whitney stamp take up engineering as a profession, and soon make their mark. At the close of the eighteenth century there was no profession of engineering to attract and develop Whitney's unmistakable talent, so he chose teaching as his field, for a time at least, remembering his success in earlier years with his pupils. He secured an engagement with a school in South Carolina, and took passage on a ship from New York to Savannah. On board was the widow of General Nathanael Greene

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with her family, on their way to Mulberry Park, their home, twelve miles from Savannah. Mrs. Greene saw at once that the young New Englander was a man of brains and character. Furthermore, he was a graduate of Yale, the college of Phineas Miller, the manager of her husband's estate, and who afterward became her husband. When Whitney reached Savannah he found that the salary offered him was not a hundred guineas, as he expected, but only fifty, which he declined. Mrs. Greene then hospitably invited him to her mansion, where he would be at liberty to study law, the course upon which he had now determined. Whitney availed himself of this kind offer, took up his abode at Mulberry Park, and began to read law. In her ungrudging hospitality Mrs. Greene soon discovered that she was entertaining an inventor of the first rank.

One evening, as his hostess sat embroidering, she complained that her tambour frame tore the delicate silk of her pattern. Whitney saw at a glance how he could make a better frame, and this he accomplished next day to her delight. Early next year Mrs. Greene received a visit from three comrades of General Greene, who resided on plantations near Augusta, and who often talked about sowing and reaping, with their vital bearing on profit or loss. They agreed that much of the up-country land belonging to themselves and their neighbors yielded good cotton, but that cotton had little or no value, owing to the high cost of dividing lint from seed. At that time, to part a

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pound of lint from its three pounds of seed, was ten hours' work for a quick hand. Usually this task was taken up when the regular work was over for the day. Then the slaves, men, women, and children, sat around a taskmaster, who shook the dozing and nudged the slow. One evening, as her visitors deplored the lack of a machine to take the place of this tedious and costly process, Mrs. Greene said: "Gentlemen, apply to my friend, Mr. Whitney; he can make anything," showing them her tambour frame, with an array of her children's toys which he had made or mended. Whitney, thus appealed to, said that his home had lain so far north that he had never seen cotton as plucked from the bolls, with its seed firmly attached to its lint, so that the task of separation had never occurred to him.

So deeply did the conversation impress Whitney that next day he went to Savannah, and obtained a small packet of seed-cotton. As he pulled the seeds one by one from their lint, he felt that it was high time that fingers of iron did this simple work, instead of fingers of flesh and blood. In the basement of the Greene mansion he forthwith set up a workshop with a bench and a few common tools. These assembled, he began to consider his problem. He thought that a good plan would be to thrust the lint through narrow slits, so that the seeds would be broken off and remain behind.

First, then, how was he to thrust the lint through

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these narrow slits? Different plans suggested themselves. Teeth cut in circular iron plates, "ratchet wheels," as he called them, would have answered, but he was not able to try these wheels until later, when he found iron plates thin and strong enough for the purpose. Iron in another form was at hand, and this he adopted for his first experiments. One of Mrs. Greene's daughters had a pet bird, and a coil of iron wire to make its cage had just been unpacked. This prompted the notion that wire needles or prongs would serve to thrust lint through narrow openings. But the wire was too thick. Nothing was left but to draw it to a suitable thinness by appliances which the untiring mechanic made there and then. Day by day he tried various lengths of wire, and disposed them in various angles and curves. He discovered that the prongs worked best when protruding about an inch from their cylinder. He found, also, that the wire should have a gentle curve opposed to the direction in which the cylinder rotated. Week by week this armed cylinder was tested, and for a few minutes the lint would be duly thrust between the slits in a breastwork, and the seeds forced off with gratifying thoroughness. But soon the wire teeth became clogged with lint, so that work had to stop. Whitney was puzzled by this difficulty when, one morning, Mrs. Greene picked up the hearthbrush and asked: "Why don't you use this?" The very thing! Behind his breastwork Whitney set up a second wooden cylinder, armed

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with bristles to form a rotary brush. When this ran four times as fast as the wired cylinder, it swept the lint from its prongs into a box, and trouble was at an end.

Part II

Toward the close of the winter, Whitney completed a model so easily turned by hand as to ask no more exertion than a grindstone. Mrs. Greene now invited her friends from near and far to view its hundreds of tiny fingers, each doing as much work as a human hand. The planters in their assembled company were enthusiastic in praise of the inventor's ingenuity, and they clearly saw what his gin meant for the South. They urged him to patent at once his amazing invention, which was certain to bring him wealth and honor. Whitney declared that he was loath to bid farewell to law, the profession for which his studies had prepared him, and embark on the troublous sea which surrounds every inventor. At last he yielded to the entreaties of his friend, Phineas Miller, who proposed that Whitney and himself should become equal partners in patenting the cotton gin and setting it at work throughout the South. Miller agreed to provide the necessary money, and, as the event proved, unfortunately, he did not foresee how much would be needed. On May 27, 1793, the two friends entered into partnership as Miller & Whitney, a firm to be long remembered in the industrial history of America.

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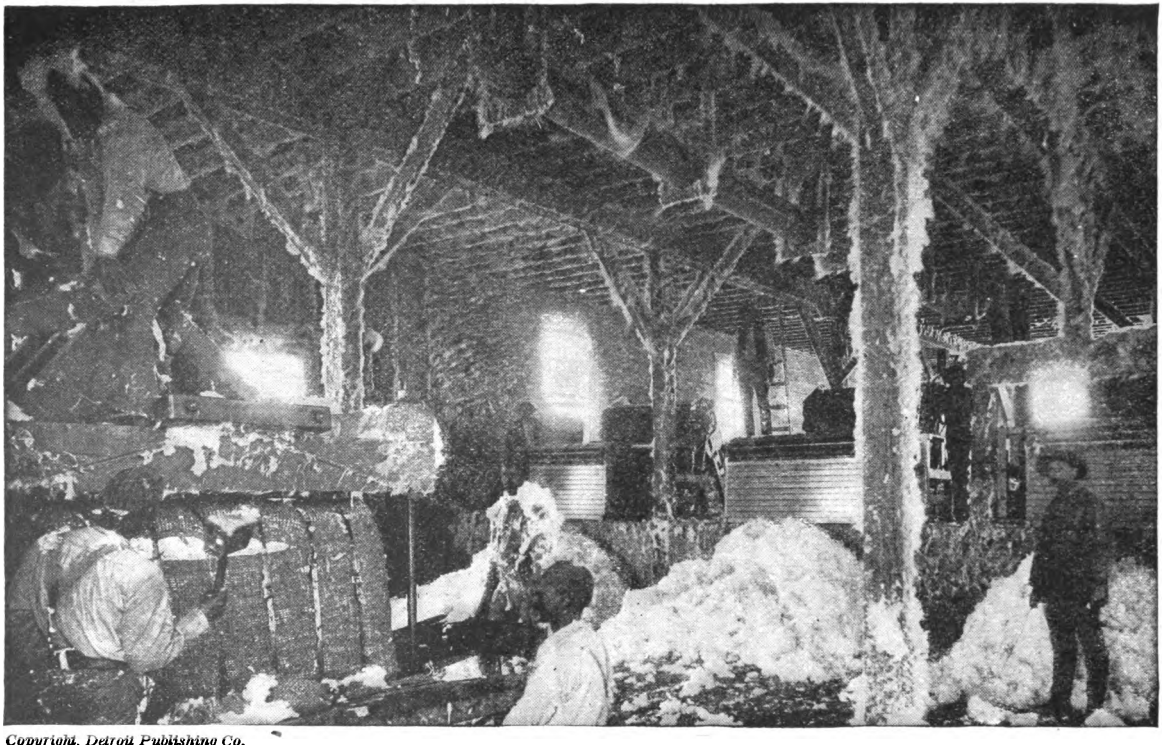

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A Cotton Gin

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Whitney now hurried to Connecticut to execute the model required by the Patent Office, and arrange for the manufacture of his machines. His model was soon beautifully constructed by his own hands, and on June 20th, he petitioned for a patent to Thomas Jefferson, the Secretary of State. Philadelphia, then the capital of the Union, was that year devastated by yellow fever. This delayed the issue of a patent until March 14, 1794.

In the year of its invention, the cotton gin had prompted the planting of a crop which yielded about five million pounds of cotton, every pound of which passed through Whitney's gin. And every year thereafter saw more and more cotton planted, until soon this became the main product of the South.

Whitney, indeed, created the keystone for which the arch of textile industry stood agape. Hargreaves invented his spinning jenny in 1767; two years later Arkwright devised his spinning-frame for warp; in 1774, Compton effectively united both machines; then came Cartwright's power loom. All these were cheaply driven by the steam engine of Watt. And yet, for lack of cotton at a low price, its manufacture had had but limited scope.

No sooner were Whitney's machines set up than planters entered upon a new and immense profit. To plow the ground for cotton, to sow and weed and till its fields, to pluck the bolls in the successive harvests, and then to gin and press the lint, gave all hands profit-

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able work the year round. Whitney's saw gin, little changed from the form he gave it, separates most of the cotton grown in America. Fans have been added to its brushes, and steels, much more flexible and lasting than those of 1790, appear to-day in the machines descended from his model. Since his time, the roller gin has been improved, so as to gain a little upon the saw gin, as less liable to damage the staple.

Eli Whitney was cast in a large mold, and stood head and shoulders above ordinary folk. He was a kindly man, whose friendships were warm and clinging: his hand never relaxed its grasp of the chums of his youth. Many a man is honest: this man was scrupulously honorable. His chief faculty, of course, was invention, his ability to strike a new path out of an old difficulty. This talent was not confined within the walls of his factory. Every building he reared, and these included dwellings for his work people, bore the marks of his original brain. He used cement liberally for foundations and walls, with prophecy of its wider applications to-day. The drawers of his desk were fastened by a single lock, in a fashion now common.

His judgments were slowly matured: they were never expressed before they were ripe. In experiment, in his quest for materials, in his choice of lieutenants, he was patience itself. He could plant to-day, and for ten years calmly await his harvest. Unlike most inventors, whatever he began he finished. New

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projects beckoned to him in vain, so long as unfinished work remained on his hands.

Eli Whitney died in 1825, aged fifty-nine years. His invention of the cotton gin made possible and profitable one of the greatest agricultural interests in the world. The vast snowy cotton fields of the South are an enduring monument to his genius.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. In what particular way have inventors helped the world?
2. How did the locomotive help?
3. How did the sewing machine help?
4. How did the reaper and the binder help?
5. How did the telegraph and telephone help? Suppose you had to send a message a thousand miles and there were no telegraph or telephone or railroad. How would you send it? How long and how much money would it take? How long and how much money would it take to send it by "wire"? How much time and how much money would you save? Then what do you owe to the inventors of the telegraph and the telephone?
6. In what country have almost all great labor-saving inventions been made?
7. Make a list of great American inventors and their inventions.
8. Make a list of great foreign inventions and their inventors.
9. What have American inventors done for the world?
10. How have inventors usually been rewarded? Tell incidents to prove this.
11. Tell the early life of Eli Whitney.
12. Explain how cotton seed was originally separated from the fiber. How long did it take a worker to separate the seed from a pound

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of fiber? What effect did this have on the cotton industry?

13. Tell how Whitney came to invent the cotton gin. Describe how the machine separates the seed from the fiber.
14. What did his inventions do for the cotton industry?
15. Try to find out how much cotton is raised in America in one year.
16. Why should inventors be greatly honored?
17. Who is the world's greatest inventor? Tell what you know about him.
18. Look around you and try to see how many great inventions are shown in the things around you now. See who can find the largest number. You will be surprised at the large number of things in which you have been helped by the inventors. For example, if you have a cotton garment on, how many great inventors have helped to make it? Think in the same way of the other surrounding things.
19. Write a story telling how you are indebted to the inventors.

Who puts back into place a fallen bar,
Or flings a rock out of a traveled road,
His feet are moving toward the central star,
His name is whispered in God's abode.

EDWIN MARKHAM

Not a truth has to art or to science been given,
But brows have ached for it, and souls toil'd and striven.

(OWEN MEREDITH), ROBERT BULWER, LORD LYTTON

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ALADDIN

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

All of you have probably read the story of "Aladdin's Lamp" from the "Arabian Nights."

You will remember that when Aladdin rubbed his lamp, a fairy called a "Genius" (jē'nĭ-ŭs) came from it, and at once fulfilled any wish of Aladdin's. This fairy built a palace for Aladdin in a moment, so the story says.

Now in this poem Mr. Lowell intends to tell us that the wonderful things that boys and girls *imagine* are greater riches than any that manhood or womanhood can possibly possess.

When he was a boy, he tells us, he had, like Aladdin, — a lamp. He means, of course, his imagination, which, like Aladdin's lamp, at once brought him anything he wished, palaces, travel, riches and "castles in Spain," which is a saying that means our day-dreams of splendid things we hope sometime to possess.

All this is what his boyhood gave him.

But when manhood came, he worked hard and secured money and power. Yet he would give it all for his boyhood again, so that he could dream dreams like Aladdin's, for manhood was too serious a problem to let him dream boyhood's dreams any more.

If you will try hard to understand this poem, sometime, when you grow up to be serious men and women, you may think as Lowell thought, and deeply wish that you could trade all you possess for boyhood or girlhood again.

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ALADDIN

When I was a beggarly boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for the cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded, with roofs of gold,
My beautiful castles in Spain!

Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power good store,
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright
For the one that is mine no more;
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose,
You gave, and may snatch again;
I have nothing 'twould pain me to lose,
For I own no more castles in Spain!

QUESTIONS, AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who was Aladdin? In what famous book is his story told? Tell his story of the lamp?
2. What does Lowell mean by this poem? First tell it in your own words.
3. What is "fire in his brain"? What did it bring the beggarly boy?
4. What did manhood bring him?
5. In the story of Aladdin how were new lamps offered for old? How does Lowell want to trade his silver lamps? What does this mean? What "lamp" has he lost?
6. What are "castles in Spain"?
7. Why does he "own no more castles in Spain"?

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SPEECH BEFORE THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION

PATRICK HENRY

You are now probably studying in your United States history the story of the American Revolution. Therefore you have had some preparation for studying this speech intelligently. But it would be best to go back to your histories and read again the story before you read this thrilling and wonderful speech. You should also study the picture on page 309.

The following facts you should surely know:

The thirteen American colonies in 1775 belonged to Great Britain. Most of the colonists had come from Great Britain. They loved her as their "mother country," just as you would still love the United States of America should you go to Africa now to be colonists there.

What was the cause of the growing enmity between the colonies and the mother country? It was this: The mother country believed then that her colonies existed solely for the benefit of herself and not for their own benefit or happiness.

There was some reason for this belief, because most of the colonists had been sent to America by certain rich companies which had grants of land here. These companies usually furnished the ships, the implements for the future work of the colonists, and the provisions to give the colonists a start. So the companies felt that the colonists should make a fair return for what had been done for them by the mother country. Indeed, the colonists had signed contracts promising to do so. Thus you

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see we sometimes fail to see the viewpoint of the mother country. We must not, therefore, blame too much the mother country.

But she went too far. She forgot that the colonists were *Englishmen*, and as Englishmen, had the same rights as had Englishmen in England. So the mother country grew greedy, and went too far in her demands that the colonies should exist solely for her benefit.

When the colonists made ships better and cheaper than the mother country, she sent agents to mark with the king's "broad arrow" every tall tree that would make a good mast for a ship, as the king's property, so that the colonists could not use the trees for masts and compete with England in shipbuilding.

She forbade them to make nails, which, by means of small forges in their homes, the colonists could make cheaper than they could be made in England, thus taking the nail trade away from the mother country.

She forbade their making hats, which they could make cheaply because they could obtain, at a very low cost, the furs needed in their manufacture.

She taxed them by making them put a stamp, costing a penny or more, on every legal document.

She put a tax on their tea.

She forbade the colonists to go in their ships to compete in trade with her own merchants in many rich countries.

The colonists sent men to England to plead with the king to repeal these unjust laws, of which, in all, there were fourteen. But the men whom the colonists sent were refused and insulted. Patrick Henry, in his speech, says they were "spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne."

Now men who were the descendants of brave, free Englishmen did not like to be treated in that way. So the enmity grew between the colonies and the mother country, as you have read in your histories, until, in Boston, the taxed tea was emptied into Boston Harbor, the English merchants thereby losing their tea.

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The anger of the colonists grew and grew until a wave of rebellion swept over the colonies. In New England, the colonists had taken up arms.

In the South, as in the North, the colonists grew more and more rebellious. But in Virginia, for example, the colonists were descended from the ruling class of England, and naturally, therefore, were slower in coming to a willingness to resist the mother country by force of arms. And many of the most prominent Virginians firmly held to their allegiance to England. But Patrick Henry's speech roused them to such a spirit of resistance that, in the person of Washington, she was given the leadership in the American Revolution.

The waves of indignation continued to spread over the North and the South. In Virginia, on March 20, 1775, a convention assembled for the consideration of the wrongs of the colonists. Many of the delegates were still friendly to the mother country. Patrick Henry, a Virginia lawyer, moved to establish a colonial army of Virginia and to put the colony in a state of defense. On March 23, 1775, he rose to speak on his resolutions.

Now study again the picture on page 309. Then read what Patrick Henry said in his "Speech before the Virginia Convention." Try to think that you are actually there in the great room where he spoke. Try to see his flashing, angry eyes, and to hear him as he thunders against a tyrant king. Try hard to understand the meaning of every sentence.

You will see, in the first paragraph, that Patrick Henry endeavored to show how foolish were those who hoped that the mother country would relent and treat the colonists more justly.

In the second paragraph he shows that experience with England's past treatment gave the colonists no hope whatever of better treatment.

In the third paragraph he shows that the colonists had done everything possible to secure justice and that there was nothing left for them to do but *to fight.*

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In the fourth and fifth paragraphs he shows that, in a just war with the mother country, the colonists could win, and that they had now no choice but to fight, or to be slaves.

In the last paragraph he says that the war (in New England) had already begun.

Then he ends by saying, "*as for me, give me liberty or give me death!*"

Now Patrick Henry used some excellent words that will be new to you. Do not fail to learn their meanings and pronunciations, that you may not fail to understand what he means. Here they are:

illusions: a state of seeing things falsely, as, believing that England would act more justly.

siren (sī′rĕn): a sea nymph looking like a beautiful woman who was supposed to frequent an island in the sea and to sing beautiful songs to lure sailors to wreck their ships on the shore. Here Henry refers to Circe (sûr′sē) who changed the sailors of Ulysses into swine. Henry means by his reference to "that siren" that the foolish hope that England would become more just was luring the colonies to destruction, and would make slaves of them.

arduous: hard, difficult.

temporal salvation: the hope of the colonists for happy, successful lives.

to solace: to comfort.

insidious smile: a tricky, deceptive smile.

betrayed with a kiss: referring to Christ's being betrayed with a kiss by Judas.

subjugation: reduction to practical slavery to the mother country.

reconciliation: the bringing back of the colonies to a feeling of love for the mother country.

martial array: the troops and navies sent to America by England.

submission: submitting to wrongs; giving up.

accumulation: here, the gathering of a large number of troops and ships of war.

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entreaty and humble supplication: pleading and praying humbly for rights.

petitioned: sent men to England with documents signed by thousands asking for better treatment.

remonstrated: protested against wrongs; showed reasons why England was unjust.

prostrated: knelt humbly before the king.

supplicated: prayed for justice.

implored: begged earnestly.

interposition: the resistance of the king to Parliament and the Ministry in favor of the colonies.

Ministry: the group of men appointed by the king to conduct the government.

Parliament (pär'lĭ-mĕnt): meaning in England the same as Congress means in America.

inestimable privileges: the rights of Englishmen, which were considered as things of a value too high to put a price upon.

so formidable an adversary: so strong and dangerous an enemy.

irresolution: weakness, slowness in coming to a determination to resist.

effectual resistance: successful resistance.

lying supinely on our backs: lying down in the presence of wrongs as a dog lies on his back when afraid of his master.

invincible: unconquerable.

vigilant (vĭj'ĭ-lănt): watchful.

resounding arms: the clashing of swords and the roar of guns in battle.

our brethren: the people of New England.

Speech Before the Virginia Convention

Mr. President: It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of

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PATRICK HENRY'S SPEECH BEFORE THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION

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the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British Ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation, — the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of

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the world to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British Ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the Ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to

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abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak — unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of Nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and

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slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable, and let it come! · I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace! peace! but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell why the colonists in America were so angry with the mother country.
2. Why did Great Britain think the colonies existed for her sake instead of their own? What excuse had she for this belief?
3. In what ways did the colonies take England's foreign trade from her?
4. What laws did England pass to prevent them from doing so?
5. In what ways were these laws unjust?
6. Name and explain all of these laws that you remember.
7. Where did the armed resistance of the colonists begin? Tell what you know about this resistance.
8. Why did the South hesitate to make any resistance?
9. Tell how Virginia held a

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convention to consider the wrongs of the colonies.

10. What resolutions did Patrick Henry submit to the convention? What did they mean?
11. The first sentence of the speech shows that Patrick Henry is replying to some one who had expressed a hope that England would become more just if the colonists would be patient. Explain the meaning of the first paragraph, sentence by sentence.
12. What is the main thought in the second sentence?
13. What does Patrick Henry mean by saying that his feet are guided by the lamp of experience? To what experiences with the mother country does he refer?
14. What was England doing at the time to justify Henry's belief that she meant to conquer the colonists by force of arms?
15. What reasons does he give in paragraph 2 for not delaying resistance longer?
16. What things had the colonists done already to try to secure more just treatment?
17. What results had the colonies secured from these efforts?
18. What appeal only was left to the colonies?
19. In paragraph 4, how does he make reasons for delay appear foolish?
20. In paragraph 5, what reasons does he give to show that the colonists may win? And why must they fight anyway?
21. Who are "our brethren"? What had they been doing already?
22. What did Patrick Henry prefer to the loss of liberty?
23. Do you now see what noble patriots our forefathers were and why it is our duty to be good citizens that we may keep the liberties which they won? How can *you* help?
24. Now read aloud again the great speech as you think Patrick Henry delivered it. Try to *mean* every word you read.

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Patrick Henry was born in Hanover County, Virginia, May 29, 1736. He was of Scotch and Welsh descent. In early life he failed in several occupations, but found his place when he became a lawyer. So successful was he as a lawyer that, in the first three years of his practice, he conducted eleven hundred and eighty-five cases at law. From early life he urged resistance to the tyranny of the King of England. The famous speech that you have just studied was worth more than an army to the colonies. He held many high offices, among them Governor of Virginia during the Revolution, giving Washington all possible support. After the Revolution, he refused four of the highest offices, except the presidency, in the gift of the nation and of Virginia. He died in 1799. He was a natural orator. America owes him a debt of gratitude and of honor that she can never pay.

Easier were it
To hurl the rooted mountain from its base,
Than to force the yoke of slavery upon men
Determin'd to be free.

WILLIAM COWPER

The God who gave us life, gave us liberty at the same time.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

Oh ! give me liberty !
For were even Paradise my prison,
Still I should long to leap the crystal walls.

WILLIAM COWPER

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PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

"Paul Revere's Ride" is a part of a much longer poem by Longfellow, called "Tales of a Wayside Inn." These tales are supposed to have been told by a group of friends who were at the old Red Horse Inn at Sudbury, Massachusetts, when a storm came on and kept them there. Just to pass away the time as pleasantly as possible, each told a story. The landlord of the Wayside Inn is telling this story of "Paul Revere's Ride" to the group of friends gathered around his fire during the storm, and this accounts for the familiar address at the beginning.

For some years before the beginning of the American Revolution in 1776, the British Government had quartered large bodies of troops in the larger American colonies, especially at Boston, because, on account of unjust taxes levied by Great Britain, the colonies had come to the very edge of rebellion.

The colonists had gone so far as to collect ammunition and military stores at the little town of Concord, a few miles northwest of Boston. In Boston meetings were held at which the patriots Samuel Adams, John Hancock, and others, boldly proclaimed the rights of the colonists.

Finally the British commander in Boston determined to capture and imprison the patriot leaders, especially Adams and Hancock, and to capture and destroy the guns, ammunition, and stores at Concord. So he secretly planned an expedition to make a night march to Lexington in order to seize Adams and Hancock, who had gone there for safety, and then to march on to Concord, and destroy the stores gathered there by the patriots.

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Robert Reid

Paul Revere's Ride

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But the keen patriots found out about the proposed expedition, and planned to warn the " Minute Men " along the road to Concord to prepare for resistance.

The man chosen to make the now famous ride to warn the people was Paul Revere, an engraver of Boston, and a brave and loyal patriot.

It could not be found out whether the British would march from their barracks through Boston, to the west, cross the Charles River at Cambridge, and thence on " by land," or whether they would cross the Charles River in boats from the barracks to Charlestown and then go part of the way " by sea." So Revere and a friend arranged that the friend should secrete himself in the bell tower of the Old North Church, to signal, while Revere with his horse was to wait for the signal on the north shore of the Charles River. If the British were to go by land, Revere's friend was to show one lantern from the tower; if by sea, two lanterns.

Now try to imagine the scene.

See the red-coated British soldiers mustering as quietly as possible.

See Revere waiting by his horse on the north shore of the Charles River, and his friend in the old church tower, keenly watching for the expedition to start.

Then see the lookout in the tower as he sees many boats out on the wide mouth of the river. *They are going by sea!* He lights a lantern and hangs it up. Revere sees it! Then another lantern, and hangs it up. Revere sees that also.

He is in the saddle, and drives home the spurs. (Read from line 18, p. 321, to line 13, p. 322, for this.)

Now follow him on his ride; see him leaning forward in the saddle, his eyes blazing, as his horse dashes on at full speed. Watch him as he rides up to the door of a house and hear his shout. See the man of the house come excitedly to the door, then get his rifle. And so on, till Paul Revere reaches Concord.

If you have a library in your school or in your town, you will

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find books that will tell you the story at length, and you will enjoy them greatly.

In reading the lesson aloud, try to imagine that you are actually telling the story to your classmates.

Learn the meanings of the following words:

Middlesex: the county extending northwest from Boston.
grenadiers: foot soldiers dressed in a certain imposing way, usually with tall hats or caps.
impetuous: excitedly wishing to go.
the Mystic: a wide-mouthed, small river flowing out into the sea north of Charlestown.

Paul Revere's Ride

1

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

2

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light, —
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

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3

Then he said "Good-night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The *Somerset*, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

4

Meanwhile his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

5

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down

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A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

6

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay, —
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

7

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search

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The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and somber and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

8

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.
He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

9

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.

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He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

10

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meetinghouse windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

11

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

12

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled, —

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How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the redcoats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

13

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm, —
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Of what longer poem is this selection a part?
2. Who is supposed to be telling this story?
3. Tell the incidents that caused Paul Revere to make his famous ride.
4. When did it occur?
5. Draw on the blackboard a map of the scene and explain the ride.
6. How was Revere to know the way the British were to go?
7. Why is the *Somerset* called a "phantom ship"?

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8. Describe the scene in the church belfry. Why do you think the pigeons are mentioned?
9. A sentinel watching over his comrades called out the hour and then added, "All is well." Then what is meant by the first 12 lines of Division 6?
10. Was Paul Revere impatient while he waited?
11. Which way did the British go, "by land" or "by sea"?
12. "You know the rest." What was the rest?
13. How did the British succeed in their expedition?
14. What do you think is meant by "a word that shall echo forevermore"?
15. Have you been able to actually *see* this story in your mind?
16. Have you caught five glimpses of Paul Revere as he goes on this famous ride? Riding through the village, — leaving the village, — at twelve o'clock, — at one o'clock, — and at two o'clock?

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, commonly considered as America's greatest poet, was born at Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. He was graduated from Bowdoin College at an early age, and soon afterwards was made professor of modern languages at Bowdoin. In 1836, he accepted a similar professorship at Harvard College, a position which he filled with much honor until 1854, when he resigned to devote himself wholly to writing. His poems are too familiar to Americans to need comment. After a life of useful and beautiful work, he died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on March 24, 1882, honored and beloved both at home and abroad.

One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth a world without a name.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

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INDEPENDENCE BELL

(AUTHOR UNKNOWN)

This poem tells us of the wonderful scene that occurred in Philadelphia on July 4, 1776, when the American Declaration of Independence was signed. It must indeed have been a wonderful scene.

At that time England thought that her colonies existed for her sake instead of for their own sake. So the government of England taxed the colonies cruelly.

Finally the people of the thirteen colonies concluded that they had a right to live for themselves. So in 1776 they held a convention in Philadelphia, known as " The Quaker City," because it was settled by the Quaker, William Penn.

The greatest men of the colonies, such as Benjamin Franklin of Pennsylvania, Thomas Jefferson of Virginia, and Roger Sherman of Connecticut, were present in the Old Statehouse in Philadelphia, while, outside, the excited people thronged, some of them defending England, but most of them hoping that the colonies would declare themselves free.

The Old Statehouse on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, where the Convention met, is now called Independence Hall.

A resolution " that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states " had been offered in June, 1776, by Richard Henry Lee of Virginia. John Adams of Massachusetts seconded it. After much debate, it was passed July 2, 1776, and a committee was appointed to write a statement expressing the sense of this resolution. Thomas Jefferson of

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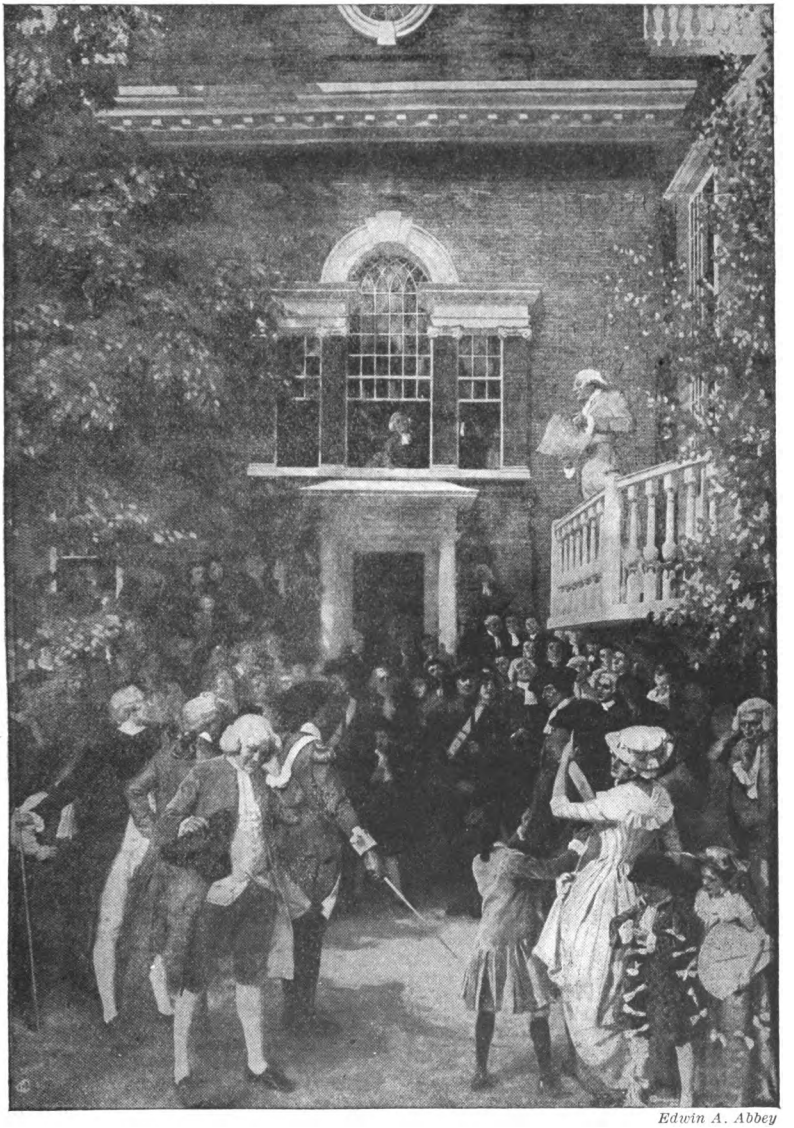

Edwin A. Abbey

READING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

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Virginia wrote the statement that is known as the "Declaration of Independence."

Now you must realize that it was a very serious thing for the colonies to declare their independence of the mother country. She was great and powerful. The colonies were small and weak. It would surely mean war. It really caused the American Revolution, which lasted eight dreadful years.

Now let us imagine the scene on July 4, 1776. In the Old Statehouse sat the Convention. At that time the famous "Liberty Bell" hung in the tower of the Statehouse.

Mr. George Lippard tells the story as follows:

"It is a cloudless summer day; a clear blue sky arches and expands above a quaint edifice, rising among the giant trees in the center of a wide city. That edifice is built of plain red brick, with heavy window frames, and a massive hall door.

"Such is the state house of Philadelphia, in the year of our Lord 1776.

"In yonder wooden steeple, which crowns the summit of that red brick state house, stands an old man with snow-white hair and sunburnt face. He is clad in humble attire, yet his eye gleams, as it is fixed on the ponderous outline of the bell suspended in the steeple there. By his side, gazing into his sunburnt face in wonder, stands a flaxen-haired boy with laughing eyes of summer blue. The old man ponders for a moment upon the strange words written upon the bell, then, gathering the boy in his arms, he speaks: 'Look here, my child. Will you do this old man a kindness? Then hasten down the stairs, and wait in the hall below till a man gives you a message for me; when he gives you that word, run out into the street and shout it up to me. Do you mind?' The boy springs from the old man's arms, and threads his way down the dark stairs.

"Many minutes pass. The old bell-keeper is alone. 'Ah,' groans the old man, 'he has forgotten me.' As the word is upon his lips a merry, ringing laugh breaks on his ear. And there,

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among the crowd on the pavement, stands the blue-eyed boy, clapping his tiny hands while the breeze blows his flaxen hair all about his face, and, swelling his little chest, he raises himself on tiptoe, and shouts:

'Ring! Grandpa! Ring! Oh, ring for Liberty!'

"Do you see that old man's eye fire? Do you see that arm so suddenly bared to the shoulder? Do you see that withered hand grasping the iron tongue of the bell? That old man is young again. His veins are filling with a new life. Backward and forward, with sturdy strokes, he swings the tongue. The bell peals out; the crowds in the street hear it, and burst forth in one long shout. Old Delaware hears it, and gives it back on the cheers of her thousand sailors. The city hears it, and starts up, from desk and workshop, as if an earthquake had spoken."

That day, July 4, 1776, was one of the greatest days in all the world's history, for on that day the great American Republic was born.

Now try to see and to hear all that the poem tells you.

Before reading the poem study carefully the meanings of the following words:

Spartan: a native of Sparta, one of the states of Ancient Greece. At the battle of Thermopylæ three hundred Spartans held a narrow pass against a large Persian army, until every man except a messenger sent away, was killed. While the Spartan patriots failed, they gained a name for bravery that will never die.

Phœnix (fē'nĭks): according to the old myths, a bird that was consumed by fire and then rose to life again out of its own ashes.

the tyrant: King George III of England.

iron-sceptered sway: the King's harsh government of the colonies.

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Independence Bell

1

There was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people,
Pacing restless up and down;
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered, each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples,
With the earnestness of speech.

2

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the Statehouse,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of chestnuts
Was all turbulent with sound.

3

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"Oh, God grant they won't refuse!"
"Make some way, there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" — "Stifle, then:

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When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men!"

4

So they beat against the portal —
Man and woman, maid and child;
And the July sun in heaven
On the scene looked down and smiled;
The same sun that saw the Spartan
Shed his patriot blood in vain,
Now beheld the soul of freedom,
All unconquered, rise again.

5

Aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray;
He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron-sceptered sway;
So he sat with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
Till his eye should catch the signal
Of the happy news to tell.

6

See! oh, see! the dense crowd quivers
All along the lengthening line,
As the boy from out the portal
Rushes forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,

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Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air.

7

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
List the boy's exultant cry.
"Ring!" he shouts aloud; "Ring! Grandpa!
Ring! Oh, ring for Liberty!"
Instantly, upon the signal,
The old bellman lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

8

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calm, gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose;
And from out the flames, like Phœnix,
Glorious Liberty arose!

9

That old Statehouse bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue,
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living — ever young.

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Henry Mosler

RING, RING, FOR LIBERTY!

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And whene'er we greet the sunlight
On the Fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bellman
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rung out our independence,
Which, please God, shall never die!

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What does this poem tell about?
2. Where did it happen? What is the name of the building where it occurred?
3. Why did the colonies want to be free?
4. Who were some of the great men in the convention? Who offered the resolution "that these colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states"? Who wrote the Declaration of Independence? When was it passed?
5. Describe the scene around the building.
6. What is the bell called that rung out the news that the Declaration had been passed? Where is it now?
7. Why do we celebrate the Fourth of July? What should we think of on that day? Why is it called Independence Day?
8. What can you do to help to keep our Independence from dying?
9. How do you celebrate the Fourth of July?

Right promptly done, is twice right; right delayed turns wrong.

ROBERT BROWNING

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CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON

JARED SPARKS

The following description of the person and character of George Washington, from Sparks's "Life of Washington," is probably as correct as any that has been written. Although others who knew Washington well write somewhat differently, all unite in their praise of his personal appearance and his character.

His personal appearance was probably the most commanding and majestic of all men who ever lived. Summing up his entire self, in appearance and in character, the world has probably never seen his equal.

The closer examination that time has given to his life and his character has only served to prove them more and more admirable and more to be revered.

De Witt Miller said of Washington, "He was the most majestic figure that ever stalked across the stage of Time."

Be proud that you are Americans and that your country had such a father as George Washington.

Sparks's description of Washington is not hard to understand, except possibly for a few hard words.

benignant (bē-nĭg'nănt): kindly; gentle.

apposite (ăp'ō-zĭt): to the point; suited to the subject under discussion.

sallies of wit: sudden bursts of wit.

rational amusements: sensible amusements.

without austerity: without appearing cold and distant.

ascendency: influence.

predominant traits: chief qualities of character.

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discriminating: judging.
deliberated slowly: thought everything over with great care.
caprices (kȧ-prēs′ĕz): whims; changes of opinion or feeling without reasons.
resources: abilities.
sagacity (sȧ-găs′ĭ-tĭ): keen judgment.
sanctity of conscience: the sacred and certain feeling that he was doing right.
sinister motive: evil or dishonest purpose.
subterfuge (sŭb′tēr-fūj): trickery; false explanation of an act.
descending to artifice (är′tĭ-fĭs): stooping to trickery.
dissimulation: the quality or habit of saying what one does not mean or acting as one does not feel.
vehemence (vē′hĕ-mĕns): great force; violence.
devout: faithful in his performance of religious duty.
beneficent agency (bĕ-nĕf′ĭ-sĕnt): wise and kindly help and guidance.
communications: speeches and documents.
ostentation: unnecessary, showy display.
commensurate: equal to.
severed: turned.
veneration: deep respect.
eccentricity (ĕk-sĕn-trĭs′ĭ-tĭ): the doing of things in an unusual manner.
tarnished by the follies: blackened by foolish conduct.
indiscretion (ĭn-dĭs-krĕsh′ŭn): a foolish or unwise act.

Character of Washington

The person of Washington was commanding, graceful, and fitly proportioned; his stature six feet, two inches, his chest broad and full, his limbs long and somewhat slender, but well shaped and muscular. His features were regular and symmetrical, his eyes of a light blue color, and his whole countenance, in its quiet state,

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was grave, placid, and benignant. When alone, or not engaged in conversation, he appeared sedate and thoughtful; but, when his attention was excited, his eye kindled quickly and his face beamed with animation and intelligence.

He was not fluent in speech, but what he said was apposite, and listened to with the more interest as being known to come from the heart. He seldom attempted sallies of wit or humor, but no man received more pleasure from an exhibition of them by others; and, although contented in seclusion, he sought his chief happiness in society, and participated with delight in all its rational and innocent amusements. Without austerity on the one hand, or an appearance of condescending familiarity on the other, he was affable, courteous, and cheerful; but it has often been remarked, that there was a dignity in his person and manner not easy to be defined, which impressed everyone that saw him for the first time with an instinctive deference and awe. This may have arisen in part from a conviction of his superiority, as well as from the effect produced by his external form and deportment.

The character of his mind was unfolded in the public and private acts of his life; and the proofs of his greatness are seen almost as much in the one as in the other. The same qualities which raised him to the ascendency he possessed over the will of a nation as the commander of armies and chief magistrate, caused him to be loved and respected as an individual. Wis-

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dom, judgment, prudence, and firmness were his predominant traits. No man ever saw more clearly the relative importance of things and actions, or divested himself more entirely of the bias of personal interest, partiality, and prejudice, in discriminating between the true and the false, the right and the wrong, in all questions and subjects that were presented to him. He deliberated slowly, but decided surely; and when his decision was once formed, he seldom reversed it, and never relaxed from the execution of a measure till it was completed. Courage, physical and moral, was a part of his nature; and, whether in battle or in the midst of popular excitement, he was fearless of danger and regardless of consequences to himself.

His ambition was of that noble kind which aims to excel in whatever it undertakes, and to acquire a power over the hearts of men by promoting their happiness and winning their affections. Sensitive to the approbation of others and solicitous to deserve it, he made no concessions to gain their applause, either by flattering their vanity or yielding to their caprices. Cautious without timidity, bold without rashness, cool in counsel, deliberate but firm in action, clear in foresight, patient under reverses, steady, persevering, and self-possessed, he met and conquered every obstacle that obstructed his path to honor, renown, and success. More confident in the uprightness of his intention than in his resources, he sought knowledge and advice from other men. He chose his counselors with unerring sagacity;

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and his quick perception of the soundness of an opinion, and of the strong points in an argument, enabled him to draw to his aid the best fruits of their talents, and the light of their collected wisdom.

His moral qualities were in perfect harmony with those of his intellect. Duty was the ruling principle of his conduct; and the rare endowments of his understanding were not more constantly tasked to devise the best methods of effecting an object, than they were to guard the sanctity of conscience. No instance can be adduced, in which he was actuated by a sinister motive, or endeavored to attain an end by unworthy means. Truth, integrity, and justice were deeply rooted in his mind; and nothing could rouse his indignation so soon, or so utterly destroy his confidence, as the discovery of the want of these virtues in any one whom he had trusted. Weaknesses, follies, indiscretions he could forgive; but subterfuge and dishonesty he never forgot, rarely pardoned.

He was candid and sincere, true to his friends, and faithful to all, neither practicing dissimulation, descending to artifice, nor holding out expectations which he did not intend should be realized. His passions were strong, and sometimes they broke out with vehemence, but he had the power of checking them in an instant. Perhaps self-control was the most remarkable trait of his character. It was in part the effect of discipline; yet he seems by nature to have possessed this power to a degree which has been denied to other men.

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A Christian in faith and practice, he was habitually devout. His reverence for religion is seen in his example, his public communications, and his private writings. He uniformly ascribed his successes to the beneficent agency of the Supreme Being. Charitable and humane, he was liberal to the poor, and kind to those in distress. As a husband, son, and brother, he was tender and affectionate. Without vanity, ostentation, or pride, he never spoke of himself or his actions, unless required by circumstances which concerned the public interests.

As he was free from envy, so he had the good fortune to escape the envy of others, by standing on an elevation which none could hope to attain. If he had one passion more strong than another, it was love of his country. The purity and ardor of his patriotism were commensurate with the greatness of its object. Love of country in him was invested with the sacred obligation of a duty; and from the faithful discharge of this duty he never swerved for a moment, either in thought or deed, through the whole period of his eventful career.

Such are some of the traits in the character of Washington which have acquired for him the love and veneration of mankind. If they are not marked with the brilliancy, extravagance, and eccentricity, which in other men have excited the astonishment of the world, so neither are they tarnished by the follies nor disgraced by the crimes of those men. It is the happy combination of rare talents and qualities, the har-

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monious union of the intellectual and moral powers, rather than the dazzling splendor of any one trait, which constitute the grandeur of his character. If the title of great man ought to be reserved for him who cannot be charged with an indiscretion or a vice, who spent his life in establishing the independence, the glory, and durable prosperity of his country, who succeeded in all that he undertook, and whose successes were never won at the expense of honor, justice, integrity, or by the sacrifice of a single principle, this title will not be denied to WASHINGTON.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Describe the personal appearance of Washington.
2. Describe his countenance.
3. His manner.
4. His mental powers.
5. His ambitions.
6. Explain the phrases telling of his character in paragraph 4.
7. Tell of his moral principles.
8. Of his self-control.
9. Of his religious nature.

To Truth's house there is a single door,
Which is Experience. He teaches best,
Who feels the hearts of all men in his breast,
And knows their strength or weakness through his own.

BAYARD TAYLOR

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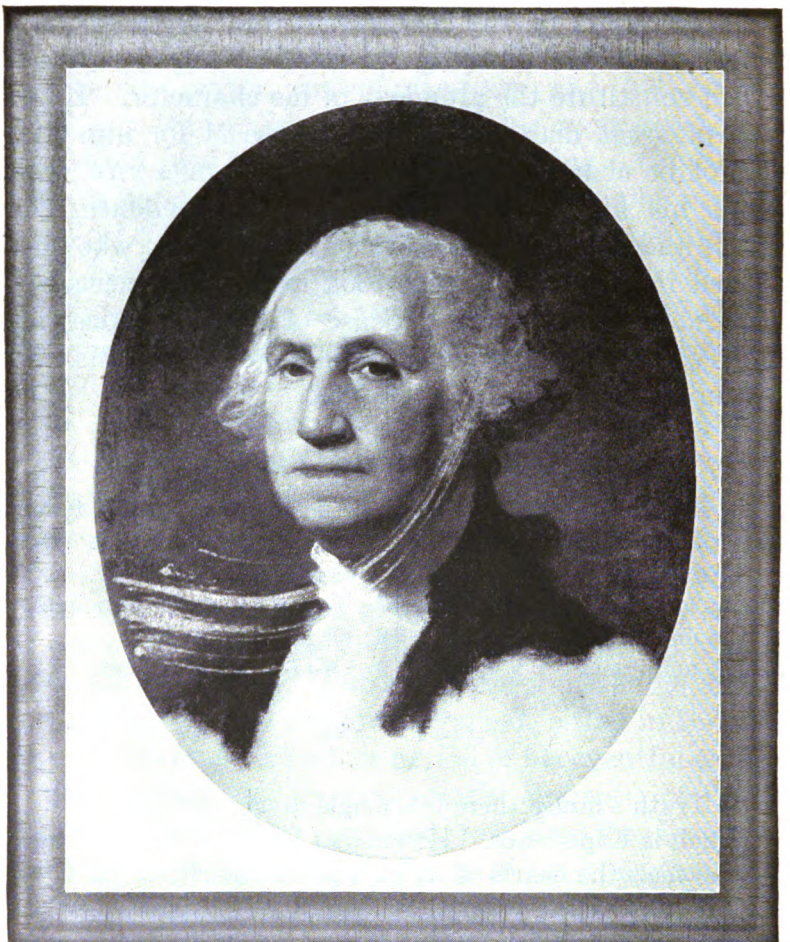

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Stuart

GEORGE WASHINGTON

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WASHINGTON'S RULES OF CONDUCT

GEORGE WASHINGTON

To American boys and girls the greatest hero in all the world's history is George Washington. There are also many boys and girls in foreign lands who also think so. And they are right. It is harder to pick flaws in George Washington than in any other man of all time. In personal appearance, in character, in nobility of life, in deeds, in patriotism, and in his conduct in everyday life, it is hard indeed to find fault with him in any particular. He seems to excite admiration in every possible way. The more we study him, the more we must admire and reverence him.

George Washington was naturally great, and he tried hard to make himself greater and better. So determined was he to improve himself in every possible way that in his boyhood he wrote out a set of rules to govern his conduct. And so patiently did he practice these rules in his daily life that they became *habits* with him. He lived up to every one of his "rules of conduct."

Now read the first rule. It means that we should never make fun of any one who is unfortunate, or who is a cripple, or who has ugliness of feature, or a bad scar, or any other "infirmity."

Read over every one of his rules, being sure that you know *what it means.*

But the most important thing you can do with these rules is *to measure yourself by them.* Have you ever made fun of any one who had an "infirmity"? Then you are not so great as Washington.

Do you look over someone's shoulder when he is reading? Then you are not so polite as Washington.

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It is hard to break a bad or impolite habit. Washington did so. Can *you* do so? If you will learn these rules, and try to obey them *all of the time*, they will do wonderful things for you.

Before studying the rules, learn the meaning of the following words:

aggravate: to increase, to make greater.
discourse (dĭs-kōrs′): to speak.
due title: Mr., Mrs., Miss, or any other title of respect or honor. (Rule 13.) This means that we should say "*Mr.* Jones," not "Jones," etc.
culpable: at fault.
reproachable language: profane or vulgar language.
play the peacock: to be vain.
doleful things: sad things.
admonitions: corrections of conduct or criticism of acts.
pensive: sad.
scoff: to make fun of.
to salute: to speak to or to raise one's hat to.
blemishes: scars, disfigurements, etc.
dreams: one's hopes or ambitions in life. (Rule 21.)

Washington's Rules of Conduct

1. Reproach none for the infirmities of nature, nor delight to put them that have them in mind thereof.

2. Do not express joy before one sick or in pain; for that contrary passion will aggravate his misery.

3. Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

4. In the presence of others, sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet.

5. Sleep not when others speak; sit not when others stand; speak not when you should hold your peace; walk not when others stop.

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6. Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking; jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes; lean not on any one.

7. Read no letters, books, or papers in company; but when there is a necessity for doing it, you must ask leave. Come not near the books or writings of any one so as to read them, unless desired, nor give your opinion of them unasked; also, look not nigh when another is writing a letter.

8. Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters somewhat grave.

9. Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy.

10. Run not in the streets; neither go too slowly, nor with mouth open. Go not shaking your arms, stamping or shuffling; nor pull up your stocking in the street. Walk not upon the toes, nor in a dancing or skipping manner, nor yet with measured steps. Strike not the heels together, nor stoop when there is no occasion.

11. Eat not in the streets, nor in the house out of season.

12. While you are talking, point not with your finger at him of whom you discourse, nor approach too near him to whom you talk, especially to his face.

13. In writing or speaking, give to every person his due title, according to his degree and the custom of the place.

14. Take all admonitions thankfully, in what time

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or place soever given; but afterwards, not being culpable, take a time and place convenient to let him know it that gave them.

15. Drink not, nor talk with your mouth full; neither gaze about you while drinking.

16. Use no reproachable language against any one; neither curse nor revile.

17. If you cough, sneeze, sigh, or yawn, do it not loud, but privately: and speak not in your yawning, but put your handkerchief, or hand, before your face and turn aside.

18. When you sit down, keep your feet firm and even, without putting one on the other, or crossing them.

19. In your apparel be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature, rather than to procure admiration; keep to the fashion of your equals, such as are civil and orderly, with respect to times and places.

20. Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you to see if you be well decked, if your shoes fit well, if your stockings fit neatly, and clothes handsomely.

21. Speak not of doleful things in time of mirth, nor at the table; speak not of melancholy things as death and wounds, and if others mention them, change, if you can, the discourse. Tell not your dreams but to your intimate friend.

22. Speak not injurious words, neither in jest nor earnest; scoff at none, although they give occasion.

23. Be not forward, but friendly and courteous;

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the first to salute, hear and answer; and be not pensive when it is time to converse.

24. Go not thither where you know not whether you shall be welcome or not. Give not advice without being asked, and when desired, do it briefly.

25. Gaze not on the marks or blemishes of others, and ask not how they came. What you may speak in secret to your friend, deliver not before others.

26. Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

27. When another speaks, be attentive yourself, and disturb not the audience. If any hesitate in his words, help him not, nor prompt him without being desired; interrupt him not, nor answer him till his speech be ended.

28. Be not apt to relate news if you know not the truth thereof. In discoursing of things you have heard, name not your author always. A secret discover not.

29. Be not curious to know the affairs of others, neither approach to those that speak in private.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Why is George Washington considered so great a man?
2. In what particular ways was he great?
3. Why is it hard to find fault with him?
4. How did he try to add to his natural greatness?
5. Read in class the rules, one by one, explaining each.
6. Suppose that, while reading a rule, you think of some

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person who violates this rule. What rule or rules would you violate by telling him of it?

7. Have you tried honestly to *measure yourself* by these rules?
8. Suppose you take Rule 10, and try to keep it for one day and to see how hard it is to do. Then think of keeping it *all the time till it becomes a habit.* Then you will realize how hard George Washington *tried* to be great.
9. Do you keep rule 5? Rule 7? Rule 9? Rule 12? Rule 15? Rule 17? Rule 18? Rule 22? Rule 25? Rule 27? Rule 28? Rule 29?
10. What is meant by the last sentence in Rule 28? Do you observe it?
11. Have your teacher read to you Benjamin Franklin's Rules of Conduct and compare them with those of Washington.
12. A "gentleman" is a man who *lives* these rules.

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.

JOHN DRYDEN

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Every one is as God made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse.

CERVANTES

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WASHINGTON

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

This beautiful tribute to George Washington was written by an Englishman, George Gordon Byron, known as Lord Byron. Byron was born in London in 1788, and died in Greece in 1824. He is one of England's great poets.

The remarkable thing about this noble tribute to Washington is that it was written by a man of the noble class; and yet, lord as he was, he tells us in these few lines that Washington, in his mind, stood in character above all other men who ever lived.

To read these lines should make an American very proud.

Now read over the nine lines in silence, slowly and thoughtfully, being sure that you get the meaning. Then return to this introduction at this point.

What does Byron mean by "the wearied eye"?

He means that the mental eye of any person who seeks a truly great and noble man among the world's so-called "great men" grows weary in the search, because he cannot find such a character. All of their "glory" was marked by the guilt of some cruel conquest or by some other guilt. Or the so-called great man surrounded himself by "state" or a great show of splendor, while the way in which he secured it was despicable.

So he asks, — Is there such a truly great man?

Now begin to read the poem again at the fifth line. He finds such a man.

He likens Washington to Cincinnatus (sĭn-sĭ-nā'tŭs), a noble Roman, who, when Rome was threatened by an enemy army

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left his plow, assumed command of Rome's army, defeated the enemy, then returned to his farm. You know that is exactly what Washington did.

Now read the poem again.

WASHINGTON

Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the Great,
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes, one — the first, the last, the best —
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make men blush there was but one.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who wrote this poem?
2. Why is it remarkable that he should so admire Washington?
3. Why does the eye of one who seeks a "great man" grow "weary"?
4. What is "guilty glory"?
5. What is "despicable state"?
6. With what three fine words does he describe Washington? Why do you think he used each one?
7. Who was Cincinnatus? Why was Washington like him?
8. What is meant by the eighth line?
9. Why should men blush because there was but one?

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called Conscience. GEORGE WASHINGTON

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THE SHIP OF STATE

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

This selection is the closing part of Longfellow's poem, "The Building of the Ship."

In the longer poem, the poet describes the building and the launching of a ship. Then he likens human beings to ships at sea, making "the worthy pastor" who blessed the ship at its launching say, —

"Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound are we.
Ah! if our souls but poise and swing
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do,
We shall sail securely, and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach
The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,
Will be those of joy and not of fear!"

Then the poet calls to the ship, —

"Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear."

At the close of the poem, he likens our America to a great ship, and prays that it, too, may ever "sail on" as bravely and as safely as the ship which had been launched.

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Read over this selection in silence and slowly, trying to understand the meaning of every line. For example, what do lines 1–3, page 354, mean?

"Humanity" means all persons who believe in the good and noble things that America stands for.

"Hanging breathless on thy fate" means that "humanity" is wondering, fearfully and hopefully, whether a republic like ours, with its noble belief in a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, can continue to exist.

Then he likens our national beliefs, our laws, our principles, to the parts of a great ship, and tells us that we know who made the ship of state, meaning our forefathers of the Revolution and of later times.

Then he tells us that threatening dangers to the "ship of state" are not to be feared, and that the noble ship, the noblest "ship of state" that ever sailed on the human ocean, will make her voyage in safety.

In reading the poem, try hard to find out what historical events the poet had in mind by the poetical phrases which he uses, for example, —

> "In what a forge and what a heat
> Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!"

Note in the last four lines the triumphant hope that our ship of state will safely weather all storms.

The Ship of State

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

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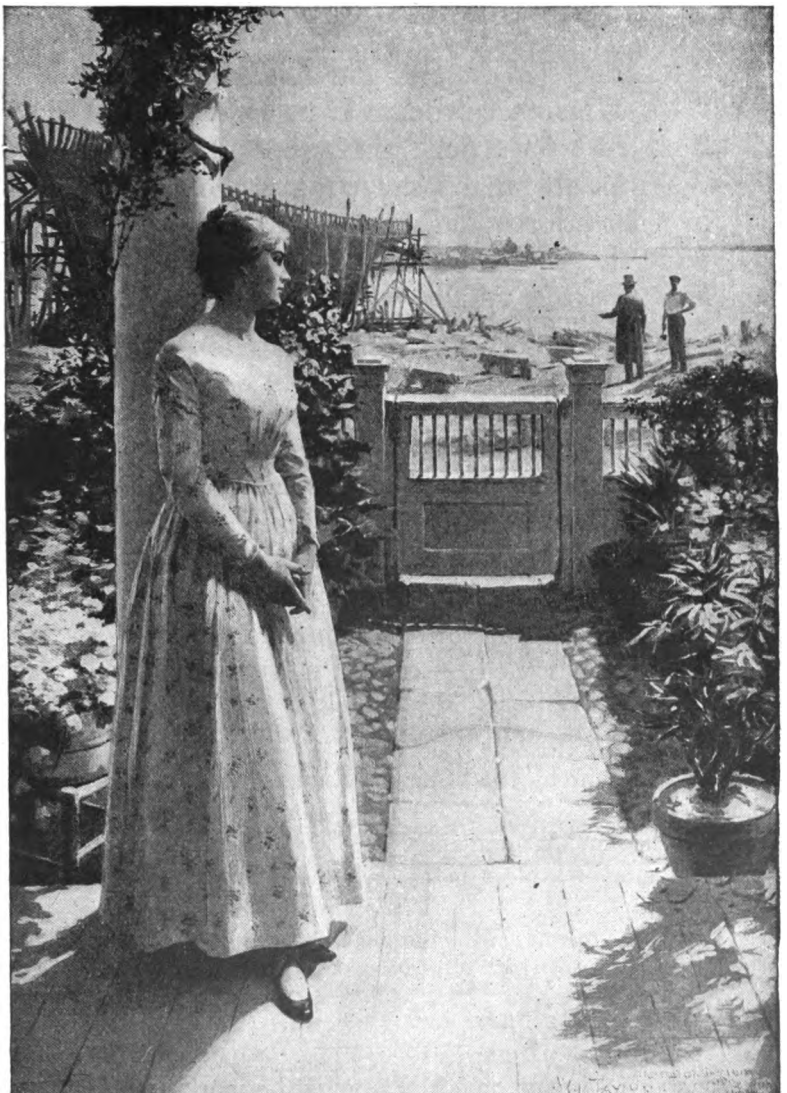

W. L. Taylor

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

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We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What is meant by the "Ship of State"?
2. What is meant by "humanity is hanging breathless on thy fate"?
3. Who are meant by the "Master" and the "Workmen"?
4. Explain the meaning of each phrase in lines 1 to 6, p. 354, inclusive.
5. What is meant by "each sudden sound and shock"?
6. Read the last five lines aloud to show how we share with the poet his great hope.

Our destiny is our own and it must be worked out — perhaps in fear and trembling — in our own way. If there be

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a cherished American doctrine, the controlling question must be: Is it right? If yea, then let us stand by it like men; if nay, have done with it and move forward to other issues.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY

THE FOOT-PATH TO PEACE

To be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors; these are little guide-posts on the foot-path to peace.

HENRY VAN DYKE

It is only through labor and painful effort, by grim energy, and resolute courage, that we move on to better things.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

No cheating or bargaining will ever get a single thing out of nature at half price. Do we want to be strong? We must work. To be happy? We must be kind. To be wise? We must look and think.

JOHN RUSKIN

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THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

The "Star-Spangled Banner" is the National Anthem of America.

The story of how the words of "The Star-Spangled Banner" were written is very interesting. Your school histories have told you that, from 1812 to 1815, we were at war with Great Britain.

The British forces had captured the city of Washington, and were attacking Baltimore. An attack by land had failed, and now the great British fleet in the bay was attacking Fort McHenry, which defended the city.

All day Tuesday, September 13, 1814, the British fleet bombarded the fort. Francis Scott Key had gone out to the fleet hoping to secure the release of a friend, who was held prisoner there. But, instead of securing the release of his friend, he himself was detained on board one of the ships during the bombardment of the fort.

So, on board a ship which was firing great shells at a fort of his own beloved country, he watched the American flag as it floated over the fort through the battle smoke. The bombardment continued and as darkness came it shut from his sight the beloved "Star-Spangled Banner." You can imagine his anguish all through the dark night. Five hundred great shot and shell fell within the fort that night. Would the flag be down at daybreak, indicating surrender? As day began to break, he strained his tired eyes to see through the dim light. Should he see the flag "still there" when daylight came?

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You know that the flag is always lowered at sunset and carefully laid away until sunrise the next day; but the flag on a fort or a battleship is never lowered at night in time of battle. This would indicate surrender.

The daylight came. A gust of wind swept the black powder smoke from over the fort for a moment!

He strained his eyes:

"What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner! O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!"

On the morning of Wednesday, September 14, 1814, Key wrote this great poem. It caught the patriotic spirit of the people and was soon being sung all over the land. Whenever we hear the stirring air, we rise instantly and stand till the thrilling notes cease. If we are out of doors, we remove our hats to show our respect for the dear old flag and also to show that Old Glory stands for the liberty that we love.

The "Star-Spangled Banner" that floated over Fort McHenry was a very large flag, twenty-eight by thirty feet in size. It is now kept at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, badly battle-worn and faded.

Now in reading the poem, imagine that you are on the enemy battleship out in Baltimore harbor, and that you have watched all through the night and heard the roar of the great guns as they dropped bombs on the fort. Daybreak is coming. You strain your eyes to see through the battle smoke. Ah, there it is! And you turn to your friend, and — *say the words of the song!*

rampart: a broad embankment around a fort.

discloses: shows.

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The Star-Spangled Banner

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming? —
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming!
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner! O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

O, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land

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Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell the story of the writing of "The Star-Spangled Banner."
2. Imagine yourself on the battleship at dawn, looking through the smoke for the flag. And imagine yourself turning with wild excitement to your friend, and shouting the first lines of the song.
3. In the third line of stanza 3, with what things does the poet hope that our land will be blessed?
4. What is meant by "the Heaven-rescued land"?
5. Can you repeat the words of "The Star-Spangled Banner" from memory? Every loyal American boy and girl should know the words of our "National Anthem."
6. Sing the song in class with some real American spirit in your singing.

The following musical arrangement of "The Star-Spangled Banner" is called the "Service Version" and was prepared during the World War by a special committee for the Army and Navy Song and Band Books and for the schools. This committee represented the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities, the Public Schools and the Educational Publishers.

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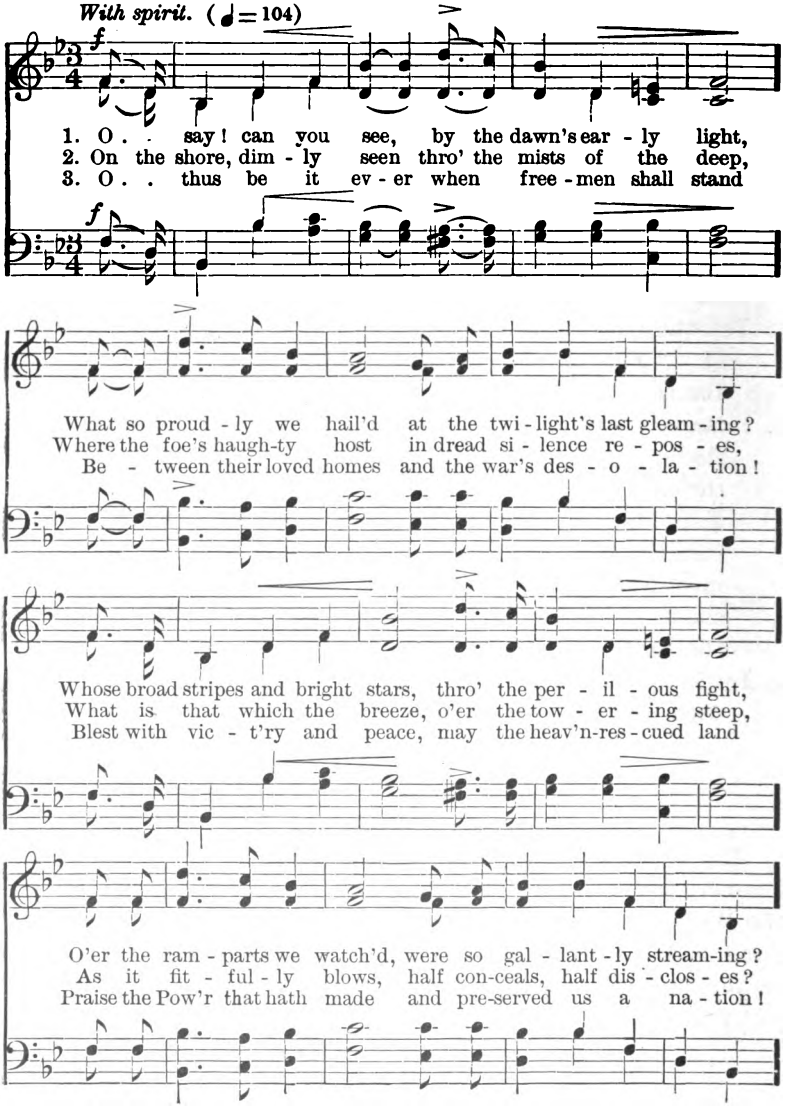
The Star-Spangled Banner

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY — JOHN STAFFORD SMITH

With spirit. (♩ = 104)

f
1. O . . say! can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light,
2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
3. O . . thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand
What so proud - ly we hail'd at the twi - light's last gleam - ing?
Where the foe's haugh-ty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es,
Be - tween their loved homes and the war's des - o - la - tion!
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous fight,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep,
Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-res - cued land
O'er the ram - parts we watch'd, were so gal - lant - ly stream-ing?
As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis - clos - es?
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na - tion!

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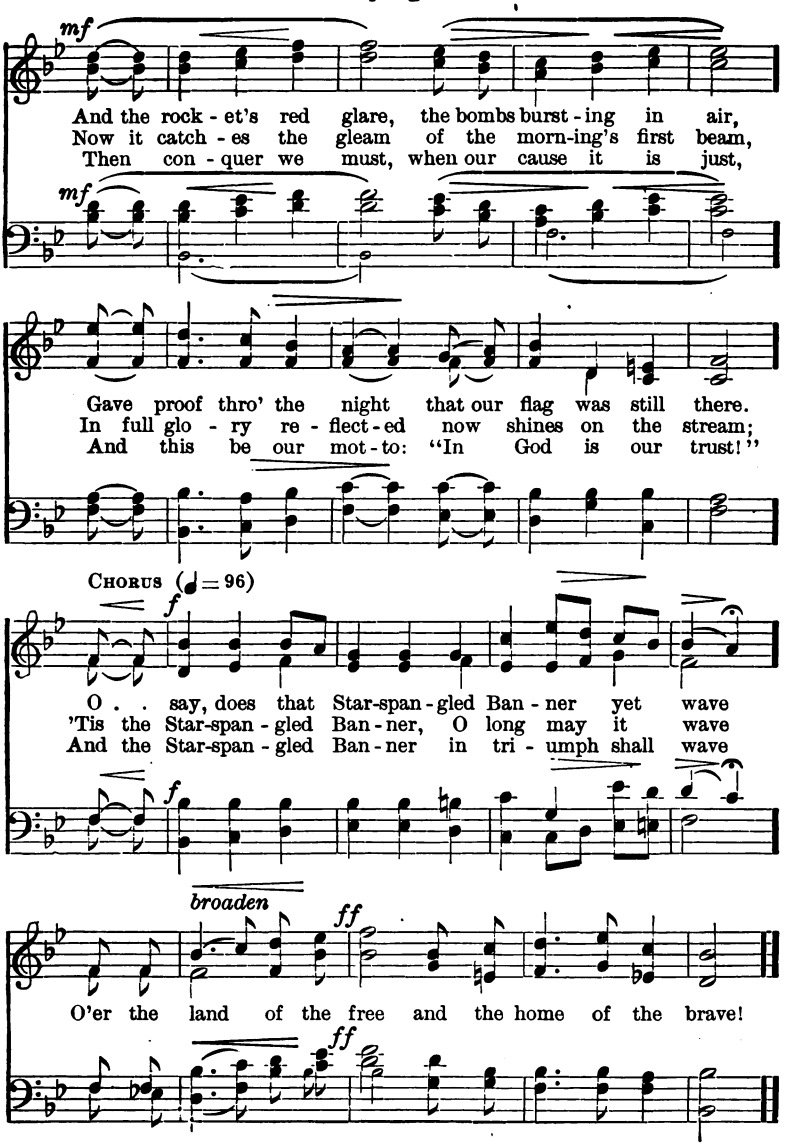
The Star-Spangled Banner

mf
And the rock - et's red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air,
Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam,
Then con - quer we must, when our cause it is just,
mf
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
In full glo - ry re - flect - ed now shines on the stream;
And this be our mot - to: "In God is our trust!"
Chorus (♩ = 96)
f
O . . say, does that Star-span - gled Ban - ner yet wave
'Tis the Star-span - gled Ban - ner, O long may it wave
And the Star-span - gled Ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave
f
broaden
ff
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
ff

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WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

SIR WILLIAM JONES

A "state" is commonly supposed to mean a large number of people under one government. But in this poem Sir William Jones, a great Englishman, who was born in 1746, and who died in 1794, says that this does not constitute or make a state.

In the first stanza, he tells us what does *not* constitute a state.

The last two lines of stanza 1 refer to "courts" of kings or the base flatterers who praise the king to get his favor.

In stanzas 2 and 3 he tells us what does "constitute a state."

In stanza 2 he says that it takes noble men to make a state.

In stanza 3 he says that it also requires *law*, which is the agreement of all as to how they shall be governed — "*that State's collected will.*"

Being an Englishman, in a state where there is a king, he says that even the king must bow before his people's "collected will" — that is, he, too, must obey the laws that the *people* make.

As you read and study the poem, apply it to America, and see whether America is such a "state."

Dissension: angry or violent difference of opinion.

What Constitutes a State?

What constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;

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Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.

No: — men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude, —
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain;

These constitute a State;
And sovereign law, that State's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend, Dissension, like a vapor sinks;
And e'en the all-dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who wrote this poem? Where did he live?
2. What does *not* "constitute a State"?
3. What kind of men must a state have to be a true "state"?
4. What kind of law must it have?
5. What is meant by "that State's *collected will*"?
6. Show how, in America, our laws are the "States' collected will."

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THE DEATH OF BALDER

AN OLD NORSE TALE

Among all peoples, there are old, old stories about the Beginnings of Things. These stories are so old that their origin cannot be traced. They are called *myths* (mĭths).

Among the myths of ancient peoples, none are more interesting or beautiful than the myths of the Scandinavian peoples, — that is, the people of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. As these countries have very cold and long winters, very naturally their stories of the Beginnings of Things are about the fierce battle between Cold and Heat; and about the struggle between these two things, the early Norse, or Scandinavian, peoples imagined many wonderful tales of tremendous giants and creatures that were always fighting one another. The giants that represented the Cold were bad and were hated, while the gods that represented the Heat were good and were beloved.

The wicked giants lived in a country of terrible cold called Jotunnheim (yō′tŏŏn-hīm).

The good gods dwelt in a beautiful place called Asgard (ăs′gärd). It was located in the sky above the earth, or the home of man, which was called Midgard (mĭd′gärd). On a bridge of many colors — the rainbow — stretched between Asgard and Midgard, the gods, who were called Æsir (ē′sĭr), could go back and forth from their home to the place where men lived. The Æsir, or good gods, were always fighting with the bad gods, the Giants of Jotunnheim.

The ruler of Asgard, the home of the good gods, was Odin Allfather. His good wife was Frigga (frĭg′gä).

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Odin Allfather had a wicked brother Loki (lō'kē), who hated everybody and who was always making trouble.

The favorite son of Odin Allfather and his wife Frigga was Balder (bôl'dēr). As you read the beautiful story that follows, you will see that he was the *sun*. The gods in Asgard and the men in Midgard loved him, for, you see, he made light and he caused things to grow.

Now Loki, the wicked brother of Odin Allfather, was doubtless meant to represent the spirit that ruled over *Darkness*, because in the far north country, the sun each year disappeared entirely for months, and Darkness was a bad and terrible thing.

So this beautiful story, "The Death of Balder," simply means that Balder (the sun), who made all good things, was killed by an act of Loki, or the spirit of Darkness. The story will tell you how Loki caused Hoder (hō'dēr), the blind god, to shoot a certain kind of arrow at Balder and thus killed him. That is, the arrow of Hoder, the *blind* god (or Darkness), brought to an end the light of the sun, for only Darkness could kill Balder, the sun.

As you read the beautiful story, you must think that the early Norsemen did not know, as you do, what the sun really is. They only knew that when he smiled, the earth smiled back at him in plants and flowers, and that springs of pure water burst from the rocks. And when Balder ceased to smile and died, a horror of great darkness came, and all beautiful plant life on the earth died. So the sun, to the early Norseman, was a god, a god who brought such blessings with his warm smile that they loved him, and he was "the fairest of all the sons of Odin Allfather."

As you read the story, you will note the terror of men and gods when Balder died, and the great darkness (the long Arctic night) came. You will see why it was Hoder, the *blind* god (Darkness), who unknowingly killed Balder.

You will see as you read why Hel, the goddess of Death, when Odin Allfather went down to her "cold kingdom" and pleaded for the return of Balder, said, — "I will give him back; but I

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will first have *tears* from everything on earth and in heaven." This means that the coming back of Balder (the coming of the Arctic spring) is always preceded by a melting of ice and snow, and by continuous spring rains. Thus, everything on earth and in heaven must *weep* before Balder can return.

This story will delight you, if you will "figure out," as you read, how the old Norsemen explained to themselves the things of Nature that you understand so well. And while their explanation is only a "myth," or an explanation by a primeval people, of the Beginnings of Things, it is much more beautiful than our own understanding of Nature.

The old tale or saga (sä'gȧ) says that this is "a story that Hilding told to Frithjof (frĭth'yōf) and Ingebjorg (ĭng'ĕ-byôrg)." Try to think that you are a Norse boy or girl of that far olden time, and that Hilding is telling the story to you, and that you believe every word of it.

Then, after you have read it thus, go back, and try to find out, as a modern boy or girl, what each thing actually *was;* that is, that Balder was the sun; that the tears shed by everything were the melting ice and snow and the spring rains; and so on.

And note carefully, that, when all things in heaven and all things that grow from the earth swore not to harm Balder, the mistletoe was not included in the oath, because it does not grow from the earth, but grows on the branch of a tree.

Now before you read the story, learn the meanings of the following words:

Odin Allfather (ō'dĭn): the father of all things; the ruler of Asgard.

Breidablick (brā'dȧ-blĭk): the home of Balder (the path of the sun), or the sky.

Nanna (nän'nä): the wife of Balder. Nanna probably signifies the beautiful blue sky.

Sleipnir (slāp'nēr): the steed of Odin Allfather.

Hel (hĕl): the goddess who ruled over the dark abode of Death, or the place where the

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dead went, according to the old Norsemen.

Fenrir (fĕn'rēr): a terrible beast, like a wolf in form, that guarded the regions of Hel.

Norns (nôrns): giantesses who were able to tell to gods and men what was to happen to them in the future.

Valhalla (văl-hăl'la): the beautiful place in Asgard where the gods held their sports. Among the early Norse people, warriors who died bravely in battle were supposed to go to Valhalla, where they could fight to their hearts' content, be wounded and even killed, and be at once healed or brought to life to fight again.

Glasir (glă'sĭr): the wood just outside Valhalla, from which Loki secured his arrow of mistletoe.

Hoder (hō'dĕr): the blind god who shot the arrow of mistletoe at Balder; the act probably meant the coming of the long Arctic night.

Ringhorne (rĭng'hôrn): Balder's ship. It was the custom among the ancient Norsemen, when a brave warrior or viking died, to place his body on his ship, set the ship on fire, and let it sail out to sea.

Thor (thôr): the Norse god of strength and power. He represented the thunder and lightning. He carried a great hammer as a weapon.

sanctuaries (săŋk'tū-ā-rĭz): holy places.

wasting: that which decays in a horrible manner.

pest: that which is loathsome like a horrible disease.

mead (mēd): an intoxicating drink made of honey and water fermented.

Runic words (rōō'nĭk): poetical, magic words that could cause the dead to waken.

sware (swâr): to take oath; to promise sacredly to do or not to do a certain thing.

javelins (jăv'lĭnz): short spears.

mistletoe (mĭs''l-tō): a small plant growing on the limbs of trees and bearing white, waxlike berries.

ransom: a price paid for the freedom of a captive.

lamentation: wailing.

peradventure: maybe; perhaps.

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The Death of Balder

Balder was fairest of all the sons of Odin Allfather. Radiant and shining was his body; when he rode his white horse through the sky, light streamed out from him all over the earth. Who so dear to gods and men as Balder? Wise and sweet were his words. The gods kept silence in Asgard when he spake. Balder made wells of water on the earth. Wheresoever he thrust his spear into the ground a spring of water gushed forth and a grove of trees sprang up. These springs never fail, and those trees are evermore renewed; and so long as the world lasts the groves shall be holy sanctuaries wherein priests continually shall sacrifice.

Balder's home was a palace called Breidablick, built on pillars in the heavens, far above the clouds, farther than eye can see; far above storm and rain; where flowers never fade and summer never dies. There Balder dwelt with Nanna, his soft-eyed wife, in perfect happiness; for no evil thing could pass the pillars of his palace. He loved all things in heaven and earth. Asgard was filled with joy because he was glad, and beneath his smile the earth laughed.

But evil dreams came to Balder in his sleep. He dreamed that he should die; and when he was awake the like sad foreboding fastened on his mind, so that a gloom came over him. Nanna sat and sighed because of his sorrow; his mother, Frigga, goddess of earth, wept secretly, and all Asgard was saddened.

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Odin Allfather took counsel with the gods, and meditated day and night, but all in vain. None could tell him aught of what should befall Balder.

Then Odin determined to go down to the pale kingdom of Death to find out what it was that threatened the son most dear to him. He mounted his steed Sleipnir; and, his two wolves following and the two wise ravens circling round his head, he sped down like lightning through the air, and coming to earth took the path that leads to the cold regions underground where pitiless Hel holds sway.

In a kingdom of fog down a horrible depth lives Hel, the restless goddess of Death. Loki, whose heart is Malice, is her father, and Hel's sisters are the terrible wolf Fenrir and the great earth-encircling serpent.

Hel sits on a throne of skulls and bones. Her face is loathsome with corruption like a corpse. Her plate is Hunger; her knife Greed; Misery her hall; Silence her threshold; her bed is Wasting; her bed-hangings men call Pest; Sloth is her handmaiden. Foul and black is her habitation, noisome with slime and death-dews; the pillars of her house are serpents' bones; a river trails through the hall, thick and sluggish with its load of dead.

Odin came along the path which no living foot has trod. The death-hound howled; but he saw the king of gods and men, and slunk back to his lair. Odin looked down through rolling fogs that came up from the halls of Hel, and dimly he saw the pale Death-kingdom.

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Behold, there was a table newly spread, a cup fresh filled with mead, and a golden bed made ready; but no man sat at the table, nor drank of the cup, nor lay upon the bed. Then Odin came to the gray stones beneath which the Norns lie sleeping. He sprinkled sand on one of the stones, and with his sword-point wrote in the sand three times the Runic words which wake the dead.

The Norn awaking, spake from beneath the hollow stone: "What would you? I am weary; let me sleep." Odin said, "In Hel's pale palace, lo, I see a bed made ready, a table spread, and mead outpoured. Say, for whom are these things prepared?" The Norn answered, "Balder will sit at the table; Balder will drink of the cup; Balder will lie in the golden bed. I am weary; let me sleep."

Swiftly sped Odin back to his glorious palace, built of shining spears, and roofed with golden shields. Heavy-hearted sat Allfather in his radiant hall; and the Æsir made lamentation with him because it was written that Balder should die. Then Balder's mother, the Queen Frigga, thought of a plan. She said, "Let us take an oath of all things in heaven and earth that they will not harm Balder." And all the Æsir said, "This is well spoken."

Then the gods sware, "We will do Balder no hurt." Spear and sword and arrow, ax and javelin, every manner of weapon whereof the pattern is in Valhalla, clanged against his fellow, saying, "We will do Balder no hurt." Sun, moon, and stars, as they rolled, sang,

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"We will do Balder no hurt." The clouds sware it, and all that is in them; lightning and rain and ice and tempest and the howling winds. Sickness, Plague, and Famine came forth from their lurking-places and said with one accord, "We will do Balder no hurt." The Night sware it, and the shadows, and the dews and mists; the Fire leaped up to take the oath.

Frigga, goddess of the earth, came down to her kingdom and prayed all things to do her son no harm. The multitudes of people cried with one glad voice, "We will do Balder no hurt." Then the sea and all that is therein sware it; the air and every fowl and insect that moveth above the earth. The earth and all things underground murmured, "We will do Balder no hurt." Every beast and creeping thing that goeth on the earth, all trees and herbs that spring from the ground, made a covenant with Frigga, saying, "We will do Balder no hurt."

Neither was there anything in heaven above nor in the earth beneath which took not the oath, save only a little spray of mistletoe which had no root in the ground, but grew upon an aged oak and sapped the life out of the tree.

Happy was Frigga; happy Allfather. The gods made merry and rejoiced. And after that Balder would stand among them for sport, whilst they flung spears and javelins at his body or smote at him with swords. No weapon harmed him, neither point nor edge would so much as scratch his skin, because of

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the oath which all things had taken to do Balder no hurt.

So the livelong day Balder's ringing laugh sounded through the halls of Asgard, whilst he played among the gods, and caught their spears and arrows in his naked hands.

But Loki was envious of Balder. Loki has no pleasure unless he can bring sorrow to the hearts of gods and men. Loki found out that the mistletoe alone, of all things in heaven and earth, had not taken the oath; and he hasted and cut it down, and made an arrow of the twig, and pointed it very sharp. Then came Loki to the wood of Glasir, outside Valhalla, where the Æsir were shooting at Balder.

Hoder, the blind god, stood apart from the rest, laughing to hear the merriment, but took no part in the games — how could he, being blind?

Loki came to Hoder, saying, "Come, join the sports. You will know where Balder is by the sound of his laugh. Take this arrow. Fling it, and show that a blind god can do as well as the rest." Hoder took the arrow from his hand and flung it at Balder with a merry laugh.

Balder fell dead, pierced to the heart. The blue faded from his eyes, and his radiant body grew pale and cold. Quick the Æsir gathered round their favorite. Nanna was there, and Frigga, calling upon his name. But Balder was far away in the dusky kingdom of Hel, sitting at the golden table and drinking the mead from

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the golden cup before lying down upon the golden bed.

Sharp was the sorrow of the gods, and bitter the sound of their wailing in Valhalla. "Balder is dead — dead! Balder the Beautiful is dead — is dead!" All things on earth made lamentation, saying, "Balder is dead!"

Loki could not be found. Not even the wrath and grief of Odin Allfather could find him. Blind Hoder wept bitterly, because Balder was very dear to him.

They bore Balder's body to his good ship *Ringhorne*, that lay beached upon the margin of the sea. But for all they are so strong, the Æsir could not push the ship into the water, it was so heavy. Then they called Fire-smoke the giantess, who came riding on a wolf with a bridle of serpents. She, by her great strength, pushed the ship into the water; so swiftly it ran down the beach that the rollers caught fire as it rushed into the sea with a mighty noise. Thor was angry at the fire and smoke, since it is his alone to shake the earth with thunder and lightning from the sky; and with his hammer he would have slain the giantess, only the other gods besought him, and he spared her.

Then they made a pile upon the ship's deck, and laid Balder thereupon. With his own hand Odin took the torch and lighted up the fire, and when the flames leaped high and wreathed round Balder's body, Odin sent the vessel sailing on the sea; whilst all the Æsir cried, "Balder is dead — dead! Balder the Beautiful is dead — is dead!" But the gentle Nanna wept not;

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Nanna mourned not for Balder. She was with him. Grief had killed her.

Odin sent down to Hel in her cold kingdom underground, "What ransom wilt thou take, and give me back my bright and radiant boy?" Hel answered, "Treasures are naught to me; I will have tears. Is Balder verily so dear to gods and men? Let all things weep for him, and I will give him back; but I will first have tears from everything in earth and heaven." So the command went forth, "Let all things weep for Balder."

The winds wailed; the clouds wept; the stars hid their faces; the moon grew wan and pale; dews rose from the earth; every tree and flower bowed its head; tears stood upon each blade of grass; the birds ceased their songs; the wide sea moaned on every shore. There was nothing on earth which did not weep for Balder.

In Asgard there was weeping and lamentation among the gods. Was there anything that mourned not for Balder? Loki was not in Asgard. Loki was not to be found. But far apart there sat a gray old woman, nursing her knees, who sat and munched, and muttered the while, "Balder gladdened me never in life — I will not weep for Balder." Peradventure that old crone was Loki in disguise. That is why Balder comes not back.

But will he never return to brighten earth and heaven? It is written that Balder shall not always

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dwell beneath the ground. His radiance shall break out from Hel's dark prison-house, and burst through lock and bolt and bar. The sky will know when Balder is coming, and will shine again as in the olden days when he sped across it on his swift white horse. The earth will know, and for gladness flowers will spring up from the ground; the trees will lift their heads and blossom, and all the birds of the air shall sing; yea, everything shall make music and be glad when Balder the Beautiful comes back.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. How did the early Norsemen explain "the Beginnings of Things"?
2. Where did the gods live? Who was their ruler? What does his last name mean? Who was his wife?
3. Who was Odin Allfather's wicked brother? What did he represent in nature? Why, then, did the Norsemen think him wicked?
4. Describe Balder. What did he represent in nature? Why was he so beloved? Read aloud the first paragraph and explain what it means. What was Balder's "spear" and how could it "make a spring of water gush forth"?
5. What is meant by, — "Beneath Balder's smile, the earth laughed"?
6. What did Balder's dream that he should die mean?
7. Read aloud and explain the description of the abode of Hel, the goddess of Death.
8. What were the "Norns"? What did they foretell to Odin Allfather about Balder? What did it mean?

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9. How did Balder's mother try to save him? What thing alone did not take the oath? Why was it not included in the things that swore not to harm Balder?
10. How did the gods rejoice over the supposed safety of Balder, and with what sport did they celebrate it? Describe the sport.
11. How did Loki bring about the death of Balder? What does this mean in our modern way of explaining the sun's disappearance in the Arctic regions?
12. What is the real meaning of, — "Balder is dead"?
13. Describe the ceremony of disposing of Balder's body.
14. Nanna, Balder's wife, was probably the blue sky. As the rain was her tears, why could she not weep when Balder died? Does rain fall when the absence of the sun brings cold? If Nanna was the blue sky, what became of her when Balder died?
15. What did the goddess of Death mean when she said, if Balder were given back, "I will have *tears*"? What is meant by, — "Let all things weep for Balder"? Read aloud the paragraph that explains this.
16. What had become of Loki?
17. The Arctic night lasts many months, the sun never showing above the horizon. Can you not see how the Norsemen, in the long night of many months, wanted Balder back?
18. Was Balder to come back? What is the meaning of his return?
19. Read aloud the last paragraph of the story.
20. When the sun is shining this spring, the ice melting, and the plants and flowers beginning to grow, will you not think of Balder and the old Norsemen? And when night comes, can you not think that blind Hoder, by Loki's wickedness, has shot Balder dead again?
21. Have you enjoyed this story?

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SPRING

HENRY TIMROD

This is a very beautiful description of spring. It should be read on a day in spring when —

"That nameless pathos in the air"

can be seen and felt. Doubtless your teacher will be able to choose such a day for the reading of the poem, and thus help you to see and feel "that nameless pathos in the air." It cannot be explained in words.

The remainder of the poem is easy to understand. You have had the experience that will enable you to read the thoughts and see the pictures. But be sure to understand each thought before you pass on. For example, what does this mean, —

"In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee"?

Surely you understand that and can explain it.

Now take each stanza in turn, study it, and see its meaning. You will find it an almost perfect description of spring.

The following words will help you:

span: the width of a full-grown man's hand when fully spread out; about nine inches.

azure gems (ăzh'ŭr): tiny blue blossoms.

crocus: a beautiful long-tubed flower arising from grass-like leaves.

deck upon a gala day: adorn or ornament the forehead of a fairy at a gay and lively festival or meeting.

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dearth (dûrth): here, lack of plant life.

pageant (păj'ĕnt): a parade or procession, generally in honor of some great event. Here, the coming of the great procession of plants and flowers, which come north with the spring like a "pageant" or parade dressed in all possible colors.

dryad (drī'ăd): a beautiful fairy supposed to live in a tree, generally a beech tree.

Spring

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of Winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn;

From Memorial Volume of Henry Timrod's Poems, published by B. F. Johnson Publishing Co., Richmond, Va.

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Or where, like those strange semblances we find
That age to childhood bind,
The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,
The brown of Autumn corn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,
A thousand germs are groping through the gloom,
And soon will burst their tomb.

Already, here and there, on frailest stems
Appear some azure gems,
Small as might deck, upon a gala day,
The forehead of a fay.

In gardens you may note amid the dearth
The crocus breaking earth;
And near the snowdrop's tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows needs must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by, before the enamored South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.

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At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start,
If from a beech's heart,
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me! I am May!"

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Have you been able to see and feel "that nameless pathos in the air"?
2. What is the blood of a tree?
3. What are "the traces of the hand of Winter"?
4. Explain lines 13–16, p. 378.
5. Read over in silence and then explain stanza, lines 1–4, p. 379.
6. The same with lines 5–9 and lines 9–12, p. 379.
7. What is "the pageant" that the poet expects to see? Lines 13–16, p. 379.
8. What is a "Dryad"? Where does she live? Try to imagine her as she steps out of her tree and says, — "Behold me! I am May!"

Henry Timrod, the author of this fine poem, was a South Carolinian. He was born in 1829, and died of consumption at the early age of thirty-eight in 1867. He was a poet of real poetic gifts.

A gush of bird-song, a patter of dew,
A cloud and a rainbow's warning,
Suddenly sunshine and perfect blue —
An April day in the morning.

HARRIETT PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

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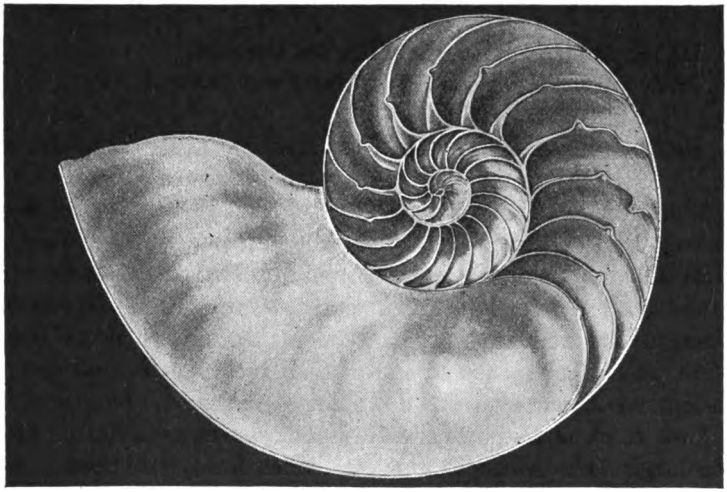

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

The small marine animal called the chambered nautilus lives in the southern seas. Its shell is about five or six inches in diameter and externally it looks much like a very large snail shell. The shell shown in the picture at the top of this page is sawed into halves to show the different cells. If you will study this picture you will see at the center a very tiny cell or room. Then another, slightly larger, and so on around to the bell-shaped mouth. You will also notice that there is a partition between each two cells or rooms.

The little marine animal that lived in this shell, first lived in the tiny central cell. Then as it increased in size it built a second and a larger shell covering, and moved from this small room. When it outgrew this second room, it moved again into a still larger room, and so proceeded from one room to another still larger until it completed its growth.

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" He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more."

Nautilus means a sailor. These shells are sometimes found floating on the water. In olden times it was believed that the nautilus could put out a kind of a membrane or living gauze which served as a sail and go sailing over the ocean. But this was only a fancy. We now know that these little animals propel themselves under the surface of the water by taking in and ejecting the salt water, and that these floating shells are all empty.

Now think of the poet, shell in hand, as the great lesson of its ever-larger cells comes to him, and then study the poem. Like the poet we are more deeply interested in this great lesson than we are in the growth of the nautilus. In the first stanza the poet simply tells us what the poets have fancied about the nautilus. In the second stanza he merely describes the lifeless, broken shell as it lies before him. In the third stanza, the life history of the toiling, growing nautilus which once lived in this broken shell, is suggested. In the fourth stanza the poet pours out his grateful thanks for the heavenly message which this empty, broken shell has brought him. And in the fifth stanza he gives you this heavenly message. You will not fail to understand the poem.

But it will do you little good unless you understand it so well and unless you feel its lesson so deeply that it makes *you* want to make *your* life finer and better each year you live — unless it makes you ashamed not *to grow*.

Learn the meanings of the following words before reading the poem:

ship of pearl: the shell called the nautilus.
unshadowed main: the ocean over which there are no shadows, as there are over the earth from trees, etc.

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venturous bark: the nautilus likened to a bark, or small ship sailing on an adventure.

feign (fān): pretend.

siren: see page 307.

sea maids: mermaids; imaginary creatures looking like beautiful women with the lower part of the body resembling the tail of a fish.

webs of living gauze (gôz): the gauzy sail which the ancients imagined a nautilus was able to extend or project from its shell.

frail tenant: the nautilus animal itself inside its shell.

irised ceiling (ī′rĭst): the inner wall of the nautilus shell which has colors like that of a rainbow.

sunless crypt: the dark chambers inside the shell in which the animal lived.

Triton (trī′tŏn): an ancient sea god having the lower part of his body fishlike. He was supposed to raise or to calm the waves by blowing a trumpet made of a seashell.

stately mansions: the noble characters into which we should grow from year to year.

low-vaulted past: our past characters which, as the nautilus leaves its last year's shell, we should leave for "more stately mansions."

new temple: the nobler character which we should build each year.

till thou at length art free: till death frees the soul from the body.

outgrown shell: the human body after the soul has left it, here likened to the shell of the dead nautilus.

life's unresting sea: life which tosses human beings about as the ocean tosses the nautilus.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

1

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The venturous bark that flings

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On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

2

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

3

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

4

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born

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Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings: —

5

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who wrote this poem? Tell about his life.
2. Describe a chambered nautilus. Be sure to tell how the cells are made. What did the ancients think about the nautilus's having a sail?
3. Why does the poet call the shell a "ship of pearl"? Where did the ancients think it sailed?
4. An "irised ceiling" is a many-colored ceiling. A "crypt" is a dark, shut-in place. Explain these terms in the second stanza.
5. How did the nautilus build its shell? What lesson does the poet get from this?

Oliver Wendell Holmes, poet, novelist, and physician, was born in 1809, in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

He was a physician by profession, and a very able one. But his gift of writing poetry made him better known as a poet than he was known as a physician.

He lived a very busy life writing poems, magazine articles, and novels, and teaching in the Medical School of Harvard University. He was a delightful man, full of kindliness and fun. He died in 1894.

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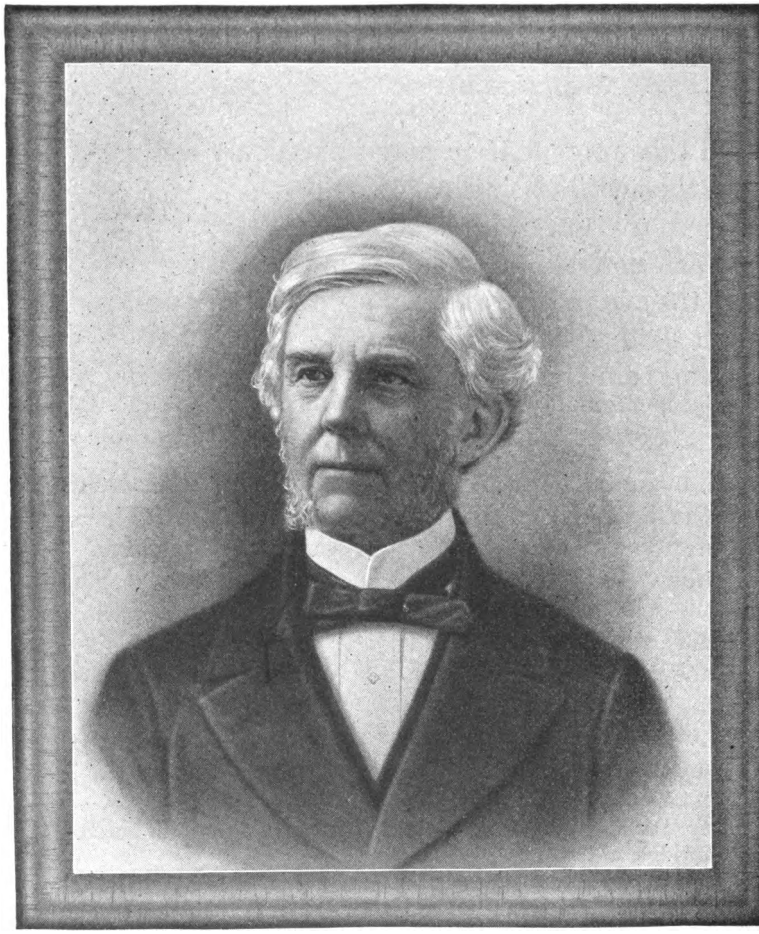

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

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THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

THEODORE O'HARA

This remarkable poem was written by Theodore O'Hara, a Kentuckian, who was born in Danville, Kentucky, in 1820, and who died in Alabama in 1867. He was a lawyer by profession but served bravely as a soldier in the Mexican War and with the Confederate forces in the Civil War. He wrote little poetry, but "The Bivouac of the Dead" is very famous and is considered an almost perfect poem.

One of the most remarkable and most heroic battles ever fought by American troops was the Battle of Buena Vista (bū'nȧ vĭs'tȧ) in northern Mexico in the war with Mexico.

General Zachary Taylor, afterwards President, held the Pass of Buena Vista looking out over the Plains of Angostura, facing the south.

General Santa Anna, the president of Mexico, had all the advantage, but he was utterly defeated and routed by the brave Americans.

In the battle, the soldiers from Kentucky showed splendid bravèry, and many of them were killed and buried on the battle field.

Many years afterward, Kentucky determined to bring back home the remains of her soldiers who perished at Buena Vista. The ashes of her fallen heroes were collected, and buried at Frankfort. A splendid monument to the heroes was erected there. This noble poem was written for the occasion and was read at the unveiling of the monument.

The word "bivouac" (bĭv'wăk) means the watch of a whole

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army by night, when in danger of surprise or attack. It also means the camp of an army. In this poem it means the final or last camp of these heroes — their grave — but it has an added meaning — that the spirits of these heroes watch forever over the liberties of the nation for which they gave their lives. Note that, like a sentry, —

> " — Glory guards, with solemn round,
> The bivouac of the dead."

That is, the spirit of Glory ever marches back and forth like a sentinel and watches over the ashes of the heroes.

Now try to imagine the battle of Buena Vista. Think yourself one of Taylor's soldiers, hearing news that 20,000 Mexicans were marching upon your own army of 4000 stanza 2); of the bugler waking you before daylight; of the fierce advance of the Mexicans; of " the dreadful cannonade "; of how " Old Rough and Ready," as Taylor was called by his men, ordered the Kentuckians to charge. Now read stanza 4, and *see* it.

But the battle has long s nce been over, and the Kentucky heroes have long slept on " Angostura's plain " (stanza 8).

Now read stanzas 9, 10, 11 and 12. They are *splendid.* Study them until you *get their meaning.*

Kentucky was called by the Indians " The Dark and Bloody Ground," because of the terrible Indian battles fought there.

Stanza 10 refers to the mothers of the soldiers of Sparta in ancient Greece, who used to tell their sons as they went out to battle, " Come back *with* your shields, or *on* them." A dead soldier was carried home on his shield. What did the saying mean?

You will enjoy the poem more if you learn the meanings of the following words:

tattoo: the rattle of a snare drum, calling soldiers to arms.

martial shroud: the garment in which a soldier is buried. In this case, the flag.

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norther: a strong, cold wind from the north.

marble minstrel's voiceless stone: the monument, which the poet supposes ever chants, like a minstrel, or singer of heroic deeds, the glory of the heroes it celebrates.

Now read the poem aloud in class, reading it just as if you were the person who read it to the great crowd at the unveiling of the monument to the heroes of Buena Vista.

The Bivouac of the Dead

1

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

2

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

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3

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their pluméd heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

4

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past;
Nor war's wild note nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

5

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or Death."

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6

Long had the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain;
And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide;
Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,
Such odds his strength could bide.

7

'Twas in that hour his stern command
Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his beloved land,
The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of their fathers' gore
His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
Their lives for glory too.

8

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldered slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

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9

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave:
She claims from war his richest spoil —
The ashes of her brave.

10

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

11

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

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12

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of Glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell the story of the Battle of Buena Vista. In what war was it? Where was Buena Vista? What was "Angostura's plain"?
2. How many Mexican soldiers were there? How many Americans? Which won the battle? Who was the American commander? What is he called in stanza 6? ("Stout" here means brave and determined.)
3. Who wrote this poem? Why was it written? What did Kentucky do with the bodies of her soldiers who fell at Buena Vista?
4. Read aloud stanza 2 to describe the feelings of the soldiers the night before the battle.
5. Read aloud stanza 4 to describe the charge of the Kentuckians. Can you see this?
6. Read aloud stanza 5 to describe the attack of the 20,000 Mexicans.
7. Read aloud stanza 6 to show the stubborn bravery of the Americans.
8. Taylor had won his first military honors commanding the fathers of many of the boy soldiers at Buena Vista. (Stanza 7.)
9. Read aloud stanza 8 to describe the after-years on the battle field.

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10. What does stanza 9 show?
11. Where are the "ashes" of the heroes in stanza 10?
12. To whom is the poet speaking in stanza 11?
13. Read aloud the last stanza to show how long the fame of the heroes shall last.
14. Explain the meaning of the following:

"Muffled drum's sad roll" (Stanza 1).
"The soldier's last tattoo" (Stanza 1).
"Fame's eternal camping ground" (Stanza 1).
"Bivouac of the dead" (Stanza 1).
"Martial shroud" (Stanza 3).
"Glory's peal" (Stanza 4).
"The rapture of the fight" (Stanza 4).
"Stricken plain" (Stanza 6).
"Gory tide" (Stanza 6).
"Stout old chieftain" (Stanza 6).
"Such odds his strength could bide" (Stanza 6).
"First-born laurels" (Stanza 7).
"Shepherd's pensive lay" (Stanza 8).
"Sullen height" (Stanza 8).
Lines 1–4, stanza 9.
"Parent turf" (Stanza 10).
"Kindred eyes and hearts" (Stanza 10).
"Impious footstep" (Stanza 11).
"Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone" (Stanza 12).
"Time's remorseless doom" (Stanza 12).

The great souls never seek revenge, but live
To sweeten life, to give and to forgive:
Behold, too, how the camphor trees impart
To the biting ax the fragrance of their heart.

EDWIN MARKHAM

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TUBAL CAIN

CHARLES MACKAY

In the Book of Genesis, in the Bible, we are told of Tubal (tū'băl) Cain, who is credited with being the first *smith*, or "artificer in brass and iron." So he is often spoken of as "Tubal Cain, the first blacksmith."

As in the early ages the people lived largely by the chase, or by killing animals, and by taking in battle the property of others, naturally the first smiths made weapons rather than agricultural implements.

Charles Mackay (mȧ-kī'), a Scotch poet, who was born at Perth, March 27, 1814, and who died in London, December 24, 1889, imagines that Tubal Cain came to the conclusion that it is nobler to make plowshares than to make swords and spears, and that it is better for men to live in peace than at war. So he turned his hand to making plowshares, and taught men to use them in tilling the soil.

However, Charles Mackay wants us to realize that swords and guns must be made and used as long as "oppression lifts its head." He means that we should strive for peace in every possible way; but that if a tyrant tries to take the world back to the time when men lived by forcibly taking the fruits of the labor of others, any man who is worth anything as a man will fight for his home, his family, and his rights.

lust for carnage: evil desire to kill.

handiwork: the work of one's hands; here, the things that he had made.

the crown of his desire: the thing most desired.

plowshare: the part of a plow which cuts the ground at the bottom of a furrow.

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The change in Tubal Cain from one who helps others to kill, to one who helps others to live by peaceful labor, of course, simply means the progress of man in civilization.

Tubal Cain

1

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
In days when Earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and the spear.
And he sang — "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and the sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord!"

2

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire:
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.

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And they sang — "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

3

But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed,
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said, "Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow man."

4

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore
And his furnace smoldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.

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And he sang — "Hurrah for my handicraft!"
As the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made;"
And he fashioned the first plowshare.

5

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plowed the willing lands;
And sang — "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our staunch good friend is he;
And for the plowshare and the plow
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plow,
We'll not forget the sword!"

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who was Tubal Cain?
2. What was the early product of his forge, according to the poem?
3. What did each man desire most in that time? What is it called in line 4 of stanza 2?
4. What is meant by Tubal Cain's "giving men strength anew"? (Line 2, page 397.)
5. What made Tubal Cain change his mind? (Stanza 3.)
6. What did he now begin to make?
7. What did his new implement teach man? (Stanza 5.)
8. Why are the lands called "willing"?

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PEACE OVER EARTH AGAIN

EDWIN MARKHAM

This beautiful poem was written towards the close of the Great World War of 1914–1918. It tells of the return of peace.

In the poem the poet calls upon the troubled people of the world to rejoice, —

"For Peace is coming back again."

Peace is coming back to the bloody trenches, to the millions of dead, to the graves where hatred strove to kill, and to "the trodden battle-graves."

He tells us that it will be the peace that Christ sought to bring to all the world forever. Then he tells us that the barley will again grow on the shell-torn hills; that the little children, starved and terrified during the war, will sport and run and play again; that the leaves will again grow out on the shell-torn trees and that they will rustle "like silver seas"; that the birds will build their nests once more; that over the uncounted graves —

"The grass will run in silken waves";

and that a great silence will softly fall where the roar of cannon and the shouts of the battling hosts resounded.

And then, the poet tells us, men will begin to wonder why nations are so foolish as to try to destroy each other in battle when they could settle their disputes by getting together and reasoning over their differences. They will gather as friends and say to one another, "The world is weary of fighting; let us now try to have, — Peace on earth, good will to men."

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"Love and not hate must come to birth:
Christ and not Cain must rule the earth."

Learn the meanings of the following words before reading the poem:

the Master: Christ at whose birth the angels sang, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

bereft: deprived, robbed of.

lyric cries: cries or shouts as beautiful as songs, such as Hosanna! and Hallelujah!

red uproar: the explosions of cannon and the red flames from them.

a great hush: a great silence contrasted with the roar of battle.

fleeing ghosts: the fleeing souls of angry soldiers slain in battle.

red upflaming of the Pit: the red flames from cannon and rifles in battle likened to the red flames coming up from Hell, or "the Pit," as Hell was once called.

the Master's way: "and unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek, offer also the other"; also "Peace on earth, good will to men." The meaning is that we should use kindness and reason instead of force, which the poet calls "the way of swords."

hostile hordes (hōrdz): large armies of enemies.

Cain: the son of Adam in the old Bible story. Cain murdered his brother Abel. The word Cain has come to stand as the symbol of hate and murder. Thus the meaning of the last line becomes plain.

Peace Over Earth Again

Rejoice, O world of troubled men;
For peace is coming back again —
Peace to the trenches running red,
Peace to the hosts of the fleeing dead,
Peace to the fields where hatred raves,
Peace to the trodden battle-graves.

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'Twill be the Peace the Master left
To hush the world of peace bereft —
The peace proclaimed in lyric cries
That night the angels broke the skies.
Again the shell-torn hills will be
All green with barley to the knee;
And little children sport and run
In love once more with earth and sun.
Again in rent and ruined trees
Young leaves will sound like silver seas;
And birds now stunned by the red uproar
Will build in happy boughs once more;
And to the bleak uncounted graves
The grass will run in silken waves;
And a great hush will softly fall
On tortured plain and mountain wall,
Now wild with cries of battling hosts
And curses of the fleeing ghosts.

And men will wonder over it —
This red upflaming of the Pit;
And they will gather as friends and say,
"Come, let us try the Master's way.
Ages we tried the way of swords,
And earth is weary of hostile hordes.
Comrades, read out His words again:
They are the only hope for men!
Love and not hate must come to birth:
Christ and not Cain must rule the earth."

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Edwin Markham, the author of this fine poem, was born at Oregon City, Oregon, in 1852. He wrote the great poem, "The Man with the Hoe," which made him famous. He lives in New York City.
2. What caused this poem to be written?
3. Why does the poet ask men to rejoice?
4. Read aloud the second stanza to show the change that peace will bring to the battle fields. Try to see a battle field. Then try to see the changes which the poet tells of.
5. What will men wonder about after peace comes?
6. Who is "The Master"? Who said, "Peace on earth, good will to men"?
7. To what does the poet liken the horrors of the World War?
8. What do all good people hope for as one result of the Great World War?
9. What is "the Master's way"?

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

He is happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his own home. JOHANN W. VON GOETHE

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ABOU BEN ADHEM

LEIGH HUNT

The *story* of this famous poem is very easy to follow. Read the story through, trying to see the pictures and to note carefully the meaning of what is said by Abou Ben Adhem (ä'bo͞o bĕn äd'hĕm) and the angel.

After you have done this, we shall try to find out what Leigh (lē) Hunt, — an English poet, who was born in 1784, and who died in 1859, — really meant by the story.

The poet probably had in mind certain persons who made loud professions of loving God, but who did not show it in their daily lives by kind deeds to their fellow men, and by this old Arab tale he wished to show that he who loves best his fellow man and is most kind to him, loves God best. At least the angel seemed to think so, for he —

"— showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

Another poet, Coleridge, wrote, —

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small."

And Jesus said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me," meaning that any act of loving kindness done to any one of the least importance counts just as if it were done for Him.

Can you see the pale, mellow moonlight shining into this room at night and feel the strange peace and quiet of the scene? If

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you were to awake at night and see an angel standing in the moonlight in your room and "writing in a book of gold," should you be startled? If you had been doing wrong or having bad dreams should you be frightened? Ben Adhem was not frightened, however. Indeed he did not seem to be at all surprised to see an angel there, but he "awoke from a deep dream of peace, and exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold."

The meaning of "may his tribe increase" (first line) is very interesting.

In Arabia, among the desert sands, it is hard to support life. Besides that, many are killed in constant wars between tribes of Arabs. So their greatest wish is that their tribe may increase in order that they may have warriors to protect the tribe. So, as a matter of politeness, an Arab, meeting another, salutes him with — "May your tribe increase!" as we say, "Good morning" or "Good evening."

But may not the poet have had in mind a *double* meaning in the use of the saying? May he not also have meant that he wished the increase of the tribe (the number) of those who show love of God by doing good to their fellow men?

On the poet's tombstone is written this line from the poem: —

"Write me as one that loves his fellow men."

Abou Ben Adhem

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold: —
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,

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And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell this story to the class in your own words.
2. Now read it aloud just as though you were actually telling it to the class as a story.
3. What is the real meaning of the story? What does the poet think is the best way to show love of God?
4. What was the first question that Ben Adhem asked?
5. What was the second question that he asked?
6. Why was Abou Ben Adhem not worried when the angel told him that his name was not on the list of those who loved the Lord?
7. Why did Ben Adhem speak more low, but still cheerly, when he told the angel how and where to write his name?
8. What is the first meaning of "May his tribe increase"? What is the second meaning?
9. How many names are given the angel and why are these different names used?

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THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

WASHINGTON IRVING

In 1783 a son was born in a New York home. " Washington's work is ended," said his mother, " and this child shall be named after him." And so the boy was called Washington Irving.

When, six years later, all New York was enthusiastically greeting the first President of the United States, a Scotch servant in the Irving family followed the President into a shop and approaching him, said, " Please your honor, here's a bairn was named for you." Washington kindly placed his hand on the head of the little boy, then in his first trousers, little dreaming that he was blessing his future biographer. But it seemed eminently fitting that this boy, who became known as the Father of American Letters, should write the biography of the man whose name he bore, and whom we know as the Father of his Country.

Sunnyside, the beautiful home of Washington Irving, is at Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson. Just before his death he finished the " Life of Washington." He died in 1859, and was buried on a hill overlooking the river and a portion of Sleepy Hollow Valley.

" The Sketch Book " is a collection of short tales, sketches, and essays, published in 1820. Most of the sketches are descriptive of English manners and scenery, but it contains two well-known stories of American life, " Rip Van Winkle " and " The Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

Read " The Legend of Sleepy Hollow " just as a story. It has no " lesson " and no " moral." It is just a series of delightful pictures and interesting descriptions of early life and beliefs among the early Dutch colonists along the Hudson River in New York State.

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WASHINGTON IRVING

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Remember that the word "Dutch" here does not refer to the Germans, but to the people of Holland.

The story of Ichabod Crane is as delightful to us to-day as it was to those who read it when it was first written a hundred years ago.

For convenience in the classroom, the story has been divided into "Parts." But in reading it, this should not be allowed to interfere with the story as a whole.

It should be remembered always that this story should be read only for pure enjoyment, for joyous laughter and delight.

The few words defined before each "Part" will help you to enjoy the story.

The Schoolmaster

Part I

distractions: troubles.
listless repose: idle restfulness.
Master Hendrick Hudson: the discoverer of the Hudson River, in 1609.
superstitions: beliefs in ghosts, goblins, witches, and other similar things that have no real existence.
nightmare: a fiery-eyed horse supposed to be seen standing over a person when asleep. A "nightmare" is a bad dream due to indigestion; but in olden times, it was supposed to be a very real thing.
sojourned: lived for a time.
successively: here the word means one day after another for a week.
Galloping Hessian: a ghost in the form of a headless horseman, and supposed to be the ghost of one of the Hessian soldiers brought over to America by the English in the War of the Revolution.
topsy-turvey: upside down.
appalled: made terribly afraid.

In the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, there lies a

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small market town, which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarrytown. Not far from this village, perhaps about two miles, there is a little valley, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail or the tapping of a woodpecker is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

If ever I should wish for a retreat, whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of Sleepy Hollow, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a High German doctor during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his powwows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is the place still continues under the sway of some witching power, which holds a spell over the minds of the good people,

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causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvelous beliefs, are subject to trances and visions, and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the nightmare, with her whole nine fold, seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols.

Though years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

In this by-place of nature, in a remote period of American history, there lived a worthy man whose name was Ichabod Crane. He sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut. He was tall but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame was most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at the top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, which looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and

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fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

His schoolhouse was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs. It stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a birch tree growing at one end of it. Hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard in a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a beehive; interrupted now and then by the voice of the master, or by the appalling sound of the birch as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge.

When school hours were over, the teacher forgot that he was master, and was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys; and on holiday afternoons would go home with some of the smaller ones, who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed, it behooved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread. But to help out his maintenance, he was, according to the country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time; thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

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He had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labors of their farms, helped to make hay, mended the fences, took the horses to water, drove the cows from pasture, and cut wood for the winter fire. He found favor in the eyes of the mothers by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and he would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighborhood, being considered a kind of idle, gentlemanlike personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains, and, indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea-table of a farmhouse, and the addition of an extra dish of cakes or sweetmeats or the parade of a silver teapot. Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the churchyard between services on Sundays! gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overran the surrounding trees; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones; or sauntering, with a whole bevy of them, along the banks of the adjacent mill pond; while the more bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address.

Another of his sources of pleasure was to pass long

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winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and spluttering along the hearth, and to listen to their marvelous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields, and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges, and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or Galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft, and would frighten them woefully with speculations upon comets and shooting stars, and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round, and that they were half the time topsy-turvey!

But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddling in the chimney corner of a room that was all of a ruddy glow from the crackling wood fire, and where, of course, no specter dared to show its face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homeward. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night! With what wistful look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across waste fields from a distant window! How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which, like a sheeted specter, beset his very path! How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet, and dread to look over his shoulder, lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him! And how often was

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he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings!

The Invitation

Part II

pensive mood: thoughtful mood.

little literary realm: his schoolroom.

birch of justice: a whip made of a green birch bough.

Mynheer (mīn-hār′): in Dutch the same as Mister in English.

cavalier: a gayly dressed and armed gentleman.

scepter (sĕp′tĕr): a sign of authority held upright in his right hand by a king.

apparition: a ghost.

knight-errant: a knight wandering in search of adventure.

oppressive opulence: riches so great that they become a burden. Here, too many apples for a bough to support.

sugared suppositions: Ichabod Crane's daydreams of sometime being the husband of Katrina and owning the Van Tassel property.

On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferule, that scepter of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails behind the throne, a constant terror to evil-doers; while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband articles and prohibited weapons, detected upon the persons of idle urchins, such as half-munched apples, popguns, whirligigs, and fly-cages.

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His scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master; and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the schoolroom. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro, in tow-cloth jacket and trousers, a round-crowned fragment of a hat, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to the school door, with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merrymaking, or "quilting frolic," to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's; and having delivered his message, he dashed over the brook, and was seen scampering away up the Hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet schoolroom. The scholars were hurried through their lessons without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble skipped over half, and those who were slow were hurried along by a smart application of the rod. Books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves; inkstands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time, bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green in joy at their early release from school.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half-hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing his best, and, indeed, only suit of rusty black, and arranging

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his locks by a bit of broken looking-glass that hung up in the schoolhouse. That he might make his appearance at the party in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was boarding, and thus gallantly mounted, rode forth like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plow-horse, that had outlived almost everything but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a slender neck and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burrs; one eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral; but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from the name he bore of Gunpowder.

Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers'; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a scepter; and, as his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small woolen hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called; and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed, as they shambled out of the gate and along the highway; and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

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It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day; the sky was clear and serene, and nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighboring stubble-field.

The small birds were taking their farewell banquets. In the fullness of their revelry they fluttered, chirping and frolicking, from bush to bush and tree to tree, gay and happy from the very profusion and variety around them. There were the twittering blackbirds flying in sable clouds; and the golden-winged woodpecker, with his crimson crest, and splendid plumage; and the cedar bird, with its red-tipped wings and yellow-tipped tail, and its little cap of feathers; and the blue jay, in his gay light blue coat and white underclothes, screaming and chattering, nodding and bobbing and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast stores of apples, some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees, some gathered

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into baskets and barrels for the market, others heaped up in rich piles for the ciderpress. Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty pudding; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round yellow sides to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields, breathing the odor of the beehive; and, as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slapjacks, well buttered, and garnished with honey, by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina, the daughter of Mynheer Van Tassel.

Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and "sugared suppositions," he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down into the west. A few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple-green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark gray and purple of their rocky sides.

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The "Quilting Frolic"

Part III

Herr (hĕr): Mister.
antiquated: old; out of fashion.
stupendous: very large.
queued (kūd): hair in a braid, covered by an eelskin. Gentlemen in Washington's time wore their hair in this way.
higgledy-piggledy: mingled together without order, in utter confusion.
tractable: gentle.
itinerant: wandering.
contagion: here, a power in the air that made people believe in ghosts.
Major André (ăn'drā): the celebrated English spy of the American Revolution captured near Tarrytown and afterwards hanged.
pillion: a seat behind a saddle.
swains: young farmers or countrymen.

It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Herr Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country: old farmers, in homespun coats and breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes, and magnificent pewter buckles; their brisk little dames, in close crimped caps, long-waisted short gowns, homespun petticoats, with scissors and pincushions, and gay calico pockets hanging on the outside; buxom lasses, almost as antiquated in their style of dressing as their mothers, excepting where a straw hat, a fine ribbon, or perhaps a white frock, showed signs of city innovations; the sons, in short, square-skirted coats with rows of stupendous brass buttons, and their hair generally queued in the fashion of the times, especially if they could procure an eelskin for the purpose, it being esteemed through-

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SLEEPY HOLLOW ROAD

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out the country as a potent nourisher and strengthener of the hair.

Brom Bones, however, was the hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favorite steed Daredevil, a creature, like his rider, full of mettle and mischief, and which no one but he could manage. He was, in fact, noted for preferring vicious animals, given to all kinds of tricks, which kept the rider in constant risk of his neck; for he held a tractable, well-broken horse as unworthy of a lad of spirit.

Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero as he entered the state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion, — not those of the bevy of buxom lasses, with their luxurious display of red and white, but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea-table, in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped-up platters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the doughty doughnut, and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet-cakes and shortcakes, ginger-cakes and honey-cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And then there were apple pies and peach pies and pumpkin pies; besides slices of ham and smoked beef; and, moreover, dishes of preserved plums and peaches and pears and quinces, not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens, together with bowls of milk and cream, all mingled higgledy-piggledy, pretty much as I have enumerated them, with the motherly teapot sending

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up its clouds of vapor from the midst! I want breath and time to describe this banquet as it deserves, and am too eager to get on with my story. Happily, Ichabod Crane was not in so great a hurry as his historian, but did ample justice to every dainty.

He was a kind and thankful creature, whose heart dilated in proportion as his skin was filled with good cheer, and whose spirits rose with eating. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and chuckling with the possibility that he might one day be lord of all this scene of almost unimaginable luxury and splendor.

Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face dilated with content and good humor, round and jolly as the harvest moon. His hospitable attentions were brief, but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh, and a pressing invitation to "fall to, and help themselves."

And now the sound of music from the common room or hall summoned to the dance. The musician was an old, gray-headed negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighborhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as he. The greater part of the time he scraped on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of the head, bowing almost to the ground and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

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Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing. Not a limb, not a fiber about him was idle; and to have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion, clattering about the room, you would have thought St. Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring before you in person. He was the admiration of all the negroes, who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and the neighborhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and window, gazing with delight at the scene, rolling their white eyeballs, and showing grinning rows of ivory from ear to ear. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous? Pretty Katrina Van Tassel, the lady of his heart, was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously in reply to all his gallant remarks; while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a circle of the older folks, who, with Mynheer Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times, and drawing out long stories about the war. But all these were nothing to the tales of ghosts and apparitions that succeeded. The neighborhood is rich in legendary treasures of the kind.

The immediate cause, however, of the prevalence of supernatural stories in these parts, was doubtless owing to the vicinity of Sleepy Hollow. There was

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a contagion in the very air that blew from that haunted region; it breathed forth an atmosphere of dreams and fancies infecting all the land. Several of the Sleepy Hollow people were present at Van Tassel's; and, as usual, were doling out their wild and wonderful legends. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains, and mourning cries and wailings heard and seen about the great tree where the unfortunate Major André was taken, and which stood in the neighborhood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished in the snow. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favorite specter of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been heard several times of late, patrolling the country, and who, it was said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

The sequestered situation of this church seems always to have made it a favorite haunt of troubled spirits. To look upon its grass-grown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the dead might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide woody dell, along which raves a large brook among broken rocks and trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly thrown a wooden bridge; the road that led to it, and the bridge itself, were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which

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cast a gloom about it, even in the daytime, but occasioned a fearful darkness at night. Such was one of the favorite haunts of the headless horseman, and the place where he was most frequently encountered. The tale was told of a man who once met the horseman returning from his foray into Sleepy Hollow, and who was obliged to get up behind him; how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge, when the horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw the man into the brook, and sprang away over the tree tops with a clap of thunder.

This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvelous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the Galloping Hessian as an arrant jockey. He affirmed that, on returning one night from the neighboring village of Sing-Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and that he should have won it too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, — but that just as they came to the church bridge, the Hessian bolted, and vanished in a flash of fire.

All these tales, told in that drowsy undertone with which men talk in the dark, the countenances of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sank deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with many marvelous events that had taken place in his native state

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of Connecticut, and with fearful sights that he had seen in his nightly walks about Sleepy Hollow.

The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favorite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter until they gradually died away, and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a parting word with pretty Katrina. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for in fact, I do not know. Something, however, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied forth, after no great interval, with an air quite desolate and chopfallen.

The Headless Horseman

Part IV

crestfallen: downcast, sad, with hanging head.

supernatural means: means beyond or above natural means; ghostly means.

superstitious awe: ghost-believing fear.

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crestfallen, pursued his travels homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise

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above Tarrytown, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as he. In the dead hush of midnight he could even hear the barking of the watchdog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bullfrog from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the center of the road stood an enormous tulip tree, which towered like a giant above the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree he began to whistle: he thought his whistle was answered; it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought

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he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree: he paused and ceased whistling; but on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan; his teeth chattered and his knees smote against the saddle. It was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly wooded glen. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grapevines, threw a gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream, his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but, instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against

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the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot; it was all in vain. His steed started, it is true; but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black, and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveler.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and, besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents, "Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgeled the sides of Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and with a scramble and a bound stood at once in the

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middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones and the Headless Horseman, now quickened his steed in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind; the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of his companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveler in relief against the sky, Ichabod was horror-struck on perceiving that he was headless! But his horror was still more increased on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle: his terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping by a sudden movement to

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give his companion the slip, but the specter started full jump with him. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin, stones flying, and sparks flashing, at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down the hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story; and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

Just as he had got halfway through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and he had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and was trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of its owner's wrath passed across his mind, — for it was his Sunday saddle, — but this was no time for petty fears. He had much ado to maintain his seat, sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on the other, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of the horse's backbone with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

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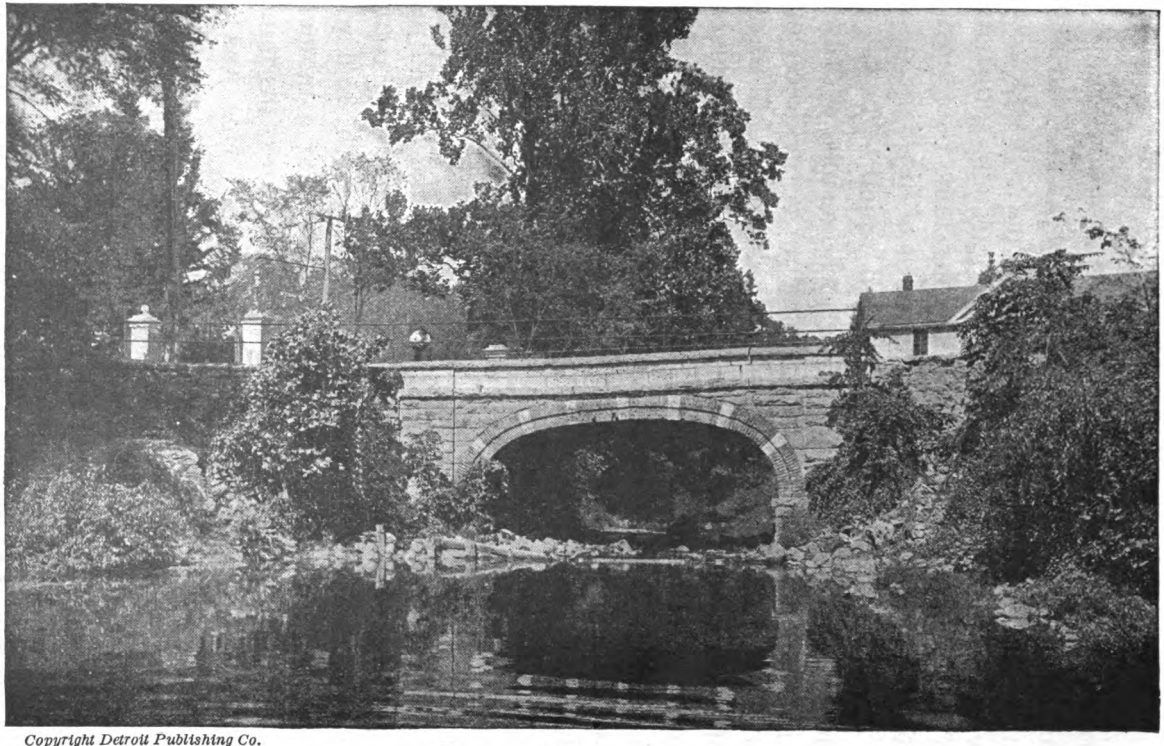

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HEADLESS HORSEMAN BRIDGE

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An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hope that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side: and now Ichabod cast a look behind, to see if his pursuer should vanish in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash; he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found, without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast. Dinner hour came; but no Ichabod! The boys assembled at the schoolhouse, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook; but no schoolmaster. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to

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the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs, deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him. The school was removed to a different quarter of the hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

It is true, an old farmer, who had been down to New York on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighborhood, partly through fear of the goblin and the farmer whose horse he had ridden, and partly for other reasons; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country; had kept school and studied law at the same time; had been admitted to the bar, turned politician, electioneered, written for the newspapers, and finally had been made a justice of the Ten-pound Court. Brom Bones, too, who shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related,

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and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin; which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

The old country wives, however, who are the best judges of these matters, maintain to this day that Ichabod was spirited away by supernatural means; and it is a favorite story, often told about the neighborhood round the winter evening fire. The bridge became more than ever an object of superstitious awe; and that may be the reason why the road has been altered of late years, so as to approach the church by the border of the mill pond. The schoolhouse, being deserted, soon fell to decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate pedagogue; and the plowboy, loitering homeward of a still summer evening, has often fancied his voice at a distance, chanting a melancholy psalm tune among the tranquil solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who wrote the story of "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow"? Tell the story of his life.
2. Locate and describe the scene of the story. Look up Tarrytown in your geography.
3. By what kind of people was Sleepy Hollow inhabited?
4. What is meant by being "superstitious"? Tell of the superstitions of the people of Sleepy Hollow.
5. Describe Ichabod Crane; his appearance, his dress, his

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manners, his school and his teaching; his habits in the neighborhood; Ichabod at a party; his dreams of future wealth; his superstitious fears.

6. What was "The Headless Horseman," in the beliefs of the people?
7. Describe the "quilting frolic" at Van Tassel's. Describe Ichabod's dancing. Describe the dinner. Describe Ichabod on horseback.
8. Describe the dress of the women; of the men.
9. Describe Brom Bones. Why was he Ichabod's enemy?
10. What at the "quilting frolic" made Ichabod afraid to go home? Who probably brought up at the party the tale of "The Headless Horseman" and for what purpose?
11. What had probably happened between Katrina Van Tassel and Ichabod after the party?
12. Describe Ichabod's start for home. Describe his fears on the road. Tell of his meeting with "The Headless Horseman"; the fearful race; the hurling of the head; Ichabod's awful terror.
13. What became of Ichabod? What did the Sleepy Hollow people believe became of him?
14. Who was the real "Headless Horseman"? Why did he chase Ichabod?
15. Do you like the story?

Tribute to Washington Irving

In his pages we see that the language of the heart never becomes obsolete; that Truth and Good and Beauty, the offspring of God, are not subject to the changes which beset the inventions of men. We become satisfied that he whose works were the delight of our fathers, and are still ours, will be read with the same pleasure by those who come after us.

William Cullen Bryant

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HAY

FROM THE BARD OF THE DIMBOVITZA

TRANSLATED BY

ALMA STRETTELL

In Roumania, in Europe, is a district known as "The Dimbovitza." It lies in the province called Wallachia (Wŏ'lā'kĭ-*à*).

In this district, the women work in the fields. They cut the hay with hand sickles. The meadows are full of many-colored flowers.

Now it is very strange that the common peasants or farmers of the Dimbovitza, while they cannot read or write, have in their memories many beautiful poems and songs. These poems have been written down and made into a book which has been translated into English by Alma Strettell and "Carmen Sylva," the famous poet-queen of Roumania. This poem called "Hay," which simply means the grass and flowers cut down by the Roumanian peasant girls, is one of the best of the poems composed by the peasant poets of the Dimbovitza.

In reading the poem, you must think that the *hay* can *think*, and that as it lies dying in the falling dew of evening, it is thinking and talking to itself. What is it thinking and saying to itself?

It is thinking that it is "*yesterday's* flowers," and that it soon will be dead and that it will *be* no more forever; that the dew that is falling is its "*last* dew." Now read the first five lines and get this picture and thought.

Of course, the peasant-poet means that the hay is like a person, who grows up, lives, and dies, and he is making the hay tell us the

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story of the growth, the life, the hopes, the good wishes, and the death of each one of us. Read the poem with this thought in mind, that the *hay* is you and every other person on earth.

Now read lines 6 to 10 in silence. Then stop and think. What do they tell us?

Read lines 11 and 12. They tell us that, just as the hay is fragrant with all the rain, and the soil, and the sunshine that it had absorbed, so the memories of the maidens, in old age, will be laden with the fragrance of all the bright and happy days of their girlhood.

Now read from line 13, p. 439, to line 2, p. 440. The hay knows that the maidens or young girls who sing gayly as they cut the hay are thoughtless in their happiness, and have no thoughts of death or old age. Now read lines 2–4, p. 440, and you will see that the older women, being more thoughtful, know that all flowers must die, and that they, too, must die. And the fragrance of the hay makes them think of the glad days when they, too, were merry, singing girls.

Read slowly lines 8–15, p. 440.

The hay, as it dies, bears away dear memories. And its fragrance is made up of " the whole earth's fruitfulness "; that is, it drank in, while living, the dew, the rain, the sunshine, and from these it developed in itself the splendid fragrance of " new-mown hay "; and although the hay itself died, the fragrance lived.

Now you see, the old peasant-poet who composed this wonderful poem also drank into his soul everything around him, — sky, and wind, and rain, and mountains, and grass, and flowers, and daylight and darkness, and people, and joy, and suffering, and hope, — and this poem is " the fragrance of his soul," and as you are now reading it, it is " outliving his death."

Lines 17–26, p. 440. Read them over; the hay is generous and noble-minded.

It knows it is soon to be no more. But it wants the " children of its roots " (what does this mean?) to love everything, the sun,

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the lovers that wander there, and the birds, so that those who come to the meadow will not grieve over the dead flowers, nor even think that flowers ever die, but think they see the same grass and flowers. Why not? The sun does so, why should not people do so? (Lines 22–25, p. 440.)

In the last five lines, the hay comes back to itself again, and thinks over its own dying state, realizing that the joy of living and blooming is no more for it forever and that it is wrapped in —

"The shroud of its *last* dew."

Now, having found out what the poem means, try to *tell* it to your classmates by reading it aloud. Read slowly, giving them time to think each thought.

HAY

Yesterday's flowers am I,
And I have drunk my last sweet draught of dew.
Young maidens came and sang me to my death;
The moon looks down and sees me in my shroud —
The shroud of my last dew.

Yesterday's flowers that are yet in me
Must needs make way for all to-morrow's flowers.
The maidens, too, that sang me to my death
Must even so make way for all the maids
That are to come.
And as my soul, so, too, their souls will be
Laden with fragrance of the days gone by.
The maidens that to-morrow come this way
Will not remember that I once did bloom,

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For they will only see the new-born flowers.
Yet will my perfume-laden soul bring back,
As a sweet memory, to women's hearts
Their days of maidenhood.
And then they will be sorry that they came
To sing me to my death.
And all the butterflies will mourn for me;
I bear away with me
The sunshine's dear remembrance, and the low
Soft murmurs of the spring.
My breath is sweet as children's prattle is;
I drank in all the whole earth's fruitfulness,
To make of it the fragrance of my soul
That shall outlive my death.
Now to to-morrow's flowers will I say:
"Dear children of my roots,
I charge you love the sun as I have loved,
And love the lovers, and the little birds,
That when ye bloom anew,
They never may remember I am dead,
But always think they see the self-same flowers;
Even as the sun that ever thinks he sees
The self-same birds and lovers upon earth,
Because he is immortal, and for this
Never remembers Death."

Yesterday's flowers am I,
And I have drunk my last sweet draught of dew.
Young maidens came and sang me to my death;

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The moon looks down and sees me in my shroud —
The shroud of my last dew.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What does the title of this poem mean?
2. Where did it come from? Tell about the peasants of the Dimbovitza. How do they keep the poems and songs they compose?
3. What other things grow in the meadows with the grass? Who cut the hay?
4. In the first five lines, what is the hay thinking?
5. What is it thinking in lines 6–10, p. 439?
6. In lines 11–12, p. 439?
7. In lines 13, p. 439, to line 2, p. 440?
8. In lines 2–7, p. 440?
9. Who will mourn for the hay?
10. What does the hay bear away with itself?
11. What do lines 9–15, p. 440, mean in regard to the hay? In regard to the poet?
12. What generous thought in lines 16–25, p. 440? What may this mean when applied to persons?
13. Tell the poem to the class, reading slowly to give them time to understand, and thinking that you yourself are the hay talking.

The world goes up and the world goes down.
And the sunshine follows the rain;
And *yesterday's* sneer and *yesterday's* frown
Can never come over again.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

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MY PSALM

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

A psalm is a song whose theme is praise and thanksgiving to God for blessings. So Whittier calls this his " psalm," because in it he gives thanks for all the good things of his life, and without regard to the sad things, the painful struggles, and the griefs.

The poet is growing old at the time he writes this " psalm." But he does not grieve over his " vanished years." If you will now read silently the first three stanzas, he will tell you why.

" Manna " was the food given to the Jews when in the Desert of Arabia after leaving Egypt. (Exodus, Chapter 16, 11–36.)

A " pilgrim staff " is a long stick carried by a pilgrim, or one who goes far in search of something he much desires. (Stanza 5.) The poet means in stanzas 4 and 5, that he has ceased to wander in search of what he wished for years ago, because he has found it right at his own door, and also because he has now learned to leave all in God's hands.

In stanza 6 the poet tells us that we cannot reasonably expect the " airs of spring " when the grain is ripe and that we should not expect May flowers in the autumn. The poet means that the reason we never received some of the things that we longed for and hoped for years ago, is that they were as foolish and impossible as these things are.

In stanzas 7 and 8, he tells us to see and appreciate all of the wonderfully beautiful things that belong to autumn. Can you see the fringed gentian looking up to heaven, and the aster reflected in the brook? Can you see the autumn woods wearing

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color's wondrous robes? Can you see and feel the dreamy, tawny, hazy Indian summer days?

In stanzas 9–17 the poet tells us of the sweet calm trust which has come to him in the autumn of his life; that all the care and strife and jarring notes of early life look so different, "Through Memory's sunset air;" and —

"That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight."

This dear old Quaker poet had the sweetest soul of all the poets. His life itself was one long psalm, or hymn, of praise for the good that came to him. And if the good did not come in his lifetime, he was sure it would sometime come to the human race. He wished to see only the good, and he tells us, —

"And all the windows of my heart
I open to the *day*."

Study carefully the meanings of the following words:

tare (târ): a kind of weed found in grain fields.

manna: food miraculously furnished. Here, all the good things that come to Whittier.

gentian (jĕn′shan): a flowering plant, with beautiful blue, white, or yellow flowers.

aster: a common plant with star-shaped flowers.

amber sky: a sky of amber or soft yellowish color.

graven flowers that wreathe the sword: the flowers cut into a sword blade.

smiting hands: hands that strike blows.

erring track (ûr′ĭng): wandering path through life, not always the right path.

chastening (chās′′n-ĭng): correction or punishment.

Providence: God's guiding hand.

the springs of time and sense: the springs of daily life from which come our existence and happiness.

the jarring notes of life: the unhappinesses of daily life.

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My Psalm

1

I mourn no more my vanished years:
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

2

The west-winds blow, and, singing low,
I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

3

No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope or fear;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

4

I plough no more a desert land,
To harvest weed and tare;
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

5

I break my pilgrim staff, I lay
Aside the toiling oar;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

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6

The airs of spring may never play
  Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
  Blow through the autumn morn;

7

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
  Through fringéd lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
  Shall see its image given; —

8

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
  The south-wind softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days in golden haze
  Melt down the amber sky.

9

Not less shall manly deed and word
  Rebuke an age of wrong;
The graven flowers that wreathe the sword
  Make not the blade less strong.

10

But smiting hands shall learn to heal, —
  To build as to destroy;
Nor less my heart for others feel
  That I the more enjoy.

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11

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told!

12

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;—
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back;—

13

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;—

14

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight;—

15

That care and trial seem at last,
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair;—

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16

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

17

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west-winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who wrote this poem? Tell what you know of his life.
2. What is a psalm? Why did Whittier call this poem *his* psalm? At what time in his life was it written?
3. What does he mean by stanza 3?
4. By stanza 4?
5. By stanza 5? What does he mean by "I break my pilgrim staff"?
6. By stanza 6, he means that the hopes of our youth may never be realized in old age, because they may have been as foolish and impossible as the things mentioned in this stanza.
7. Name all of the beautiful things named in stanzas 7 and 8 which belong to autumn. Is it better to enjoy autumn's rich content than to spend the time in vain and foolish longing for spring?
8. Read stanzas 9–17 to get the sweet, calm trust that came to the poet in the autumn of his life.
9. Explain the following:
   "My vanished years."
   Stanza 1.

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"The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun."
Stanza 2.

"The best of now and here."
Stanza 3.

"I plough no more a desert land." Stanza 4.

"The woods shall wear their robes of praise."
Stanza 8.

Stanza 9, entire.

Stanza 10, entire.

Stanza 14, entire.

Stanza 15, entire.

Stanza 16, entire.

"And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day."
Stanza 17.

10. Think this over: Would you be happier to feel and live as Whittier felt and lived than you would be if you should "open your windows" only to the *dark* instead of to the *day*, or, in other words, if you were sullen and gloomy instead of glad and grateful for so many good things that come to you?

Four Things

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true;
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and heaven securely.

Henry van Dyke

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